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*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

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Something wrenched his heart as he saw her clasp the big lily tenderly in her small arms.

A shrill screaming suddenly rent the air, then a chorus of distressed bird notes

The Sermon on the Mount

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COMFORT

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

How to Deal with Exorbitant Food Prices Is a Problem of Vital Consequence

RECENT food riots in New York and other large cities in which mobs of infuriated women, mostly of foreign extraction, have attacked the stalls of the provision dealers and the push-carts of the street vendors of vegetables, destroying their goods by sprinkling them with kerosene or dumping them into the street, though not a proper or effective method of lowering prices, should serve as a warning that something must be done to relieve the stress of the present situation and prevent a recurrence of such conditions.

Although there is a scarcity of some kinds of food due to partial crop failure, there is plenty of good, nourishing food in this country to feed all our people, and there is no necessity or justification for the exorbitant prices that city people have to pay. Under present abnormal conditions, caused by the world war, prices of all commodities necessarily range higher than usual because of decreased production, increased consumption, higher wages, scarcity of laborers and diminished purchasing power of the dollar consequent on the enormous influx of gold from abroad; but all these causes combined do not account for the excessively high food prices now prevailing. Market manipulation by speculators and middlemen's profits and expenses are responsible for far too great a part of the price paid by the consumer for the necessities of life.

The fault is with our bungling, extravagant and inefficient system of distribution which results regularly in making the consumer pay for farm produce more than three times as much as the farmer receives for it. To be exact, on the average the farmer receives only thirty cents on the dollar of the retail price for which his produce is sold at the stores while the other seventy cents goes to middlemen whose handling adds nothing to the value of the goods. That is bad enough, but if there happens to be a short crop or a prospect of an unusually large demand the speculators step in and by cornering the market drive prices up to satisfy their own greed.

The Federal and State authorities are pursuing their usual fruitless investigations and all manner of absurd and ineffectual measures are being urged as remedies for these evils, and among others that the speculators be prosecuted, that the exportation of food be prohibited, that the government seize the food supplies, that the cities establish municipal markets and go into the grocery business, that the government regulate food prices, that the farmers strain every effort to plant and raise as large crops as possible and that the city people turn their back yards and vacant city lots into vegetable gardens, and that, in aid of this last project, school gardens be established and the children be instructed in gardening.

In the interest of thrift, economy and morality and as a means of healthful recreation and profitable employment of leisure hours of parents and children let all the back yards and vacant city lots be planted and cultivated; let us have the school gardens and school instruction in gardening. Idleness during the long summer vacation is one of the demoralizing influences that the city child has to contend with, and the care of the garden will help to solve that problem and may prove interesting enough to keep the father away from the saloon after work hours. These objects make it well worth while besides value of the produce in supplying the table and cutting down the cost of living. This is excellent as far as it goes but it will not go far in beating the middlemen and speculators.

The theorists who urge the farmers for the general good of the community to plant every acre possible this spring should understand that this is not such a simple proposition as it seems. It involves extra expenditure for labor, seed and fertilizer. Fertilizer and hired labor are costly and the latter is scarce and maybe not obtainable,

and with the hazard of crop failure and the danger of ruinously low prices in case of excessively large crops where is the inducement for the farmer to incur the risk of the extraordinary expense of planting and cultivating an exceptionally large acreage? The other propositions are too fantastic to merit serious consideration.

The one rational method of solving the problem, now and for all time, is to cut out the useless middlemen which incidentally will abolish the speculators. And the only practical way to do this is for the farmers to organize everywhere and market all their products exclusively through cooperative stores and selling agencies of their own to be established in all the cities and large towns. This would leave no opportunity for speculators to operate, and it would give the farmers a larger profit and the consumer lower prices by dividing between them the excessive profits of the middlemen and extinguishing their needless expense.

Agricultural Interests Need Organizing

AGRICULTURE is the largest, most important and most poorly organized industry in the United States. The good work of the Grange deserves universal and hearty support but it needs to be supplemented by more thorough and extensive organization through local, county and other subsidiary unions of farmers, for the better protection of their rights and the promotion of their interests along certain special lines. Cooperation is the key note of success in any business and most of all in farming.

The citrus fruit growers' association of California and the apple growers' association of the Northwest have proved the value of cooperation in standardizing and marketing farm produce; grain elevators owned and operated by associated farmers are profitable to their owners and make the communities in which they exist independent of the speculators, and official reports show that the farmers in certain localities have saved a large per cent of cost by cooperative buying of commercial fertilizer, stock feed and other materials requisite for agricultural operations. There should be a market expert attached to the Agricultural Department of each State, as there is in some States, for the special duty of instructing and assisting the farmers' cooperative associations in buying and selling. The "county agents" are rendering valuable service in impressing the farmers with the importance of cooperation in all their activities. Carl Vrooman, U. S. Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, recently said:

"These county agents are teaching the farmers how to build a new civilization out in our rural communities—a civilization based upon a greater principle than that on which the past has been built; a civilization built on the great principle of cooperation; cooperation of farmer with farmer, neighbor with neighbor, of farmer with business man. The great practical advance in agriculture can no more be realized and brought to fruition by the Ishmaelite and the individualistic, than an individual could create a great metropolis like New York. The farmer of the future just like the urban dweller of the future must have the social vision, must realize he is a man living in a community with other men and must work together with those other men in pursuance of their common interests.

"I know that farmers are suspicious. Each of them thinks the other has shortcomings, and of course they are right. Very often farmers refuse to work together on that account, but more and more they are coming to learn that a man who is a real man is willing to take a chance upon the fundamental honesty and feeling of fair play of his fellow men, to get together with them and work out their common destiny with the same enthusiasm that in the past they have put into their individualistic enterprises.

"When our farmers and bankers and our business men and all of our other citizens are able to get a national point of view, arising to a national consciousness of the possibilities before the American people, possibilities which were never equalled in the history of the world, to the possibilities which in the last fifteen months have increased a thousand per cent, they will discern a new land of promise. When they get to looking at those problems from a social point of view and learn to subordinate their own little, petty, personal, selfish ambitions, in other words, when we as a nation have learned to dominate the hog and tiger in our nature and be human beings, patriotic human beings, then there will clear up before us vistas of wealth, vistas of opportunities compared with which everything in the past is as twilight and shadow."

Arming Our Merchant Ships

SINCE January 31, when Germany proclaimed ruthless and indiscriminate war on neutral shipping, the steamers of our large transatlantic fleet have remained tied at their docks in dread of threatened attack by German submarines, and in consequence our European mail service is interrupted, our foreign commerce is paralyzed and our railroad freight traffic is impeded by the congestion of loaded freight cars that can not be discharged at the seaport terminals. This blockade of American commerce has become intolerable, and to break it the President has ordered the Navy Department to arm our merchant ships with guns and provide them with gun crews for their protection against German submarines, and on March 12 officially announced this to be the policy of our government. If Germany persists in carrying her threat into execution the first meeting of an armed American merchant ship with a German submarine will precipitate war between the two nations—and this is likely to happen before this edition reaches our readers. Our ships will use their arms only in self-defense, and therefore the grave responsibility of choosing between war and peace still rests with Germany.

The Liquor Forces Lose Another Trench

CONGRESS closed its recent session without taking final action on a large number of important measures which should have been adopted, but it did enact two laws which will have a far-reaching effect in curtailing the illegal traffic in intoxicating liquor. One is the so-called "Bone Dry Law" which forbids, under severe penalties of fine and imprisonment, the shipment or transportation of intoxicating liquor from any part of this country into any State that prohibits the manufacture and sale of liquor. Liquor to be used for mechanical, medicinal or sacramental purposes is excepted.

The weak point in all our State prohibitory laws has been that liquor dealers in another State were privileged, under the laws of the United States, to ship as much liquor as they chose into a prohibition State regardless of State laws to the contrary, with the result that the liquor dealers, distillers and brewers in the wet States have done a thriving mail-order business in supplying intoxicants to the residents of the dry States. This nuisance will cease when the new Federal law goes into effect on the first day of next July and Uncle Sam exercises his mighty power over interstate commerce in aid of the enforcement of State prohibitory laws. The twenty-two States which have adopted prohibition laws will then become dry in fact as well as in name. The other law supplements the foregoing by forbidding the use of the mails for circulating liquor advertisements or soliciting liquor business in prohibition States.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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The Sermon on the Mount

By Joseph F. Novak

See front cover illustration.

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"Christ hath arisen! Oh, mountain peaks, attest—
Witness resounding glen and torrent wave!
The immortal courage in the human breast
Sprung from that victory—tell how oft the brave
To camp midst rock and cave,
Nerved by those words their struggling faith have borne,
Planting the cross on high above the clouds of morn!"

Mrs. Hemans:—Easter Day in a Mountain Churchyard.

WITH hands clasped to his temples, Vandeventer Peyton sat at his desk, his thoughts garish, his eyes wild. Down below in the street, he heard the yelling of newsboys announcing the crash of the Western Investing Syndicate. Wasn't it a nightmare, or something of the sort? Surely it could not be true! Surely the Syndicate which he had formed, financed and promoted was not really up against the wall! It could not be! Yet that was what the boys in the street were yelling about.

It meant that he had failed, that at twenty-eight his life was wreck. Could he withstand the sneers and jeers of the men whom he had defied when they attempted to thwart him? They had succeeded in doing what they had threatened, and when his own money gave out at the crucial time, confidence of the stockholders in the Syndicate went too, quarrelling arose in their ranks, legal barriers were thrown up, not destructive in themselves, but which would require lawsuits to remove.

He had sought to borrow money on the property of the Syndicate, for its assets were well in excess of its liabilities, but his endeavors had been in vain, and without money in a thing of that sort, all other endeavor is useless.

From the looks of things, the only plan seemed to be to abandon the project, let his successors snatch the fruit of his labor, while he could have the pleasure of beginning all over again. The horror of it! The horror of being obliged to do that! But need he? Only a little brute courage was needed, one little commandment needed to be forgotten, and the turmoil of life would be over.

He sat up. Why hadn't he made up his mind to that before? Yes, he'd do it. Tonight he could settle what few matters he had in hand and as for the Syndicate, the courts would take care of that. He hoped that when the stockholders and the world in general found out that his scheme was a legitimate one, and that the crash was the result of his enemies' plot, those who wronged him might enjoy a little conscientious drubbing—if indeed they did possess such things as consciences.

His mind was beginning to be unbalanced, yet his actions were thus far not bad. He would not have been evidence of it, for with his usual alertness, he glanced over sundry papers, checking up a column of figures here, making a note there.

When everything was arranged to his satisfaction, he drew forth some stationery, and picking up his pen, he prepared himself to write.

To only one person, and that was Lucille. Lucille! She came to him then, in his mind's eye, in all the beauty of her young womanhood. How he loved her, and how vividly he now recalled the day she had promised to be his. But she had been reared in luxury and certainly he could not hold her to her engagement, when he was a poor man, a bankrupt, and a failure. It would not be just to her. She possessed too great a fortune in her own right to expect her to give it up, and he would not allow himself to be supported by her means.

He knew too, why she loved him; it was for his strength, his aggressiveness, his push, his fearlessness, and the fact that he was looked upon as a man who was constantly doing great things. He had always been rated a success—and now this!

But he would end it all. Through the window which faced the west, the dusky sunbeams of an April sun penetrated. The dusty, fiery globe was sinking to the horizon, so significant of the setting of the sun of his success, he thought. A soft breeze came in, soft yet somewhat polluted with the conglomerated smells of city streets. But it held the promise of spring, and the revivification of the earth.

He watched the sun until it finally disappeared, then in the twilight, he wrote his letter.

"Dear Lucille:

"When you receive this, I shall be where the trials of life do not vex us. My shame at my disgrace, unmerited, has unnerved me, and I cannot face life. If I were really guilty of intentional wrong doing, I might brazen it out, the swindler is always awaiting the day of his undoing, but being as I am innocent, this thing which no one will believe, I take this means of making men forget. One flare of sensationalism, and all will be over.

"Do not mourn for me, dearest. I cannot ask you to share my disgrace, nor shall I. To live without you, I cannot.

"I shall be found at pretty little Mount Hope. You know the place. There I first told you I loved you, and you accepted me. Life began to love for me, so shall it end there. Good by, sweetheart, good by, VAN."

When he had done writing, he folded the letter deliberately, and put it into an envelope and placed it in his pocket. He put on his light overcoat, and stood for a moment in the semi-darkness of his office, looking out for the last time. That office! Sometimes he had almost hated it, and yet now he felt as if he were leaving an old friend. Then he went out, locked the door and stepped into the elevator and soon was in the street.

There was the feel of spring in the air, and the streets were damp and somewhat muddy. The light breeze was changing to a high wind, brisk, but warm nevertheless.

He walked along as if in a daze until he came to the electric-lighted depths of its windows were banks of blooming Easter lilies, together with many other brilliant blooming plants.

Easter! Easter lilies! He had forgotten that on the morrow, nearly two thousand years ago, the world's Redeemer had risen. It had always been his custom to send Lucille a floral token of the day, and he had almost forgotten to do so on this, the last chance he would have. But fortunately the matter was brought to his mind, and he went to the open door.

As he did so, he nearly upset a little midge in nondescript clothes who had been admiring the beautiful lilies banked in the window. He noted her longing look.

"Would you like one of the lilies, child?" he asked.

She looked up at him shyly and bashfully chewed a handkerchief which might once have been white.

"I dunno," she managed to ejaculate.

"Well, come, I'll buy you one," he answered, and taking her by the hand, they went into the shop where he bade her make a selection. He refused to buy the little one she timidly pointed out, asked her if she wouldn't prefer the great big one with eight glistening lilies crowning a stalk of green leaves, and immediately bought it for her.

Something wrenched his heart as he saw her clasp the big lily tenderly in her small arms, and march away with a face shining with joy. "I'll make the child happy, if nothing more, before the end," he thought to himself, as he saw her turn a corner and disappear.

Then he ordered a great sheaf of cut lilies sent

to Lucille, and that done, he went to his home, located in the suburbs.

After his meal, which he scarcely touched, he sat out upon the piazza of his home, swinging gently to and fro in the porch swing that hung there in the darkness. The day had been unusually warm, and out in the street the children were calling to each other and chasing about, joying in the liberty from winter wraps.

But Vandeventer saw naught of awakening. To him, the hand of fate seemed to be pointing to the other extreme. "The end, the end," the swing seemed to creak drowsily.

At length he tapped a small bell, and Samson, his valet appeared.

"I am going away tomorrow, Samson, and I do not know just when I shall return. I think I had better pay you as I will have to dispense with your services. And by the bye, I want you to carry a letter to Miss Elviert. Here it is," and he placed it in his man's hand.

Samson acknowledged the charge.

"I want the letter delivered at 10 o'clock tomorrow; not a moment earlier, you understand?" His eyes fixed themselves upon the valet who seemed to shudder beneath the penetrating gaze. "You will not forget?"

"I shall remember," the valet said.

"Very well," Vandeventer replied. "I shall depend upon you. Take this for your services; it will keep you until you find new employment. I appreciate your faithfulness, and am sorry that I must dismiss you."

He placed a roll of bills in the man's hands.

"But Mr. Peyton!" expostulated the valet. "This is so sudden; so unusual! Can't you take me with you?"

"No, Samson, it's a journey I must make alone. Good night."

He rose from the porch swing, and without another word went to his room and though he disrobed and threw himself upon his bed, it was not to sleep for his mind was filled with the task he had set for himself, and he lay wide-awake and sleepless during the night as he planned every detail.

Then as the morning grayed, he arose and dressed himself with care. He wondered, if indeed, it were himself contemplating the rash act; he wondered how others had planned the dreadful deed, those others who had gone the same route before.

Finished dressing, he stepped to his dressing table and from it took a revolver. He examined it, then satisfied that it was in shape, he dropped it into his pocket and crossed the room to the window.

Throwing it up high, he looked out. His home stood at the end of a pretty street

laid along the ridge of a small hillock, and from his window he could look afar off over the gardens and lawns which surrounded the suburban homes. These lay sleeping under a soft blue haze, the haze that precedes the coming of the sun; quiet, mysterious hush lay upon everything; then in the east flashed a red streak, illumining the clouds which took on rainbow tints.

In the distance came a cock's crow. It was answered by another, then came a chorus, which presently died down again.

And now the sun arose for his journey across the sky. The tree tops' tender green quivered in the soft zephyr that sprang up.

As Vandeventer looked, he felt himself on the brink of eternity. And for an hour he stood there, that feeling ever upon him, yet ever lodged in his mind was the dreadful thought of the deed to be done.

He glanced at his watch. It was five o'clock. Tossing it back into his pocket, he left the room. So engrossed was he that he did not notice that Samson quietly watched him from the deep shadows of the hall.

Vandeventer went through the house which still slept, to the hall, and picked up his hat and cravat. Putting them on, he went to his garage and soon had his machine's engine panting, and in a few moments more, he was leisurely rolling down the avenue.

The street looked lovely in the fresh spring morning. The terraced lawns were velvety green, and regiments of gay-colored tulips and crocuses colored the earth. In many windows, Easter lilies bloomed, ringing their bells behind the protection of plate glass.

Sweet was the morning; nature had combined those two harmonies, a late Easter and early spring in a country where spring was always early. Lowly dandelions dotted the grass, in the trees the sparrows quarreled, and robins and thrushes whistled and trilled.

"All nature is beginning life, and I am ending it. Ah, well, perhaps just as well in the beauty of the morning, than in the darkness of the night," and the thought caused him to shoot more speed into the car which had been moving along rather slowly.

After an hour of driving, he reached the Mount. It was a pretty little hill, rising majestically to command a view of the surrounding country. Its sides were grass grown, here and there a clump of bushes dotted it, on its crest was a cluster of poplar trees, already well leaved. One of these had been struck by lightning and now lay prostrate, forming a convenient seat.

Vandeventer drove the car into a clump of

bushes bursting into leaf, and getting out, slowly walked up into the mount.

Soon he gained the top. From his point of vantage, he could see the road over which he had come, gently undulating here and there, lying white and clean in the sunlight, or losing itself behind a little coppice to appear again in the distance.

He turned from the road, and walked to the other side of the hill which commanded a view of pastoral beauty in which wound the river. He sat down upon the fallen tree, and gazed far off.

Never once had the dreadful thought, the determined resolution left his mind; nor made he any attempt to shake it off.

He felt into his pocket, and in a moment more he held the weapon of death in his hand. The sun glinted on its steel and cast off dazzling glares.

"Quick, have it over with," he murmured to himself. He stood up, threw from him his cravat, coat and waistcoat. He tore the collar from his neck and bared his breast to the morning breeze. Right at his heart, the seat of life was the place, one muffled shot, perhaps not even a sensation of pain, and it would all be over.

He clutched at the shirt, plucked it away, and the revolver went up to seek its target.

A shrill screaming suddenly rent the air, then a chorus of distressed bird-notes. Distracted, he turned about. A flock of sparrows were chattering on the ground, while in their midst, a bright, but frightened-eyed, trembling winged little creature lay pressed to earth.

It had fallen from its nest, and terrorized, it chirped, while the parent birds chattered and beat their wings in their helplessness.

"Poor little creature," he said, as he saw it, and glancing from earth to tree, he saw the nest. "Let me see, what does the Good Book say of you? 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your father.'"

He laid down the revolver as he spoke, and picked up the little, scarcely fledged creature. It lay warm and trembling in his hand. Softly he stroked it, as it lay winking its bright black eyes at him.

"I guess this was what Christ meant when he spoke of sparrows not falling 'without your father.' Well, back into the nest for you."

As he started for the tree, with intention to climb it, a rushing sound came to him, and he turned as a girl, terror-eyed, rushed to his side. "Oh, Van, stop!" she cried, catching his wrists. And then, he held his partially opened hands out to her, and she saw that he held just a little fallen sparrow.

"Oh, Van, what are you doing?"

"Just putting a little sparrow back into its nest. 'One of them shall not fall without your father.'"

"What does it mean?" she cried, but Vandeventer only swung himself up to the branch of the tree and in a moment more, the little sparrow was in his nest again, while the parents chirped in glee.

Now he came down, and to the girl's side. Then suddenly, as if a great light had burst upon him, he drew his hand bewilderedly across his forehead and slowly hid his naked breast and throat.

"Lucille, how did you get here? How did I get here? Ah, that!" and he caught up the revolver.

"Van, Van!" she cried. "Don't!" She caught the weapon from him. "Don't you realize what you are doing?" She dropped the revolver into her bag, then went on, as she wound her arm anxiously about him:

"Samson brought your letter to me this morning after you had left your home. He said you had acted so very queerly, and had stipulated the hour when your letter was to be handed to me, and so felt that something was wrong. When I read it, I hurried after you. Oh, how could you think for a moment to take what God alone has the right to take from you, your life?" She shuddered.

Then with a gentle caress, she went on: "Don't think I am censuring you, dear, for I know what an ordeal you have passed through, and what is before you, but let me, in my love, uphold you through it all. I promised you, here in this spot, that I would ever love you, that naught but death could part us. Here on the day of our engagement I as solemnly vowed to myself, as on our wedding day I shall openly declare, to love and stand by you whatever the future would bring. I love you, Van, I love you more than any riches you could bring me. In a moment of this kind, how one realizes that naught but love is worth while in this world."

She put her arms about his neck, and pressed her lips to his breast. The sweetness of her presence drove away that black bride, death, whom he had so dangerously courted.

The cloud was passing from his brain, and as in a dream between sleeping and awakening, he beheld her, the woman whom he loved, but of whom he had feared to ask a worldly sacrifice.

"I was mad, dear," he said slowly, hesitatingly. "I didn't know what I was doing. Beset with the one dreadful thought, it fed itself upon me, until hypnotized, I felt I must perform its dictates. But you have broken the dreadful spell, you and the little fallen sparrow. It was Christ's Sermon on the Mount, over again."

"It is His Day," the girl said solemnly. "It is Easter Sunday, the day of His Resurrection. It is a resurrection for you, too, for the old discouraged self has died, the new self has risen to live! I care only for you and your love. We will face the future together, you and I. You are innocent, disgrace is not yours. I do not care what the world will say. My happiness lies only with you. All I have—it is yours, yours to use and to prove that my faith is well founded."

Again she slipped her arm about his body, seeming thus to infuse new life, new spirit, into the big frame that once knew no discouragement nor fear.

And he felt how generously she gave, and his heart stirred within him, and as he looked into the brilliant eyes turned to his, and saw only her deep love and sympathy for the dreadful ordeal through which he had passed, a strong determination formed in his mind, a determination to make good. He had slipped, slipped dangerously, but now he would show himself the man he always had been, and would glory in the tremendous task of again "making good."

He drew her into his arms.

"Dare I say it?" he murmured, "will God forgive the sin, if sin it is? For you—I say it reverently—you are my redeemer. Not a sparrow shall fall without its father. Nearly two thousand years ago were the words spoken, and they held good today. Had not the sparrow—"

She gently put her fingers to his lips, and kept back the dreadful supposition.

"Let us go now," she said gently. She held up his long coat which he slipped on and buttoned up to his neck. She picked up his collar and tie, and held them tenderly, and Van as he noted this, saw the tenderness of heart a woman exhibits toward the inanimate things of the man she loves. He felt she already had a wife's claim upon him.

He slipped his arm about her.

"Lucille, dearest," he said softly. "I cannot leave you out of my sight for a moment. Can it be today, dear?"

She knew what he asked. "Not today, Van," she smiled. "We'll need a license. But," and her voice was sweetly consoling, "it can be tomorrow."

In the glowing sun, over the new grass in which the tiny wind-flowers blew, they slowly made their way down the Mount.

Farmer's Wife Gets Fancy Prices for Produce in Attractive Containers

By Mary Harrod Northend

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A STORY of how a farmer's wife proved the value of color in selling fruits, vegetables and flowers. It was just before the thirtieth of May. Two years ago the idea came to her and she carried it out sending a wagon loaded with baskets of pansies, English daisies, forget-me-nots and late tulips, into the market on Decoration Day. The baskets had



TULIPS IN COLORED BASKETS.

all been colored. A big boiler of dye was mixed with the desired color, after which it was carried into the shed, where the baskets were dipped into the dye with a stick. They were then put out in the sun to dry.

She purchased baskets with wire handles as she had noticed they sold more readily and were easy to carry. They were colored in dull blues, soft greens, and golden browns. The plants were then picked out carefully—for a dull blue basket was chosen, the dainty, blue forget-me-not, and the pink English daisy formed a border. A golden brown basket was filled with different shades of yellow tulips, while the green baskets had the faces of the soft, velvety pansies in the purple shades, some so light as to be almost gray, while others were nearly black; in this way she gave each basket individual thought.

She sent twenty dozen to the market, looking after them as they were placed in the great farm wagon, seeing that the colors were correctly placed, for the appearance of the wagon must be given as much thought by her, she realized, if she would sell her merchandise, as the merchant gave to his store window.

Her husband had decided to drive the team into the city, stopping at the foot of the common. It was not long before the customers began to gather around the space about the wagon with its bright burden of flowers. The crowd reminded one of bargain day in a department store, here and there were seen on the street colored baskets in the hands of all classes of men and women, some of them being carried to decorate the graves of the loved ones, or to brighten the homes of the sick, old and young alike seemed pleased, and to appreciate them.

When there were only a few baskets remaining, a florist rushed up to the farmer asking him

how many baskets he had left. He purchased the last basket, and the farmer replied that he was sorry, but the scheme had worked out beyond their expectation and they had sold all the baskets they had colored, so that he would be unable to get the florist any more that day,—however he took a large order for later in the week.

Starting from this the wife of the farmer has built up quite an unusual business, thinking up attractive and odd ways of sending things to the market, for instance, she colored a few strawberry baskets, a delft blue, filling them with the clean, fresh leaves of the fruit. She then picked out large, firm, red berries, with about an inch and a half of the stem left on each one, filling the boxes with these. These brought fancy prices in the market and numerous telephone orders (as they are served at lunches for the first course, on bed of powdered sugar, the guest eating them from the stem). Other baskets were colored by her and sent to the market, with fruits of different variety,—for instance, a basket colored a light violet, filled with luscious bunches of purple grapes, with a few of the leaves, was very attractive.

The better class of market-men were enthusiastic over her idea. She is near a small city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and as one of the market-men remarked, "If she could send them into a large city, giving them the same attention, she would not be able to meet the demand for her work," but she is quite content, however, for last year she cleared between eight and nine hundred dollars and this year is expecting more.

She is now planning Christmas baskets, filled in the same way with cranberries, apples and popcorn, coloring the baskets and arranging them



PANSIES IN COLORED BASKETS.

with the fruits, and in among them will be greens gathered from the woods. She says she realizes, as never before, the value of color in everything when it is harmonious. Undoubtedly there are many opportunities of adding artistic touches along these lines that the average farmer does not have time to consider, but may be these suggestions will prove of interest, even if they are not considered practical by all. This is the experience that one farmer's wife has had on a sixty-five acre farm, situated in the heart of Essex County, in Massachusetts.

AN EASTER THOUGHT

JAMES TERRY WHITE

The lilies hear the Easter call,
And wake their promise to repeat:
Why should the cypress wreath appal?
Can aught to love and thee befall,
Where bides the impress of His feet?

She gently put her fingers to his lips, and kept

Nerine's Second Choice

by Adelaide Stirling



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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Lispenard, cousin to Kit Belton's mother, marries a Canadian girl. Dying he leaves a widow, two girls, Agatha and Nerine, and one son Maurice. Mrs. Lispenard marries Clarence Mayne, an interloper. At her decease she leaves Clarence Mayne an income until the girls are of age. Lispenard house and money go to the male heir in the direct line. Clarence Mayne goes on a trip to Monte Carlo. Kit Belton comes on a visit, while Maurice Lispenard, denied the education which is his by right, walks from Liverpool, where he is learning to be a mechanical engineer, to be with Kit Belton. Jones, known to Maurice as Lister, is ordered to harness the horses, when they go to see Lord Satterlee in a game of football. Agatha recognizes him. He has attended St. Jude's that he might see her. Maurice invites Lord Satterlee to dine with him. A young maid, not familiar with the house, and suspicious, leaves him in the darkness. He gropes his way to Clarence Mayne's room, where Nerine finds him later. She picks up a fallen table. In a secret drawer she discovers a book with her mother's initials on it. Nerine and Agatha going for a walk meet Lord Satterlee who hopes to see them at the next dance. Returning to Mr. Mayne's rooms the next day Nerine discovers that they are occupied during his absence and detects a strange woman putting the Lispenard silver in a strong bag. Left alone Nerine substitutes stones and minerals and covers them with her silk skirt. The woman returns, there is a struggle and Nerine falls senseless.

CHAPTER X.

LADY SATTERLEE.

MR. JONES that wet evening had sauntered down to a public-house just opposite the railroad station, which was a favorite resort of his. He stood in the doorway out of the rain idly watching the passersby and wishing that a friend of his with whom he had an appointment would be promptly on time.

Several people went by on their way to the station, little noticed by Mr. Jones, who took no interest in the traveling public. Suddenly a stout lady, carrying a large bag, came into view out of the streaming fog and passed, with a half mind to stop and enter the public-house, which made her pause just long enough to be recognized.

Mr. Jones was little and weazened and quick on his feet. He was down the street after the stout woman, and had clutched her before she had reached the brilliant electric lights of the station.

As she turned, startled and ready to scream, he addressed her.

"Shut up, now, Mary! Don't make no noise. I've caught you pretty well, my girl! Who was going home the first thing Tuesday morning? And where have you been ever since?"

"What's that to you?" said the woman. She had been drinking and her fingers had only an unsteady grip on the large bag she carried. It slipped out of her uneasy grasp and dropped with a thud on the pavement.

"What's this?" the man inquired, suspiciously. He picked it up in spite of her effort to be too quick for him, and its weight astounded him.

"You've been up at Mayne's," he swore, angrily. "Why did you write me that pack of lies about your going home at once? And what have you here?"

He looked at the bag. It was one of Mr. Mayne's, with his monogram in silver on its blue flap.

"It's mine!" the stout but untidy female returned, sharply making a quick grab at it, but uselessly.

"I think not," Jones fumbled with the fastening, and undid it.

"Why didn't you get a key while you were about it?" with a contemptuous glance. "And what's all this?" He ran his hand into the opening. Holding the bag cautiously, he withdrew into an alleyway and rummaged rapidly, while the woman fought quietly to wrench it away from him.

"Now be quiet, Mary," he ordered. "What the devil's this?" pulling out a stone, then another, and an end of purple silk. He stared wonderingly at them.

With an angry cry she snatched the articles and plunged her hands into the bag, furiously searching it.

"It's that girl!" She stamped her feet. "Curse her! She's got it—and I've been breaking my arm carrying a pack of rubbish!" She began to cry. "I hope she's dead," she exclaimed. "Why did I ever leave that window open on her?"

Jones shut the bag.

"You'd better just tell me all about it, or I'll walk you back to my stable and shut you up there till Mayne comes home." And he clutched her flabby arm with a grip she could not shake off for all her stout build and her anger. "Go on, now!" He shook her viciously, glancing round the dark alley to see that he was unobserved. "Look sharp."

"There's no need to hold me," sullenly. "I'd just as soon tell you. I've been fooled, and it doesn't matter now how much you know."

She leaned against the brick wall beside him and poured out her story. When she concluded he gave a low whistle.

"I almost wish you'd got off with the stuff; I owe that young whelp something. It would have melted into a good penny, too. But now that you've been caught there'll be a fine old row. Young Lispenard will tell the police, and things will look bad for me!"

He paused and reflected.

"Where'd you get the chloroform?" he sharply demanded.

"Off Mr. Mayne's washstand," she whimpered.

"Why did you want to go messing round with the silver?"

"So that he'd be blamed. I tell you I'm sick of him. I wish he was dead!"

"It wouldn't do you any good," Jones returned, quietly, "and all you've done is to make the place too hot for me. We'd better get away home and let Mayne know of your—nonsense. He won't want any police coming round after me—nor after you, either."

He picked up the bag and started for the station, hurrying his companion and swearing at her till she stopped crying and made her best pace beside him. He asked one more angry question as they hurried through the foggy street.

"Did you give the girl enough to do for her?"

"No; only just what Mr. Mayne used to take when the asthma kept him awake."

"I'm blessed if I know what to do," he muttered. "There's bound to be trouble, no matter how you take it!"

Arriving at the station he bought a ticket, hesitated, thought a second; then he pushed his companion into a second-class carriage and turned back in hand.

"I'm going to the telegraph office," was his only remark, but he was still there when the train went out of the station.

Mr. Jones was not astonished at being confronted by Jane on his return to his quarters over the coach-house with a message that Mr. Lispenard wanted him, but he was quite knocked out when throughout the long and stormy interview Miss Lispenard sat in the room, though apparently taking no part in the interrogatory.

"I know him better than you, Maurice," Agatha had said. "I shall know if he is lying or not when you could never tell." And she sat placidly knitting, till Maurice, unsatisfied and angry, told the man to go.

Jones knew nothing about the bag or the inhabitant of Mr. Mayne's rooms. He had lost the latchkey of the side door. Yes, he might have dropped it in a public-house. He had been taken worse for liquor one night; he might have taken it out of his pocket mixed up with loose coins and never seen it. But he would take his oath he had known nothing about the theft until he was told.

"Well," said Maurice, when the door had closed on the man, "what do you think of him?"

"I think that he really does not know anything about it. He may know who did it (did you see how he kept wiping his upper lip?) but I don't really think he had a hand in it."

Maurice lit a pipe and smoked, silent and frowning.

"I tell you, Agatha," he said at last. "I've half a mind not to do anything about the thing. If we have Jones arrested on suspicion that means an end to our holiday at once! Mayne would come tearing back. And yet I don't at all like sitting by and having the devil's tricks played with my sister under my very nose."

The last thing Agatha wanted was to see Clarence Mayne return. Why, she did not even say to herself.

"If we could manage without a fuss it would be nicer," she returned, candidly. "But it is awful to think that some one may be walking about our house all the time and we not know it."

"Whoever it was, he is gone now, and I'll make it pretty hard for him to get back again! I tell you, Agatha, what I'll do. You can write to Mr. Mayne if you like." In answer to her look. "I don't care whether he knows or not, and I'll watch Jones. If I find out anything fishy we'll just run our friend in! Just now we've only suspicion to go on. The only trouble is that I may have to go back to work at any moment, and I can't leave you girls alone to go through any more chloroform business."

"There won't be any!" Agatha said, confidently. "Maurice, you don't think Mr. Mayne could have anything to do with that affair, do you?"

Maurice shook his head.

"Not from what Nerine says. And, besides, Mr. Mayne has absorbed all our income for years. A little silver more or less wouldn't be worth his while."

"Are you going to sleep in Mr. Mayne's room?"

"Not I. I don't care what goes on in there. But I'm going to have a sofa across the door from our part while I'm here. Then I'll be pretty

sure that no one gets in without my knowing. I say, Agatha, don't you let Jane know there's anything wrong. We don't want her talking about it. You see, we're rather in a hole about Jones. We can't dismiss him; he's Mayne's servant. If we told him to go he wouldn't. We can either accuse and prosecute him or do as I propose and keep dark. And I think that's the best way, on the whole."

"I can't write to Mr. Mayne," said Agatha. "I haven't his address—anything more, at least, than an idea of it—and I'm certainly not going to ask Jones." She rose, yawning, and stretched both her long arms over her head. "I'll tell the girls what you think and then we won't worry any more. Mr. Mayne may find out in time. I really can't tell him." And the usually conscientious Agatha, with pinker cheeks than was usual with her, left the room.

A couple of days passed without any event whatever. Satterlee's cake was put away in the cupboard to await his next visit, and the Lispenards walked and drove at their own sweet will, a slightly depressed Jones doing their bidding with a meekness which made them pretty certain that the stout lady of the bag had not been unknown to him, whether her object was or not. Mr. Mayne's henchman was not too comfortable, in truth, as to what that gentleman would do on his return, and it affected his appetite and his manners.

Into the calm atmosphere came a note to Maurice one morning which made Agatha color as she read it. She threw it across the table for public inspection.

Lady Satterlee was at the Highbury Hotel, and hoped that Maurice would bring his sisters to see her that afternoon.

"What do you suppose brought her?" she said, curiously.

"She's always going about the country with her maid and four dogs," Maurice returned, irreverently. "We'll go, of course. She's a very fine lady, indeed."

He left the room whistling, quite unconscious that the minds of the three young women had performed precisely the same leap into the future and jumped back again to the same conclusion.

That very afternoon the twins and Maurice—Kit having elected to stay at home—were ushered into Lady Satterlee's sitting-room in the Highbury Hotel. With an odd sensation, Nerine knew that she had never been in a room like it before; that the old-fashioned interiors of the country houses to which she had paid state visits had never had one breath of the atmosphere lent to this ordinary hotel room by the mere passing visit of a woman of fashion.

An agreeable pinkish mist seemed to reign in the room, shed by two very pretty lamps. There were flowers and palms and a curious, delicate odor besides which was as halm to the girl's nostrils. At one side of the fire was a screen which looked all gold to dazzled eyes fresh from the dark wintry evening; in front of it was a tea table, and between the gold of one and the outspread silver of the other sat a woman who rose as they advanced.

Lady Satterlee greeted Maurice with effusion, the girls with moderation; he was that need of every-day life—a "nice, boy," they were the tolerated beings called "girls." Lady Satterlee was too modern to wish to cultivate girls.

As she got down into her comfortable chair again, interrupting her son's greeting to tell him to order some tea, Nerine had a clear impression of Lord Satterlee's mother.

Mother! She looked like his sister. Her artificial paleness, her terra-cotta hair, her exquisite eyes, her intricate and remarkable tea gown of apricot velvet, sable, and old lace, all stood out against the gold embroideries hung over the screen behind her like an old Italian picture.

"Where are the dogs, Lady Satterlee?" Maurice inquired as he handed around the teacups. Lady Satterlee laughed, showing the whitest of lovely teeth. "Poor things! I left them. They are getting bored with traveling."

She had not stirred hand or foot to serve the tea, but as she took her cup from Maurice she nodded kindly and naturally at him. "I hear you've been entertaining Bobby. Awfully good of you; but your stepfather is away, he tells me, and I dare say you enjoyed it. I will come and dine with you myself when he is gone for good."

She had not taken the faintest apparent notice of the girls. Now she looked at them with calm and unreluctant interest. "You are ridiculously alike and most—oh! most terrifically different," she said, taking in their beauty, their plain dress, their air, with one comprehensive look. "I should never mistake you."

Satterlee looked wonderingly at her.

"I don't see the difference," he said. "I did not know Miss Nerine from her sister at all at first."

Your dear father, Bobby, was also extremely unobservant," she laughed at her son's glance at Agatha. So she was the attraction, and she had not half the character of her sister.

"I dare say, Miss Lispenard, that you have already discovered Bobby's density and the simplicity of his methods," she remarked. But it was Nerine's eye which understood hers and not Agatha's, though the latter answered.

"Now, about this dance," she continued, holding her cup in a hand whose magnificent rings glittered in the lamplight, to Nerine's fascination. "It illustrates Bobby's delightful simplicity so well," and she laughed kindly at her son.

"You might at least say 'his' dance; it doesn't sound so brutally indifferent," Satterlee interrupted.

"Well, his dance, then," affably. "I had not said three words to him before he launched out upon it. You know, Bobby, that you did not conceal for one second that my very opportune arrival was the reason of your great joy at seeing me."

"Well, one reason," Bobby assented, stretching his long legs well out in front of him as he took a vacant chair beside Nerine. "But I think it was you who congratulated me on providing at least an attempt at amusement for you."

Agatha looked at Lady Satterlee. Somehow, it had never occurred to her that a woman with a grown-up son could look forward to a dance from personal reasons, but then, it had not occurred to her either that at forty-four it was possible to look (in a dim light) like thirty.

Lady Satterlee read the girl's grave simplicity with one quick look of her big eyes.

"Miss Lispenard is thinking I should know better at my age," she said. "The fact is, I have not been to a dance given in barracks for an appalling period," she observed, giving her teacup to Maurice to refill. "Tell me, what sort of room do they propose we shall dance in? Once, in the dark ages, I ruined my very best frock dancing at a ball given by young persons like Bobby."

Agatha colored.

"But I don't know anything about the room, you know. We—Nerine and I—have never been inside the barracks in our lives."

"What? And you live in a garrison town?" They were refreshing these girls, after the girls to whom she was accustomed.

"We don't go out much with Mr. Mayne," Maurice observed, dryly. "We can't live up to his tone socially."

"But you do go out sometimes to teas, small dances?" said Lady Satterlee, interrogating Agatha, who only shook her head.

"We're not asked," said Nerine, truthfully. "I mean, as a rule, you know; and when we are, we won't go."

"But you will surely go with me to Bobby's party?"

Nerine sat upright in her chair.

"Do you really mean it?" she asked candidly, looking with bright eyes straight at this woman, who seemed to live in another world. "Shall we not be a nuisance?"

"To me—gravely—or to Bobby?" Nerine colored.

"I meant to you," rather confusedly. Lady Satterlee laughed. Her big eyes met Nerine's kindly, naturally.

"My dear girls," she said, "I shall be delighted to take you."

"It is very good of you to be troubled with us," Nerine said, gravely, "but it is not quite certain that we can go—that I can go, at least, making a feeble struggle."

Maurice frowned at her.

"Oh, you can go. We can all go," he declared, hastily, "unless Mr. Mayne comes back and forbids the banns."

Lady Satterlee broke out into a ripple of laughter.

"I wonder," she said, softly, and to no one in particular, "if I could not manage even Mr. Mayne?"

CHAPTER XI.

AT THE BALL.

"Where is Nerine?" inquired Miss Belton, appearing in the morning-room just at lunch time the next day, to find Agatha alone there, gazing rather morosely at the fire, over her darling basket.

"I've not seen her since breakfast, or Maurice either," her cousin returned, listlessly. "Lunch is ready; we won't wait for them."

Breakfast had been a stormy meal; one endless discussion, indeed, had raged ever since dinner the night before, and raged fruitlessly, storming the same ground over and over again without result. "The dance—they must go," from Nerine. "Of course they were going," loudly, from Maurice. "How could they go?" desperately, from Agatha. All this went on during the despondent silence on the part of Kit Belton, who sat miserable and self-conscious because she could not give them frocks.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.)

The Masked Bridal

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



She flushed with painful embarrassment, however, when a servant came in to wait upon them.

Edith was scarcely seated beside her when Emil Correlli made his appearance.

"See!—I kneel—I beg—I implore!"

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edith Allandale, the only support of an invalid mother pawns a valuable watch. To redeem it she offers a five-dollar gold piece, paid to her by Royal Bryant, to the broker, who, dropping it into the drawer declares it a counterfeit and returns it. Going home her mother suggests it may be genuine and again Edith goes out to buy food and coal. While eating supper an officer enters, followed by the grocer who insists upon Edith's arrest for passing counterfeit money. She is hurried to the station house, leaving her mother in the care of Kate O'Brien. Edith writes to Royal Bryant explaining the situation. He redeems the watch, secures Edith's release and sends her home, where she finds her mother dying. After her death in reading letters, Edith learns she is an adopted daughter, the child of a dear friend, who believes she is legally a wife, until the father of her child admits his perjury and deserts her. Edith writes Mr. Bryant, giving no address and goes to Boston, securing a position as companion with Mrs. Gerald Goddard. Edith discovers there is a skeleton in the family, when Mrs. Goddard accuses her of attempting to steal her husband's affections. Emil Correlli, Mrs. Goddard's brother, is persistent in his attentions to Edith; she tries to avoid him and decides to leave. Mrs. Goddard begs her to stay. Edith, going to walk renders assistance to Mrs. Stewart, who is attracted to her and shows agitation when she learns she is a companion to Mrs. Goddard, and if she needs a friend to come to her. Edith is overtaken by Emil Correlli, Nearing Mrs. Goddard's house, a woman, unknown to Edith addresses Emil in a foreign tongue. Realizing that Edith thinks there is something mysterious in his relation to this woman he endeavors to set it right, renews his protestations of love, offers marriage and is staggered by her refusal. Mrs. Goddard unfolds a scheme which cannot fail to make Edith Allen his wife, but Emil must go away. Mrs. Goddard plans with Edith for a "mid-winter frolic," at their country home. The housekeeper, Mrs. Weld, overhears Mr. Goddard entreating his wife for a certain document. Mrs. Goddard proposes a theatrical performance entitled "The Masked Bridal." The guests arrive. Mrs. Weld takes a folded paper from Mrs. Goddard's jewel case; it vindicates her. Mrs. Goddard, having sent for Edith and seeing Mrs. Weld in an adjoining room devises a scheme to get her from meeting Edith to whom she explains that Miss Kerby and brother who have the leading parts, have been summoned home and requests Edith to supply Miss Kerby's place. Edith objects to what appears sacrilegious. Over persuaded she consents and velleled and masked the ceremony is performed. When she hears Mrs. Goddard congratulate Emil she grasps the duplicity and nearly falls senseless. Mrs. Goddard, returning to the bedroom asks Emil to introduce his friend, Mrs. Stewart. Meeting her, Mrs. Goddard calls her husband, who recognizes in Mrs. Stewart his former wife.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I SHALL NEVER FORGIVE EITHER OF YOU FOR YOUR SIN AGAINST ME."

THE morning following the great Goddard ball at Wyoming, found Edith much better, greatly to the surprise of every one. At Emil Correlli's request, the physician had remained in the house all night, in case he should be wanted; and when he visited her quite early in the morning, he expressed himself very much gratified to find her so comfortable, and said she would do well enough without any further medical treatment, but advised her to keep quiet for a day or two. This Edith appeared perfectly willing to do, and lay contentedly among her pillows, watching her kind nurse while she put the room in order, making no remarks, asking no questions, but with a look of grave resolve growing in her eyes and about her sweet mouth, which betrayed that she was doing a good deal of thinking upon some subject.

Mrs. Goddard came to her door immediately after breakfast, but Edith refused to see her. She had told Mrs. Weld not to admit anyone; therefore, when the lady of the house sought admittance, the housekeeper firmly but respectfully denied her entrance.

"But I have something very important to say to Edith," madam persisted.

"Then it had best be left unsaid until the poor girl is stronger," Mrs. Weld replied, without moving her portly proportions and holding the door firmly.

"I have a message from my brother for her—it is necessary that I should deliver it," Mrs. Goddard obstinately returned. Mrs. Weld looked back into the room inquiringly.

"I do not wish to see any one," Edith weakly responded, but in a voice of decision which told the listener outside that the girl had no intention of yielding the point.

"Very well; then I wait until she feels stronger," said the baffled woman, whereupon she left. Mrs. Weld spent as much time as possible with her, but she of course had her duties below to attend to; so, at Edith's request, she locked her in and took the key with her when she was obliged to go down-stairs.

Left alone, Edith fell into deep thought. In spite of a feeling of despair which at times, surged over her in view of the trying position in which she found herself, the base deception practised upon her, aroused a spirit of indomitable resistance, to battle for herself and her out-

raged feelings, and outwit, if possible, these enemies of her peace.

"They have done this wicked thing—that woman and her brother," she said to herself; "they have cunningly plotted to lure me into this trap; but, though they have succeeded in fettering me for life, that is all the satisfaction that they will ever reap from their scheme. They cannot compel me, against my will, to live with a man whom I abhor. Even though I stood up before that multitude last evening, and appeared a willing actor in that disgraceful and sacrilegious scene, no one can make me abide by it, and I shall denounce and defy them both; the world shall at least ring with scorn for their deed, even though I cannot free myself by proving a charge of fraud against them. But, oh—"

The proud little head suddenly drooped, and with a moan of pain she covered her convulsed face with her hands, as her thoughts flew to a certain room in New York, where she had spent one happy, blissful week in learning to love, with all her soul, the man whom she had served.

She had believed, as we know, that her love for Royal Bryant was hopeless—at least she had told herself so, and that she could never link her fate with his, after learning of her shameful origin.

Yet, now that there appeared to have arisen an even greater barrier, she began to realize that all hope had not been quite dead—that, in her heart she had all the time been nursing a tender shoot of affection, and a faint belief that her lover would never relinquish his desire to win her.

But these sad thoughts finally set her mind running in another channel, and brought a gleam of hope to her.

"He is a true and honorable man," she mused. "I will appeal to him in my trouble; and if any one can find a loophole of escape for me I am sure he will be able to do so."

When Mrs. Weld brought her lunch, she sat up and ate it eagerly, resolved to get back her strength as soon as possible in order to carry out her project at an early date.

"If you feel able to talk about it now, I wish you would tell me exactly how they managed to hoodwink you to such an extent. Perhaps I may be of some service to you, when the matter comes to a crisis," the woman remarked, as she studied the sweet face before her with kind and pitying eyes.

And Edith related just how Mrs. Goddard had drawn her into the net by representing that two of her actors had been called away in the midst of the play and that the whole representation would be spoiled unless she would consent to help her out.

"It was very cleverly done," said Mrs. Weld, when she concluded; but she looked grave, for she saw that the entire affair had been so adroitly managed, it would be very difficult to prove that Edith had not been in the secret and a willing actor in the drama. "But do not worry, child; you may depend upon me to do my utmost to help you in every possible way."

The next morning Edith was able to be up and dressed, and she began to pack her trunk, preparatory to going away. The guests had all left on the previous day, and everything was being put in order for the house to be closed for the remainder of the winter, while it was stated that the family would return to the city on the next day, which would be Thursday.

Edith had almost everything ready for removal by noon, and, after lunch was over, sent word to Mrs. Goddard that she would like an interview with her.

The woman came immediately, and Edith marvelled to see how pale and worn she looked—how she had appeared to age during the last day or two.

"I am so glad that you have decided to see me, Edith," she remarked, in a fondly confidential tone, as she drew a chair to the girl's side and sat down. "My brother is nearly distracted with grief and remorse over what has happened, and the attitude which you have assumed toward him. He adores you—he will be your slave if you only take the right way to win him. Surely, you will forgive him for the deception which his great affection led him to practise upon you," she concluded.

"No," said Edith, with quiet decision, "I shall never forgive either of you for your sin against me—it is beyond pardon."

"Ah! I will not intercede for myself—but think how Emil loves you," pleaded her companion.

"You should have said, 'think how he loves himself,' madam," Edith rejoined, "for nothing but the rank selfishness could ever have led a person to commit an act of such duplicity and sacrilege as that which he and you adopted to secure your own ends. He does not desire to be pardoned. His only desire is that I should relent and yield to him which I never shall do."

As she uttered these last words, she emphasized them with a decided little gesture of her left hand that betrayed a relentless purpose.

"Ah!" she cried, the next moment, with a start, the movement having attracted her eye to the ring upon her third finger, which until that moment she had entirely forgotten.

With a shiver of repulsion, she snatched it off and tossed it into the lap of her companion.

"Take it back to him," she said. "I had forgotten I had it on; I despise myself for having worn it even until now."

"You are very hard—you are very obdurate," madam said, sharply.

"Very well; you can put whatever construction you choose upon the stand I have taken, but do not for a moment deceive yourself by imagining that I will ever consent to be known as Emil Correlli's wife; death would be preferable!" Edith calmly responded.

"Most girls would only be too eager and proud to assume the position—they would be sincerely grateful for the luxuries and pleasure they would enjoy as my brother's wife," Mrs. Goddard coldly remarked.

A little smile of contempt curled the corners of Edith's mouth; but otherwise she did not deign to notice these boasting comments.

"Edith, I beg that you will listen to me," madam earnestly pleaded, after a few moments of thought. "This thing is done and cannot be undone, and now I want you to be reasonable and think of the advantages which, as Emil's wife, you may enjoy. You are a poor girl, without home or friends, and obliged to work for your living. There is an escape from all this if you will be tractable; you can have a beautiful home, elegantly furnished, horses, carriages, diamonds, and velvets—in fact, not a wish you choose to express ungratified. You may travel the world over, if you desire, with no other object in view than to enjoy yourself. On the other hand, if you refuse, there will be no end of scandal—you will ruin the reputation of our whole family—Emil will become the butt of everybody's scorn and ridicule, I shall never be able to show my face again in society, either in Boston or New York; and my husband, who has always occupied a high position, will be terribly humiliated."

"You should have thought of all this, madam, before you plotted for the ruin of my life; I am not responsible for the consequences of your treachery and crime."

"Crime! that is an ugly word," cried Mrs. Goddard.

"Nevertheless, it is the correct term to apply to what you have done—it is what I shall charge you with."

"What! do you dare to tell me that you intend to appeal to the courts?" exclaimed madam, aghast.

She had fondly imagined that, the deed once done, the girl having no friends whose protection she could claim, would make the best of it, and gracefully yield to the situation.

"That is what I intend to do."

"And you utterly refuse to listen to reason?" Anna Goddard inquired, struggling hard for self-control.

"I utterly refuse to be known as Emil Correlli's wife, if that is what you mean by 'reason,'" said Edith, calmly.

"Girl! girl! take care—do not try my patience too far," cried her companion, with a flash of passion, "or we may have to resort to desperate measures with you."

"Such as what, if you please?" inquired Edith. "That remains to be seen; but I warn you that you are bringing only wrath upon your own head. We shall never allow you to create a scandal—we shall find a way to compel you to do as we wish."

"That you can never do! It is my nature," she went on, after a slight pause, "to be gentle and yielding in all things reasonable, and when I am kindly treated; but injustice and treachery, such as you have been guilty of, always arouses within me a spirit which a thousand like you and your brother could never bend nor break."

"Do not be too sure, my pretty young Tartar,"

"I rejected Monsieur Correlli's proposals to me some weeks ago," Edith resumed. "I made him clearly understand, and you also, that I could never marry him. You appeared to accept the situation only to scheme for my ruin; but, even though you have tricked me into compromising myself in the presence of many witnesses, it was only a trick, and therefore no legal marriage. At least I do not regard myself as morally bound; and as I have said before, I shall appeal to the courts to annul whatever there may be supposed to exist. This is my irrevocable decision—nothing can change it—nothing will ever serve me a hair's breadth from it. Go tell your brother, and then let me alone—I will never renew the subject with either of you."

And as Edith ceased she turned her resolute face to the window, and Anna Goddard knew that she had meant every word that she had uttered.

"Do you imagine you can defy us thus?" madam cried, laying an almost brutal grip upon the girl's arm, as she arose to abandon, for the time, her apparently fruitless task. "No, indeed! You will find to your cost that you have stronger wills than your own to cope with."

With these hot words, Anna Goddard swept angrily from the room, leaving her victim alone.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I WILL NEVER BREAK BREAD WITH YOU, AT ANY TABLE."

As the door closed after the angry and baffled

woman, the portly form of the housekeeper entered the room from an apartment adjoining, where, as had been previously arranged between Edith and herself, she had been stationed to overhear the whole of the foregoing conversation.

"What can I do?" sighed the young girl.

"Nothing just yet, dear, but to try and get well and strong as soon as possible," responded Mrs. Weld.

"Did you hear how she threatened me?"

"Yes, but her threats were only so many idle words—they cannot harm you; you need not fear them."

"But I do; somehow, I am impressed that they are plotting even greater wrongs against me," sighed Edith.

"They will not dare—" began Mrs. Weld, with some excitement. Then, suddenly checking herself, she added soothingly: "But do not worry any more about it now, child—you never need cross a bridge until you come to it. Lie down and rest a while; it will do you good, and maybe you will catch a little nap, while I go down to see that everything is moving smoothly in the dining-room and kitchen."

Edith was only too willing to heed this sensible advice, and, shortly after the housekeeper's departure, fell into a restful sleep.

She did not awake until it was nearly dark, when, feeling much refreshed, she arose and dressed herself, resolving that she would not trouble tired Mrs. Weld to bring up her dinner, but go down-stairs and have it with her, as usual.

The house was very quiet, for, all the guests having gone, there was only the family and the servants in the house.

Edith remained in her room until she heard the dinner-bell ring, when she went to the door to listen for Mr. and Mrs. Goddard and Emil Correlli to go down, before she ventured forth, for she had a special object in view.

Presently she heard them enter the dining-room, whereupon she stole softly down after them and slipped into the library in search of the daily papers.

She found one, the Transcript, and then hurried back to her room, lighted the gas, and sat down to read.

Immediately a low cry of dismay burst from her, for the first thing that caught her eye were some conspicuous head-lines announcing:

"A STARTLING SURPRISE IN HIGH LIFE."

These were followed by a vivid description of the festivities at the Goddard mansion in Wyoming, on the previous evening, mentioning the "unique and original drama," which had wound up with "the great surprise" in the form of a "bona fide marriage between the brother of the beautiful and accomplished hostess, Mrs. Goddard, and a lovely girl to whom the gentleman had long been attached, and whom he had taken this opportunity and very novel way of introducing to his friends and society in general."

Then there followed a resume of the play, giving the names of the various actors, an account of the fine scenery and brilliant costumes, etc.

The appearance of the masked bride and groom was then enlarged upon, an accurate description of the bride's elegant dress given, and a most flattering mention made of her beauty and grace, together with the perfect dignity and repose of manner with which she bore her introduction to the many friends of her husband during the reception that followed immediately after the ceremony.

No mention was made of her having fainted afterward, and the article concluded with a flattering tribute to the host and hostess for the success of their "Winter Frolic," which ended so delightfully in the brilliant and long-to-be remembered ball.

Edith's face was full of pain and indignation after reading this sensational account.

She was sure that the affair had been written up by either madam or her brother, for the express purpose of bringing her more conspicuously before the public and with the intention of fastening more securely the chain that bound her to the villain who had so wronged her.

Oh, it is a plot worthy to be placed on record with the intrigues of the Court of France during the reign of Louis the Thirteenth and Richelieu! Edith exclaimed. "But in this instance they have mistaken the character of their victim," she continued, throwing back her proud little head with an air of defiance, "for I will never yield to them; I will never acknowledge, by word or act, the tie which they claim binds me to him, and I will leave no effort untried to break it. Heavens! what a daring, what an atrocious wrong it was!" she exclaimed, with a shudder of repugnance; "and I am afraid that, aside from my own statements, I cannot bring one single fact to prove a charge of fraud against either of them."

She fell into a painful reverie, mechanically folding the paper as she sat rocking slowly back and forth trying to think of some way of escape from her unhappy situation.

But, at last, knowing that it was about time for Mrs. Weld to have her dinner, she arose to go down to join her.

As she did so the paper slipped from her hands to the floor.

She stooped to pick it up when an item headed, in large letters "Personal" caught her eye.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.)

Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

Neither Kit nor Agatha had the heart to speak of the dance now; both in truth were glad to avoid the subject, and they ate their chops and mashed potatoes in a naturally grateful silence.

Suddenly the door swung open, and Nerine burst in, her eyes shining, her cheeks rose-pink from the sharp air. She bore an enormous package, which she placed tenderly on a chair, and behind her was Maurice, also wearing a calm smile of triumph, and also carrying a package.

"I went, I saw, I conquered!" cried Nerine, eying the surprised girls, who were staring at her across the half-emptied plates.

"How did you go?" said Agatha, stupidly, "and what on earth is in that parcel?"

"I went in the T-cart—driven by Mr. Lispenard, of Lispenard House—with a smirking look of respect at Maurice; and if you ask where I went, it was to Stevens, the draper's. Here—cutting the cords of her parcels—are the spoils!"

Spoils indeed! Yards and yards of creamy, softest satin, white flannel to line it, filmy silky chiffon to cover the bodice and sleeves. Agatha jumped up and looked with mingled anguish and pleasure at the simple materials, the like of which she had never owned in all her twenty years.

"Who—who paid for them?" she asked, faintly.

Maurice and Nerine exchanged expressive glances; then Maurice rose to the occasion.

"We changed them," he said, magnificently. "They were delighted to have our custom."

"They really seemed to be," echoed Nerine, rather thoughtfully.

Agatha looked from one to the other.

"How much were the things?" she said sharply.

"Tell me, Nerine! And who did you see in the shop? Was it Stevens himself?"

"Agatha's always so serious minded," Maurice remarked. "What does it matter of whom she bought them so long as we've got them? If it had not been for genius on my part, you'd never had 'em!"

Agatha stamped her foot; her placid eyes were blazing.

"Nerine, tell me all about it," she said. "I do not see how you could have been so mad as to go into debt for such things. If Mr. Mayne ever gets the bill, he will be so furious that he will probably put an advertisement in the papers warning people not to give us any credit!"

Nerine laughed with a comforting consciousness of merit.

"You old silly Agatha! Do you suppose I did not manage better than that? In the first place I had Maurice drive me—I thought it would look better than walking—then I went straight to Stevens himself and told him that Mr. Mayne was away and we were going to a dance with Lady Satterlee, and wanted gowns. I said we could not pay him till next year, and he said the money did not matter. Indeed, he waived the question as though it were one I shouldn't have mentioned."

Agatha looked relieved. Mr. Stevens was a kindly old man, who had sat next them in church when they were children and forced to attend every morning in the distasteful company of their stepfather. Many a sugar candy, flavored with peppermint and striped with strange colors, had he secretly handed into their pew to lighten the dullness of the sermon.

"We'll pay him long before a year," she said with determination.

"Oh, ages before!" Kit said, glancing at Maurice, and holding up the shimmering, pearly satin in seductive folds.

"I mean," hastily, "that I can lend you more money by and by."

"Stevens can wait," Nerine observed, as she made inroads on the lunch. "He expects to—thanks to my diplomacy."

Agatha sank limply down on the sofa.

"I don't see how you dared do it!" she exclaimed. Then her eyes kindled as they rested on the satin. "What a heavenly frock I can make out of that!" she said, devoutly, and Nerine laughed between two mouthfuls.

"Nothing to what I can make. I told you I meant to go to that dance, and I shall—in much glory and fine raiment."

And she gave Agatha that lovely liquid glance so full of mirth and sweet mockery, which had shown at once to Lady Satterlee the difference between the two girls.

That lady, piloted by her son, came to tea late that afternoon, and, with some languid interest as to whether her charges would be presentable or not, broached the subject of frocks. They need not wear anything fine. She herself would wear an old thing just fit to finish out at Bobby's ball.

"We will wear all we have," Nerine said, laughing, and that was all the information their chaperon received, for which she rather admired them.

The dressmaking operations were carried on in secret in Kit's room, and never a thread or a clipping told the tale to Satterlee or his mother.

They were happy days which came before the dance—wildly happy to Nerine; she forgot in them the strangeness of the woman in Mr. Mayne's room; even the book she had safely hidden away. She grew lovelier each day; Lady Satterlee noted that keenly, and saw, too, what a revelation herself and her society were to the girl. Nerine fairly drank in the daintiness, the sweet scents, the luxury which surrounded the first woman of fashion she had ever known, and in return, Lady Satterlee liked her. Agatha was all very well if Bobby fancied her, but she had not the makings of a fine lady like Nerine, nor the air, nor the insolence, nor any of the possibilities of her sister. Lady Satterlee mused on the subject. Bobby was as much with one as with the other, as far as she could see, and if he were in earnest, he might as well take the pick of the bunch. Of course it would be a nuisance to have him married, but he had no need to marry money, and he was terribly susceptible, poor, dear Bobby! So perhaps it was best to let him do exactly as he wished. And then the dower house was really very charming—far more to her taste than Satterlee itself. She was quite resigned to the prospect of a Lispenard daughter-in-law, being in truth accustomed to treat Bobby's will as law, but she sincerely hoped it might be Nerine.

She much astonished her son by taking an active interest in the arrangements for the dance. She insisted on visiting the series of barracks-rooms which had been cleared out by Lord Satterlee and the three brother officers giving the dance, and she shed great sweetness and life on those toiling heroes.

She made several suggestions, which, of course, were adopted, and at last, with a mind at ease as to her comfort during the evening, she submitted to be driven back to her hotel and her dinner.

The Lispenards and Miss Belton were to dine with her at the hotel; afterward they would all drive over to the barracks together. Lady Satterlee smiled at herself as she looked in the glass and saw her maid fastening her diamond necklace. What a lot of trouble, too, she was taking for her Bobby!

Well seasoned as she was, she felt a strange thrill when her guests arrived. Agatha first, all in white, tall and straight, and perfectly arrayed from head to foot, every line of her distinguished; Kit in pale lilac over turquoise, with a turquoise velvet belt; and behind them—Nerine.

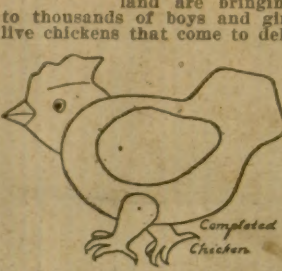
A new Nerine, whose black head was carried gloriously, whose cheeks were carnation-colored, whose gray eyes glowed softly under their black lashes like purple lights of love. What had come to the girl that she outshone them all? What had given that lovely curl to her sweet mouth, that clear elation to her eyes? Her arms, too, and her throat; it was hard to say where they and her white satin gown divided. The elder woman, looking at the girl in all the beauty of

Easter Chicks That You Can Make

By Rosalie DeWolfe

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AN Easter present that hasn't a chicken connected with it in some way or other is a very strange sort of Easter remembrance. The thousands of little yellow chicks all over the land are bringing Easter messages to thousands of boys and girls. Some are real live chickens that come to delight the little folks who live in the country; others are just little painted chicks that walk over the gay colored cards in the shop windows and down the covers of the picture books. Wouldn't you like to know how to make some cute little chicks to send to your friends at the Easter season?



to send to your friends at the Easter season?

An Easter Chick that can Move Its Wings

An Easter chick that can move its wings, its head and feet is not a complicated mechanical toy at all. Just a plain little made-by-hand pasteboard chicken that can do all these things if one only knows how to make it. Such a toy is a charming Easter gift for any little boy or girl who likes to see things go.

All the material you need for making him are some old pasteboard boxes, white if possible, some of the little metal fasteners such as are often used to keep papers together, your color box and a pair of sharp scissors.

Here is the pattern for this cunning toy. You see it is in four parts, head, body, wing and leg. Lay tissue paper on these figures and trace them off to be used as your own patterns. By using the pattern just as it stands, you will have a wee chick. You can enlarge it to any size you choose, remembering only that real chickens are never very large. When you have traced the outline, cut out around the edges and lay the pieces on your cardboard. Then mark around these edges. You will need to lay the pattern of the wing and the leg on twice. Cut out all the pieces and paint them a pretty, delicate yellow. Be careful that the edges are all covered with paint, so that chick will not look unfinished. Prick little holes in the different parts at the points indicated in the diagram. Now it is time to make the body, wings, head and legs into one complete chick. Insert the little fasteners in the holes, securing them on the back but not too tightly. Put an additional fastener through the lower part of the body. To the backs of each fastener stick a bit of string; then bring all the strings together around the additional fastener at the base of the body. By pulling a string attached to all the combined strings, chick will move his wings and his head very nicely.

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less. It is for these that the feathers are needed. Give them a few touches of yellow paint and gum a tuft of feathers where the tail should be and a few more wings. If it is impossible to get feathers, draw a pointed tail and paint in the wings. Paint or print in pretty letters this little Easter message:

I've made this little chick to say,
I wish you joy on Easter day.

Add a loop of ribbon at the top by which this Easter egg chicken can be hung up.

Another Egg-Shell Chicken

Another chick, one that will really stand on his feet, can be made from an egg-shell in much the same way as the Easter card chicken. For this you will need the whole shell instead of half. The valuable part of the egg need not be wasted. Prick a little hole in each end of the egg and blow its contents into a cup. Every bit of the yolk and white will come out in this way leaving the shell light and empty. Color the shell yellow with your water colors. Use the sketch of a head that you made before, in practicing, as a model for this chicken's head. Writing paper rather thin will do for the head. There should be two thicknesses pasted together except at the bottom of the neck. Here two little flaps are left to turn back and fasten to the egg-shell. The chicken's head should be painted and his eye marked before it is attached to the body. His legs are two strips of paper pasted together with the flaps left open at top and bottom, at the top paste to the egg-shell, at the bottom to fasten to a little square cardboard standard. The legs should be stiff enough to support the egg-shell body. Wings and a tail are added in the same way as before. This little chick makes a dainty little favor for an Easter luncheon or an appropriate little gift for almost any one.

A Wagonful of Easter Chicks

This little wagon with its load of Easter chicks will serve both as a toy for a little child or a favor for an older person. The body of

the wagon is made from a piece of drawing paper six and a half inches square. Light colored Manila wrapping paper will do very nicely. Fold the square in halves so that it becomes an oblong. Then fold it over in halves again, making it into a smaller square. Fold this smaller square in halves as before and again until what is left is a tiny square. Now open it all out and you will see that the paper is creased in sixteen small squares. Cut along one side of each corner square in such a way that if you keep on cutting along these same sides the outside strips would be cut off entirely. Do not cut them off, but bend up the four outside strips and paste the corners over so that a little box is the result. For wheels use pasteboard circles, two inches in diameter or paper disks that may be bought of the milkman. The thills are just strips of cardboard five and a half inches long and half an inch wide. Attach the thills and the two wheels through the same hole in corresponding sides of the cart by a small brass paper fastener. The big chicken that draws this little cart is traced from the chicken pattern and cut from rather stiff cardboard. Bend back that standard and fasten the thills to his sides with a paper fastener. You will see that the two-wheeled cart will balance nicely. The little passenger chicks are cut out in the same way from cardboard and painted yellow. Paste them inside the cart facing forward of course. Give your wagon a gay coat of paint or decorate it in any way that seems pretty to you. Festoons made of pale blue tissue paper fringed on the edges and fastened here and there around the sides of the cart make a very dainty trimming. From the bill of a little driver-chick in front end of the cart, stretch blue tissue paper reins to the horse-chick's head. Slip under his wing made of a toothpick a little whip made of a toothpick. Two passenger chicks on opposite sides of the cart carry a paper banner raised on two toothpicks. The banner reads:

A Wagonful of Easter Happiness.

Just try some of these cute chicks and see what dainty Easter remembrances they make.

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The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

Without imagining that it could have any special interest for her, she glanced in an aimless way over it.

"What is this?" she exclaimed, and read the paragraph again.

The following was the import of it:

"If Miss Allendale, who disappeared so suddenly from New York, on the 13th of last December, will call upon or send her address to Bryant & Co., Attorneys, No. — Broadway, she will learn of something greatly to her advantage in a financial way."

"How very strange! What can it mean?" murmured the astonished girl, the rich color mounting to her brow as she realized that Royal Bryant must have inserted this "personal" in the paper in the hope that it would meet her eye.

"Who in the world is there to feel interested in me or my financial condition?" she continued.

At first it occurred to her that Mr. Bryant might have taken this way to ascertain where she was from personal motives; but she soon discarded this thought, telling herself that he would never be guilty of practising deception in any way to gain his ends. If he had simply desired her address he would have asked for that alone without the promise of any pecuniary reward.

She stood thinking the matter over for several moments.

At last her face cleared and a look of resolution flashed into her eyes.

"I will do it!" she murmured, "I will go back at once to New York—I will ascertain what this advertisement means then I will tell him all that has happened to me here, and ask him if there is any way by which I can be released from this dreadful situation, into which I have been trapped. I am sure he will help me, if any one can."

A faint, tender smile wreathed her lips as she mused thus, and recalled her last interview with Royal Bryant; his fond, eager words when he told her of her complete vindication at the conclusion of her trial in New York—of his tender look and hand-clasp when he bade her good by at the door of the carriage that bore her home to her mother.

She began to think that she had perhaps not used him quite fairly in running away and hiding herself thus from him who had been so true a friend to her; and yet if she remained in his employ, and he had asked her to be his wife, she knew that she must either have refused him, without giving him a sufficient reason, or else confessed to him her shameful origin.

"It would have been better, perhaps, if I had never come away," she sighed, "still it is too late now to regret it, and all I can do is to comply with the request of this 'personal.' I would leave this very night, only there are some things at the other house that I must take with me. But tomorrow night I will go, and I shall have to steal away, or they will find some way to prevent my going. I will not even tell dear Mrs. Weld, although she has been so kind to me; but I will write and explain it all to her after my arrival in New York."

Having settled this important matter in her mind, Edith went quietly down-stairs, and returned the paper to the library, after which she repaired to the tiny room where she and Mrs. Weld were in the habit of taking their meals.

The kind-hearted woman chided her for coming down two flights of stairs, while she was still so weak; but Edith assured her that she really began to feel quite like herself again, and could not think of allowing her to wait upon her when she was so weary from her own numerous duties.

They had a pleasant chat over their meal, the young girl appearing far more cheerful than one would have naturally expected under existing circumstances. She flushed with painful embarrassment, however, when a servant came in to wait upon them, and gave her a stare of undisguised astonishment, which plainly told her that he thought her place was in the dining-room with the family.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as, inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to Comfort Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE letter below from "COMFORT Reader" and several similar requests, which are not printed, prompt me to give the readers a page from one of Uncle Sam's many valuable books, and the sisters are asked to supplement this by giving their own personal ideas along the lines suggested.—Ed.

Outfit for the Baby

It is very apt to be the case, especially with a first baby, that the mother wastes a good deal of vital energy in the preparation of an elaborate layette, only to find that many of the garments are outgrown before they are worn. On this account it is much more economical, not only of materials but of the mother's strength, to make only a few very simple garments at first. Later, when the baby is older, such a wardrobe as the mother desires may be added, but for a little baby plain garments of the softest materials procurable are the most suitable.

Large dealers now supply the entire outfit for an infant, and in many cases it is an economy to buy one of these layettes complete.

In preparing for the newborn several principles should be kept in mind. The first is that the garments must be warm without being unduly heavy; another, that they must be loose enough to provide for perfect freedom of the muscles; the third is the desirability of perfect simplicity; and the fourth that of cleanliness. Adornment serves no other purpose than to gratify the mother's taste.

The Baby's Clothes

The following list includes all the garments that it is necessary for any young infant to have for the first few weeks of life; later, if a more elaborate outfit is desired, other garments may be added:

Three abdominal bands, six by eight inches wide and twenty inches long, soft flannel strips, unhemmed. Three shirts, size two, wool and cotton, or wool and silk, not all wool. Four flannel skirts, "Gertrude" style. Three nightgowns or wrappers of outing flannel, buttoned in front. Eight white slips. Three knit bands, with shoulder straps, part wool. At least four dozen diapers. Cloak. Cap. Carriage blanket of crocheted or knitted wool. Three pairs of socks, if in summer; three pairs of long white merino stockings, if the weather is cold.

Nursery Equipment

The essential articles for the baby's nursery are a comfortable bed and the things that will be needed in his toilet. The following list will be found to include the essential items:

An old soft blanket. Four dozen safety pins of different sizes. Some old soft towels. Soft wash cloths. Hot-water bag, with flannel cover. Talcum powder. Castile soap. Olive oil. Two ounces of boracic acid.

A crib. If desired, a clothes basket makes a good bed. A basket or box that may readily be moved about is a great convenience. The mattress for any sort of a bed may be made from table felting, which, when folded a few times, makes a very soft, smooth bed and has the great advantage over the ordinary mattress that it may be washed and boiled and dried in the sun.

Additional Conveniences

Below is a list of additional articles that will be found convenient in the care of the baby: Bathrub, tin, galvanized-iron ware or rubber. Drying frames for shirts and stockings. Bath apron of Turkish toweling or outing flannel. A low chair, without arms. Baby scales. A low screen, to protect the baby while it is being bathed. A low table on which to bathe and dress the baby.

U. S. Dept. of Labor.

DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
I have been a subscriber of COMFORT for some time and am much interested in all parts of the paper. I wonder if I might ask you or some of the sisters to put in the paper an outfit for a new born baby, which is to be born about the middle of the summer; also how to make the clothes and what kind of goods to use.

I am not very good at dressmaking but know I could do some sewing if I had the instructions. I would be very much obliged to you if you will do this for me, and perhaps many others would like to see the same thing in print.

COMFORT READER.

MOSINEE, WIS.

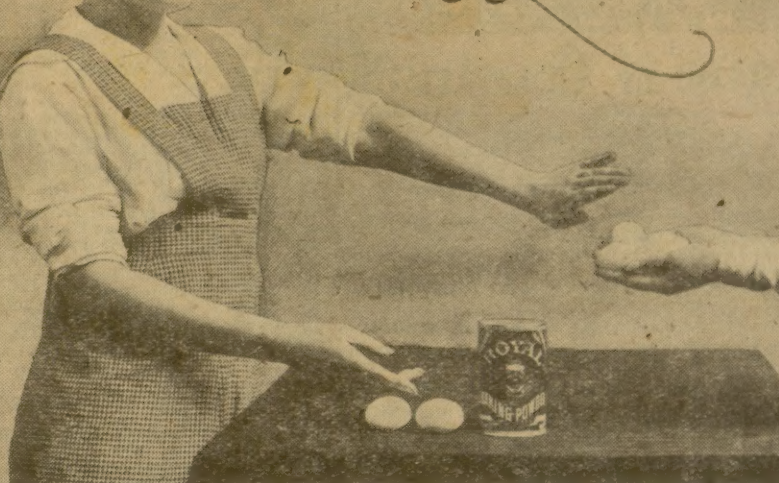
DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
Just move over a little, please, and let another schoolma'am enter your happy circle. How many teachers are here? Not very many I think. I always look for the teachers' letters first, when I'm reading COMFORT Sisters' Corner. I don't find many of them though. I like to read the descriptions of the many sisters, so I'm going to give you a slight idea how I look. I'm very tall and have blue eyes, dark hair, fair complexion, and wear glasses. I've been a teacher for eight years and have seen the bright and the dark sides of teaching. What troubles me most in my school-work is teaching geography. I always found that to be a difficult subject to teach.

What I want, is to have the teachers in the different states help me a little in this matter by letting their pupils correspond with mine. If any of the teachers would write to me I'd send them the names and addresses of some of my upper form pupils.

I think this would help make geography real to them.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

"Reduce your egg bills"



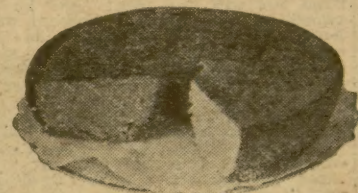
With the use of Royal Baking Powder, fewer eggs are required and in some recipes, may be omitted altogether.

Just add a small quantity of Royal, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted and you will obtain excellent results and effect great economy. The following recipes are practical illustrations:

A new and economical way to make a fine sponge cake

Eggs are not necessary to make these excellent muffins

A delicious, inexpensive dessert easily made at home



SPONGE CAKE

1 cup sugar 3 eggs
1/2 cup water 1 cup flour
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 cup cold water
1 teaspoon flavoring

The old method called for 6 eggs and no baking powder

DIRECTIONS:—Boil sugar and water until syrup spins a thread and add to the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, beating until the mixture is cold. Sift together three times, the flour, salt and baking powder; beat yolks of eggs until thick. Add a little at a time, flour mixture and egg yolks, alternately to white of egg mixture, stirring after each addition. Add 1/2 cup cold water and flavoring; mix lightly and bake in moderate oven about one hour.



EGGLESS MUFFINS

2 cups flour
1 cup milk
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening

Makes 18 muffins

The old method for plain muffins called for 2 eggs

DIRECTIONS:—Mix and sift dry ingredients, add milk and melted shortening and beat until smooth. Bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.



JELLY ROLL

1 cup sugar
1 egg
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
5 tablespoons hot water
1 1/2 cups flour

The old method called for 3 eggs

DIRECTIONS:—Mix and sift dry ingredients; stir in well-beaten egg; add hot water; beat well until smooth; pour into large well-greased pan. Batter should be not more than 1/2 inch thick for cakes to roll nicely. Bake in slow oven. Turn out on sheet of brown paper, well dusted with powdered sugar. Beat jelly with fork and spread on cake. With sharp knife trim off all crusty edges and roll up while still warm by lifting one side of the paper. To keep the roll perfectly round, roll up in cloth until cool.

Booklet of recipes which economize in eggs and other expensive ingredients. Sent free on request.

Address: ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 130 William Street, New York

Royal Baking Powder is made from Cream of Tartar, derived from Grapes, and adds none but healthful qualities to the food.

NO ALUM

NO PHOSPHATE

ROYAL BAKING POWDER SAVES EGGS

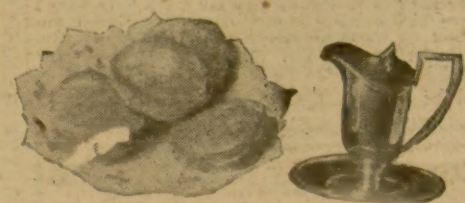
Comfort Sisters' Recipes

The Quality of Meats

IN order to become a good judge of meats it is very helpful to have a few lessons from an experienced buyer. The different cuts will thus be easily learned, but the quality of the meat depends on so many factors, as the age of the animal, the breed, and the method of fattening, that it is easy to make mistakes in choosing, and the buyer will often be wise in accepting information from the dealer, if he is one who prides himself on keeping first-class meats. Having found such a one, the customer who wishes to save time and money will continue to buy of him. The very large amount of meat which some housekeepers provide is not necessary. In general it is better to use a reasonable amount of that which is in prime condition rather than to economize on the quality. The meat is easily supplemented by other dishes, and the whole meal will thus be better balanced than would be the case if a larger amount of inferior meat were provided. Although not generally understood, it is just as important that the cheaper cuts of meat, as well as the dearer ones, should come from a well-fattened animal.—U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

TOMATO BISQUE.—One pint of tomatoes, one pint of sweet milk, one level teaspoon of salt, a little pepper, one tablespoon of butter, one half teaspoon of soda, one half cup of bread or cracker crumbs. Stew the tomatoes one half hour, add soda, stir until the froth disappears, then strain. Add crumbs and seasoning. Just before serving stir in a pint of boiling milk.

SOUP MILK GRIDDLE-CAKES.—To one cup of flour add one teaspoon of sugar, half a teaspoon of salt and one cup of sour milk to which half a teaspoon of soda has



SOUP MILK GRIDDLE-CAKES.

been added and one well-beaten egg. Beat well together. Grease griddle with a piece of salt pork and drop in batter a spoonful at a time, and unless it sizzles as soon as it touches the griddle the iron is not hot enough. As soon as cake is full of bubbles it is ready to turn. Serve with syrup or butter and sugar.

APRIL FOOL SHERBERT.—Juice of four lemons, one quart of boiling water, one pint of sugar and the whites of two eggs. Scrape the yellow of one lemon rind into the boiling water, add sugar and let stand at boiling point till clear. Add lemon juice. When cold pack in freezer, three parts ice finely chopped to one part coarse salt. Let stand fifteen minutes, then turn



APRIL FOOL SHERBERT.

freezer slowly, and when partly frozen add the whites of eggs beaten stiff and dry; then finish freezing.

To serve, heap a glass dish with the well frozen sherbet, place it in center of tray, and surround it with ice cream cones turned upside down and topped with a cherry. On each cone print the word "Dunce" and serve sherbet in cones. If cones cannot be obtained, make them of thin cardboard and line with two thick pieces of paraffin paper.

SMOTHERED ROUND OF BEEF.—Cook four slices of fat salt pork in frying pan till fat is extracted, then add one sliced onion and cook until light brown. Remove onion and in the flavored fat cook brown on both sides a two- or two and a half pound slice of round of beef. Pour in enough boiling water to just cover the meat, add the onion, cover and let simmer till tender, then transfer the meat to a heated platter. Cook two tablespoons of flour in two tablespoons of water, add gradually one cup of strained beef liquor, season with pepper and salt, cook and stir till thick and pour around the meat.

DRIED BEEF AND CREAM.—Cut into small pieces enough dried beef to make one and one half cups. Have in readiness a pint of rich milk, one and one half tablespoons each of melted butter and flour, and one egg. Put the milk on the stove in a double boiler and when it reaches the boiling point, add the butter

and flour which have been well blended, and stir until it forms a thick, smooth cream. Put the prepared beef into a strainer, pour through it a quart of hot, but not boiling, water, drain, stir it into the cream and let it heat thoroughly before serving. Stir the egg well into the mixture and add salt and pepper to taste. Serve with baked potatoes.

HOT ROAST HAM, CIDER SAUCE.—Soak ham in cold water, wash and put in kettle with one half cup each of onion and carrot, two sprigs parsley and four cloves. Cover with cold water, bring to boiling point and simmer until tender. After two hours add one quart cider. Allow ham to cool in liquor; remove, take off skin and bake one hour.

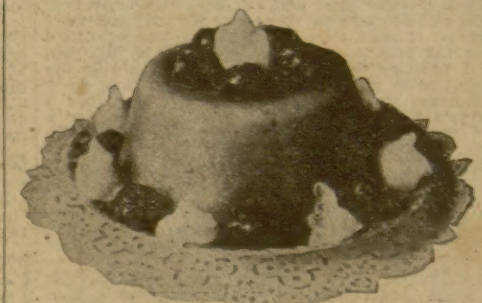
CIDER SAUCE.—Melt three tablespoons butter, add four tablespoons flour and two cups ham liquor. Bring to boiling point, add four tablespoons cider and a little pepper.

SCALLOPED SAUSAGE.—Arrange half-a-dozen slices of sausage in the bottom of a baking dish, pile on top mashed potato which has been well seasoned with salt, pepper and butter, and into which a cup of hot milk has been beaten; dot with bits of butter and bake half an hour in a hot oven.

BAKED SAUSAGE.—Arrange the rounds of sausage in a shallow baking dish, pour around them a little stewed and seasoned tomato and bake till brown.

FANNIE V. TILD, New York, N. Y.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Bring two cups of milk to a boil in double boiler. Slowly stir in four even tablespoons of corn-starch wet with one third cup of cold milk; add half a cup of sugar, pinch of salt, and three heaping tablespoons of grated chocolate melted with two tablespoons of sugar; cook twenty minutes, stirring

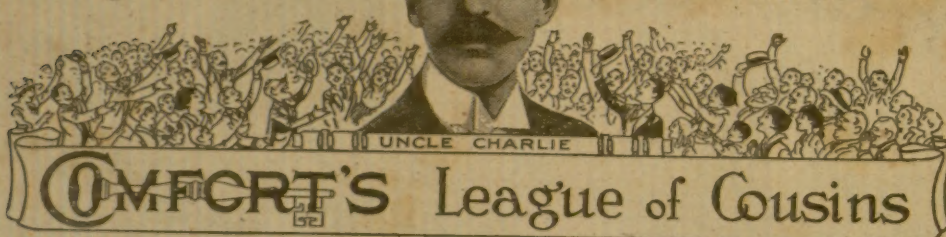


CHOCOLATE PUDDING.

frequently. When slightly cool, beat in one teaspoon of vanilla, and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs. Put into mould, and when ready to serve, turn out on plate and garnish with alternate mounds of whipped cream and cherries, and surround a mound of whipped cream with cherries on top.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

Come and Join the Happiest Family in the World



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP up onto my lap and snuggle down close. This is a critical period in the history of our country and of the world, and the letter and comments that follow should be studied by all of you with profound interest.

East Northfield, Mass.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have thought long and seriously on the subject of war and self defense and I have come to the conclusion that before I would take the life of any human being, I should die myself. As long as there is breath left in my body I shall stand to this decision. Is there any one who dares to say it is cowardly to die a martyr's death for righteousness sake?

Lovingly yours,

COUSIN C.

The lady who wrote the above letter and requested that her name be withheld was once a student at Northfield Seminary, founded by the famous evangelist Dwight L. Moody. Cousin C., like so many of those who are afflicted with acute pacifism, has gone all astray on the subject on which she feels so deeply. But that is not her fault, as nearly all the other pacifists go off half cocked and always explode before they know what they are exploding about, and before they have thoroughly informed themselves on the subject which has aroused their too abundant emotions. Cousin C. is one of those peculiar people who if attacked would make no defense. She would allow the other fellow to kill her, but she would never kill the other fellow, and she and all other pacifists believe that that is the correct stand to take, the stand that would be most pleasing in the sight of God. Well if everybody thought as Cousin C. does everything would be perfectly lovely. We could cheerfully become non-resisters for there would be no evil in the world and no enemies to resist. If no one was disposed to attack anyone else there would be no need for self defense. But for the love of Mike what are you going to do when you live in a world where a good half of the people, and that half the worst half, is always looking for a chance to wipe the other half, which is the good half, clean off the earth?

Now what would happen to us if we allowed rats and mice, roaches, bedbugs and all other forms of vermin to run riot all over our homes? You know what would happen. They would have possession of the home and we would be on the outside. If we did not fight the bugs and insects we'd have no crops. If we didn't fight cold we'd freeze to death. If we didn't fight fire we'd burn to death, and if the good people in the world don't resist the bad ones, the human vermin, the good people will soon be wiped out, and the criminal and degenerate, the vile, the murderers and the bloodthirsty will soon rule the world.

Now take a brief survey of the past and see what man has come up from. In the dawn of our race upon this planet, men and women lived in trees and caves and ran wild in the swamps and jungles, terrorized by the mighty beasts that roamed around them. In those days every man's hand was against his neighbor's. There was no marriage, no family life. Then man got interested in the babe a savage woman bore him. That made him interested in the mother, and the two of them formed a common shelter and that was the first home. A woman stayed "home" while the man went out and killed wild animals for food, or slaughtered his neighbor and dragged him home to his cave and made a meal of him. Thus family life began. Children grew up and brought more children into the world, and the family became the clan. Instead of one man going out to kill the wild men and mammoth beasts that roamed the jungle, the family or clan went out, and in time the mastodon and the sabre tooth tiger and other of their species disappeared, and man turned from hunting to husbandry; the clan became the tribe, the tribe became the nation, and the first duty of a nation in those days as it is in these, is to protect its citizens and make life and property safe. A government that does not do this is no government at all, but is a farce, a humbug and a breeder of anarchy.

And now a common interest and a common danger has made nations go further, and today we find groups of nations, fighting other groups of nations. When this war ends we shall probably find the whole world divided into two camps, and we shall be forced into one camp or the other and our isolation and selfish aloofness will be a thing of the past. Now my dear Cousin C., I am confident you would fight rats and mice and would even shoot a mad dog if it attacked you and you had a gun in your hand. Self preservation is the first law of nature and life is as sweet to the pacifist as to anyone else. In this world there are the forces of darkness and the forces of light, the forces of evil and the forces of good. You are arrayed on the side of good. The forces of evil are things that cannot be argued with. They must be fought and crushed. If you do not do your part in crushing them, somebody must do it for you, or all that is holy, beautiful and godlike in this world will be trampled in the dust and crushed 'neath the heel of sin and barbarism. Now you think if you were attacked it would be an inspiring and beautiful thing for you to allow the attacker to kill you, and I have no doubt you think you would be upholding some glorious principle by so doing. Now pardon me my dear, you would not be dying a martyr's death, you would be dying the death of a worm, the death of a craven and a poltroon. You'd be utterly wasting every good thing that God had put into your body and by your ignoble death, you'd be aiding in the destruction of all that millions of real martyrs in the past have sacrificed their lives for. You seem to forget that for you to live in peace and comfort and worship God after the dictates of your own conscience and to surround yourself with all the conveniences and refinements that this present age is capable of supplying millions upon millions of lives have been sacrificed, and rivers and oceans of blood have been shed. You are willing, selfishly willing, though you do not realize it, to take every advantage of all this terrific sacrifice, but you are not willing to do one single thing yourself to help in the perpetuation of those things which you enjoy and accept as a matter of course, things others have fought and died for so that we might benefit by them. Yes, you will say, I am willing, I am willing to go and preach love to the world.

That I do not doubt, but there comes a time in the affairs of men and nations when the forces of evil will not listen to talk and when only physical resistance to evil counts. You I know devoutly believe in the Prince of Peace, the Christ. Now why did not Christ go and talk to the money changers in the temple? For good and sufficient reasons. He knew the time for talking had past and the time for doing had arrived. He did not hesitate to use force. You of course will say that force settles nothing, though it settled King George's rule on this continent and put an end to black slavery and drove Spain from Cuba. Evidently Christ thought that force was a necessary and righteous thing to use at times or he would not have resorted to it. He knew when to fight as well as when to talk, and He didn't hesitate to fight when the time came, and if you would uphold the precious things He taught and the precious principles He promulgated, you must be ready, not to waste your life, but to fight valiantly as a Christian soldier should against the armies of darkness.

I have no doubt that in the Northfield Seminary there is a copy of that beautiful old picture, the Puritan maiden going to the meeting-house on Sunday, with her Puritan lover by her side. And you will all please note that the young Puritan carries a gun over his shoulder. You know what that gun was for? It was to protect the maiden and himself from marauding Indians. Every New England farmer at one time had to have his rifle by his side when he worked in the fields. The Puritan maid and her lover were just as good Christians as you are Cousin C., and infinitely more level headed and practical. They were dealing with realities and facing facts, something people who hold your views, alas, will never do. If it had not been for that gun the Puritan carried over his shoulder there would be no semi-Christian civilization on this continent today. Northfield would not be sending forth its Christian missionaries. Instead the Redskins with his painted face, his blanket and his bow and arrow would be master of this, the fairest continent on the earth. Why is there any Christianity or sham Christianity on the face of the earth today, or any civilization either? Only my dear, because men have been willing to fight and die for ideals, beliefs and principles. When Rome grew soft and voluptuous, hordes of barbarians swept in from the north and overwhelmed her, and the Roman Empire crumbled and Europe was plunged back into centuries of darkness. It was for a time touch and go as to whether it should be Mahomet or Christ, occidental or oriental in Europe. Charles Martel in the eighth and John Sobieski in the seventeenth century rolled back the tide of Moslem invasion. If Henry Ford, Bryan, Professor Jordan and yourself, my dear Cousin C., and a lot of other cloud dwellers had been on the job, the Moslems would have overwhelmed Europe, the Christian maidens would have been huddled into harems and the Christian gentlemen would have been converted into slaves, eunuchs or fertilizer. Those two events are beacon lights of history. Write them down on the tablets of your memories. Here is another. The Greeks at Marathon and Salamis hurled back the tide of Persian invasion. If Henry Ford, Bryan and Professor Jordan had been on the job, the Persians would have been allowed to have their way and we should have had no Aristotle, Plato, Thucydides, Aeschylus, Herodotus, etc., to have made literature glorious and to have laid the foundations of such civilization as is ours to enjoy today. In the thirteenth century Persia had developed quite a remarkable civilization, it had schools and universities, philosophers and literary men and quite a remarkable culture. These gentlemen however, like Ford and Bryan did not believe in armies. They spent a lot of money in the newspapers of their time, advertising as Ford has done, their preposterous notions of peace at any price and national impotence. About this time along came that terrible monster Genghis Khan with his ferocious hordes of Mongols, and down went Persian civilization in the dust. Russia at that time was struggling bravely up toward civilization, it had adopted Christianity, but did not believe in having adopted something happened, and the something in this case was our old friend Genghis Khan and his native fiends swept Russia to the bone with fire and sword, and for two centuries the wretched people were crushed 'neath the heel of their vile and brutal conquerors and simply skinned alive. What the Russians endured in those two centuries beggars description. It would be a mighty good thing for some of the people in the United States if they could have just twenty-four minutes of that kind of misrule, torture, degradation and torment that Genghis Khan handed out. Nothing short of a little experience of that kind will ever bring a certain class of badly balanced, peace paranoiacs out of the clouds of their folly. The Armenians are naturally a peaceable folk, surrounded by a bloodthirsty, warlike people. Instead of the more far-seeing men among them who bade them arm for defense. You know the result. A million of them have been tortured and slaughtered horribly. Just now all China trembles every time a Jap turns over in bed. If we listened to Ford and Bryan and a lot of other half baked dreamers we'd all be wearing pig tails and working twenty-five hours a day for a handful of rice, and we'd be lucky if our con-had your way, you would be living, not in the land of the free and the home of the brave, but in the land of degradation and the home of the slave. We would have no Lincoln and Washington in our history, and you'd see slave pens of black men grouped around the Bunker Hill monument.

You will tell me that Christ said "Resist not evil." That was to be a personal and not a national matter. In the 18th Chapter of St. John, 23rd verse, Christ said to the man who struck Him: "Why smitest thou Me?" He did not turn His other cheek to be smitten, on the contrary He started an argument, and most arguments lead to blows. If you saw a burglar stealing your property or a rat eating your bread, or dirt and neglect killing one of your children, if you wanted to sit back and resist not the evil but let it take its course, I suppose you'd be privileged to do it, but if that property the burglar was about to steal had been placed in your hands for "safe keeping, or that bread had been given you to sustain another's life, or that child had been placed in your care to raise in health and strength, you would be in duty bound to resist the evil unto the death. Those into whose hands we have entrusted the life and honor of this nation, are in duty bound to protect these shores from invasion, to keep our coasts inviolate, and to see that no well meaning, but utterly misguided dreamers hand the whole bunch of us over on a platter to the first military nation that feels disposed to attack us. Isaiah warned the Jews that there was trouble brewing for them and they turned a deaf ear to his warnings and listened to the soft talk of the false prophets and pacifists of that time and what was the result? They got Babylon and they got bondage, and that's what any nation will get in a world that is full of ambitious, fanatical, sacrilegious, rascals and villains called kings, emperors, czars and kaizers. When these hyenas and the devilish system of misgovernment they represent are swept from the face of the earth, we can scrap our arms and settle international differences with talk and soft words, reason and common sense, instead of guns.

I would not my dear Cousin C. quote the Scriptures at all if you were not a pious young lady. Both the British and the Boers are very devout people and great Bible readers, and during their little scrap they daily hurled Bible texts at each other to prove one was right and the other fellow wrong. When the war ended they were still at it. When one fellow found a text that justified his actions, the other fellow could always find another text that would refute his opponents.

However here are just a few texts that you can ponder over: "The Lord is a man of war, the Lord of Hosts is His name." "Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." Now for the New Testament: "Think not that I come to bring peace on earth. I came not to send peace, but a sword." You will find that in the 12th chapter of Luke, and in the 22nd you will find this: "And he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." And St. Paul said: "If thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is a minister of God a revenger, to execute wrath on him that doeth evil." Dr. Lyman Abbott, than whom there is no better Christian or finer type of the real American living, writes as follows: "I am not therefore one of those who thinks that war is always wrong. I cannot think that Jesus Christ Himself inculcated the doctrine that force should never be used." Then he mentions that little instance of Christ's "militarism" in the temple, and continues as follows: "I am not afraid to follow Him, with whatsoever force it may be necessary for righteousness to put on, when uprightness has armed herself to commit wrong. I cannot think all war is wrong. If I did I should not want to look upon the Bunker Hill monument, for it would be monument to our shame; I should never want to speak the name of Gettysburg, for my lips would blister and my cheeks would blush; I should want to bury in a grave of oblivion the names of Washington and Grant."

Out of four hundred ministers of Christ in the city of New York who were asked to give their opinion on preparedness, three hundred and eighty were for all the preparedness we could get. Only twenty were non-resisters. In Europe by the way they put non-resisters in jail or in homes for the feeble minded. The proper place for them, it is foolish wasting one's time digging up Bible texts, and it is still more foolish to place a liberal construction on these texts. The best way and the only fair way to do is to take Christ's things as they are, and when we do that we can sum them all up in one word, and that word is righteousness, and righteousness must be upheld at all costs, for unless righteousness is upheld there can be nothing else in the world that can be worth while. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of righteousness and all else will be added unto you." In other words defend the right, fight the good fight, using every possible means in one's power to avert conflict, but never for one moment conceding one atom of any vital worth-while principle to wrong. That is the only way that a worth-while civilization can be established on this earth. As I have said before slaves can be free, but only strong men can have justice and righteousness. It is up to you whether you want to become men or slaves.

Cousin C. here is a little story which will perhaps amuse you and others who think, or rather "emote" as you do. A Quaker was once held up by a thief. The thief knew the man was a Quaker and as the Quakers are non-resisters he thought he would have a cinch in robbing him. The thief swatted the Quaker on the right cheek, and the Quaker true to his beliefs promptly turned the left cheek to be smacked also. Having got both sides of his face smacked, the Quaker addressed the thief thus: "My friend, I have permitted thee to slap both my cheeks, that's the Scripture, now I'm going to knock the stuffing out of thee, and that's the law." and the Quaker promptly proceeded to knock the stuffing out of the thief, with the result that an honest man was not robbed and a thief was thrashed and turned over to the law. Now Cousin C., take my advice and don't waste your life. If you are ever called to sacrifice that life, see that that sacrifice counts for righteousness instead of promoting wrong and dishonor.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them, they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort, and keep at it until you have the entire set. The set of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in handsome stiff covers, and the Picture Book in ribbed silk stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Picture Book in handsome paper covers or the only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her Ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.



She Couldn't Go; Her Corns Wouldn't Let Her

She remembered the agonies of the last dance. It kept her at home to coddle her touchy corns. She simply couldn't face the pain again.

How easy it would have been, what instant relief, if she had only known of Blue-jay. Blue-jay stops pain instantly. And the miserable corn is gone, roots and all, in 48 hours.

New shoes—smart styles—have no terrors to Blue-jay users. These soothing plasters, inset with a medicinal wax, have ended millions upon millions of corns.

BAUER & BLACK
Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Stops Pain—Ends Corns
15c and 25c at Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

BATESVILLE, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Uncle Charlie just a word of thanks and appreciation for the books you recommended. Just finished reading the one on Woman Suffrage. Think it's the best I've read on the subject.

Wish more people were interested in reading. Ask someone if they have read a certain book and they tell you, "No, am going to see it played, won't bother to read it." No wonder minds become rusty when people would rather just look, than think.

It may interest you to know a friend of mine who has been in very poor health just wrote and said she couldn't express her thanks for your beneficial advice on indigestion in January COMFORT. She found almost instant relief from your remedies after several doctors failed to give her any help.

Thanking you for all the help and inspiration received from your writings,

I am sincerely yours, Miss Edna Stockinger.

Edna, your letter tickles me all to bits. From it I learn I have helped one lady's mind and another lady's body and that is going some. It is only by results that our usefulness in this world can be measured. You have touched a very vital spot in modern day life in your comment on the disastrous influence of the movies on one-time book readers. Of course the intellectual will not be satisfied with just a look, but the people who only read to be entertained and Samantha Saurkraut, the beautiful belle of Corn Cob Corners, Hick County, broke the heart of her rural lover, Hiram Bol Weevil, and eloped to New York with the son of the millionaire who boarded at the big summer hotel on the hill, and whether Samantha came home after being jilted by her wealthy lover and committed suicide on Hiram's grave, by cutting her throat with a fried tomato, or whether—or whether—well you know the rest. If you don't know the rest go to the movies, but don't look in a book; the book might start some of you thinking and that would be a terrible calamity. Anything that stops people from thinking is a calamity, and the movies are encroaching dangerously on the world of thought, otherwise the world of books. The nation that ceases to read will cease to think, and a nation that ceases to think will cease to live. Most of the present day movie pictures are mere mental anesthetics. The eye goes on a drunk, while the brain goes to sleep. A man said to me the other day: "The movies are doing one good thing, they are helping to empty the saloons." Yes, I replied, "and they are helping to empty people's brains." The saloon is bad enough heaven knows, but it has one advantage, you don't as a rule find it filled with women and children as you do the movies. About fifty per cent of the be tolerated in European picture houses at any price. They have a drastic film censorship in Europe, and all the dirty, vile, hideous, lecherous, rotten side of life that our film makers dish up to drug the minds of film fiends and picture paranoiacs, are strictly tabooed. The trouble with every new invention, everything that might help, inspire, elevate and educate is, that it gets into mad for profit hogs, who seek to exploit only the worst side of everything. They are familiar enough with the putrid side of human nature to know there is more ready cash in exploiting the salacious, the sensational and the obscene, in vicious instincts of the human animal, degrading instead of trying to uplift him, than in dignifying and instructive. It is fine to think that in never seen the saloon in operation and that knows nothing of alcohol and therefore has no craving for it; and it is simply hellish to think that we have here in our big cities and in cities that are not big, a generation growing up that knows next to nothing of books and has no desire to read. The mind is only too willing to get sluggish and lazy, just as the stomach is only too ready and willing to accommodate seductive and intoxicating drinks. The law says that no child theater unless accompanied by friends or parents. This law of course like most American laws is

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Enter Now—Last Chance—Win Two Prizes

This is the last month of our Grand Prize Contest. Two sets of prizes are offered. Enter now and every subscription you send this month will count toward both sets of prizes. You may win two prizes on the same club of subscriptions. Contests for April monthly prizes and for grand prizes close April 30, and subscriptions mailed on or before that date will count in both contests. Enter now and win two big prizes this month. Others have done it. Why not you?

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

They can get ideas right from the different states in regard to climate, surface, industries, etc. If there is any way in which I can help in return I will gladly do so.

I have a small school this year, but for the four previous years I've had an enrollment of fifty or more. I found I was getting nervous and put the blame on the work in such an over crowded school, so this year I found a very pleasant little school and enjoy it a great deal.

I'll answer all personal letters. Wishing COMFORT much success, I am, very truly yours,
CLARA KENNEDY.

Miss Kennedy. Your request is a good one and I hope your pupils derive much help from the correspondence. Letter writing, even if confined to pupils in the different schools in the same town, awakens an interest that teaching, no matter how good, fails to bring forth. About the geography matter—maybe some other teacher will give you the benefit of her ideas.—Ed.

INDIANAPOLIS, 133 Downey Ave., Ind.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: Surely punishing a child for not saying its prayers will result only in harm! A great man has said, "A single grateful thought toward Heaven is the most complete prayer." How can grateful thoughts be instilled by punishment? Too often we observe the form of worship and neglect the spirit. Grateful thoughts may easily be aroused in a child, and yet the neglect is so common that many grow up to accept the blessings of life as a matter of course. Have the child watch the little birds at their loving patient toll of nest-building and caring for their little ones; help him care for a small garden, watch the unfolding of the plants, rejoice over the rain and the sunshine; let him plant a tree so he will realize the long patient growth before fruit appears; examine with him pieces of coal, and show him how light and heat of wood of ages ago are stored up in the coal which now warms him; study with him all the works of nature, leading him to appreciate the time and patient, tireless, ceaseless effort needed to produce everything that he uses—and in due time his grateful thoughts toward Heaven cannot be repressed, for they will come from a heart full of gratitude to the Giver of all good!

To me, ingratitude is irreligion. In this connection I wish to speak of the Uncle Charlie Home Fund, for which I am enclosing four subscriptions to COMFORT. Sisters, are you satisfied with the progress of this fund? We have long expressed in words our appreciation of Uncle Charlie—let us express it in a substantial way now that Mr. Gannett generously gives us the change. We must not fail in this plan for our faithful friend. It would be a disgrace to COMFORT's six million readers, editors, and all—if this great chance to help Uncle Charlie should pass by unheeded! I heard of a sister whose neighbors and near relatives took COMFORT for years, but never mentioned it to her. It may be that your neighbors and relatives have never heard of COMFORT and Uncle Charlie. Get busy, then, tell them before the day is over, and get their subscription for COMFORT and the Home Fund. And here is a fine chance to impress gratitude upon the minds of the young—they should help in this work for the friend who established the Cousins' League for them. Recently a young girl told me that she had read Uncle Charlie's Story (a borrowed book), and had laughed till she cried over some of them, and that she had received more help in the use of English from Uncle Charlie's department than from all her teachers—but she was not lifting a finger for the Home Fund! Let us not delay or "let George do it." I am doing all I can and am stirring up my friends and neighbors to enthusiastic work for this worthy cause. If all of us do the same, we will soon have a wave of enthusiasm that will sweep our whole COMFORT family—and we'll get that Home for our beloved Uncle Charlie.

With best wishes to all, CORDELLA HARRIS.

HONORA PATH, S. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have read COMFORT ever since I was a small girl, and I am now twenty-eight years old, but have never before written to the Sisters' Corner. My education is very limited; my father died when I was fourteen years old and my school days came to an abrupt end. Mrs. Aldridge's letter made me want to give my experience in regard to teaching a child its prayers. Some years ago, she I think, I read a very touching letter in COMFORT from a heart-broken sister, whose name I do not remember, in which she gave the prayers she taught her boy—one I clearly remember:

"Four corners to my bed,
Six angels guard my bed,
Two to watch,
Two to pray,
Two to bear my soul away."

The child to whom she taught this prayer died, and when the little life was going out he repeated the last line, "Two to bear my soul away."

This letter made a deep impression on my mind. Our boy was a tiny baby then but when he grew old enough to lispen a single word, I began to teach him this prayer and tell him the story of the beautiful angels whom God sent to bear the soul of a little boy away. Somehow he was greatly interested in this prayer and asked for the story many times, especially when he retired and we repeated the prayer together. And here I wish to say the sweetest moments I have ever known was when Dorris said his "Good night prayers." I usually told him a story, or if he refused to say them I asked him if he didn't think Jesus felt very badly when he was forgotten, since He let the sun shine on us so brightly during the day, and gave us good health, and made us strong so we could run and play. Just suppose He had to go to all these things for us? This gentle reminder never failed to bring results; he would repeat his prayers sweetly after this and ask for the story of "the little boy."

One Sunday night in August, 1915, we were at supper and I noticed he ate very little and before we were through eating he asked to go to bed. I undressed him very hastily and put him in bed, hurried through the short prayer, as I wished to return to the supper table. He asked for the story, as usual, and I hurried through with it but I noticed that he listened very attentively, and as I was leaving the room he called to me, "Mamma, the angels carried the little boy's soul away, didn't they?" The following Friday the angels carried his soul away. That was his last prayer, for that dread disease, diphtheria, closed the power of speech to the end.

The good we do will never be known to us—the sister who sent the letter to COMFORT six years ago, didn't know the results it would have.

MRS. C. G. COTHRAN.

Mrs. Cothran. Mere words cannot express my sorrow and sympathy for you, but suffice to say, when I read your letter, tears came to my eyes and I breathed a silent prayer to Him "who doeth all things well" for strength to enable you to bear your sorrow, and I know that the sisters will all join me in this.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have long been a subscriber to COMFORT and it is a great pleasure to read each month the brave and helpful letters which the good sisters send. Often after reading some letter that appealed to me particularly I have considered writing but I felt that the other letters were so much better than anything I could write, but since reading "Mrs. Pete's" letter in January COMFORT I just have to write. Dear "Mrs. Pete" you have my entire sympathy in your trial. I feel that I am competent to tell you something which may help you, since I have been in your position myself and know how you feel. In my case my "partner" was a Francisco instead of Pete. I am very well acquainted with many of your husband's nationality and never knew one (though I suppose there are some) that did not make a splendid husband. I married a Spanish boy, seven years my senior, who had been in the United States only five years and the disappointments I had the first five or six years after our marriage could not be enumerated. I had always been accustomed to going around with my kin people and friends whenever I felt like it, and to Sunday school and church regularly but that did not suit my husband. Like yours, he was always kind and gentle but oh, how firm! It caused me many tears and much thought to win out but today, after twelve years of honest effort, I have one of the happiest homes and the best husband a woman could wish for, and I would not swap our four little Spanish-American soldiers for any other kind.

You just continue to be sweet and stay at home with good grace and get yourself interested in your husband's life and habits. Take up a study of the language spoken by your husband's family. You can master it if you but try. Don't, for your own

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

EASTER LUNCHEON

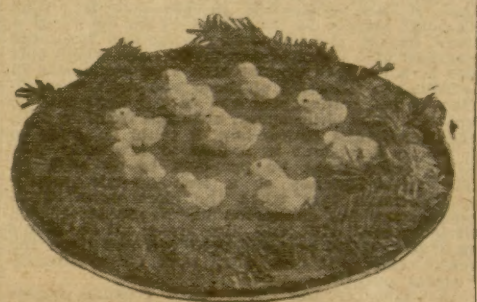


By Ella Gordon

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AN Easter lunch should be simple and kept in three colors: white, green and yellow. Yellow place cards should have "Easter Greetings" and an Easter lily in one corner, done in water colors. In the center of table have a decoration of Easter lilies, ferns and amilax, or, if these cannot be obtained, cut a round of cardboard and cover with yellow paper. Around the edge make a border of evergreen tips, and in the center arrange cotton chicks. Glass candlesticks with yellow paper shades add to the table decorations.

The following recipes are appropriate for an Easter meal and will assist in carrying out the



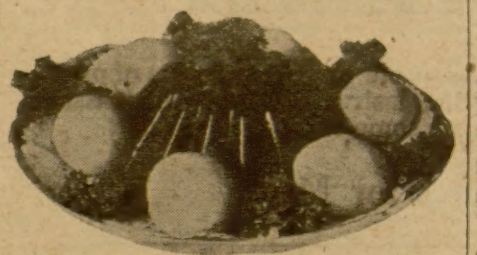
CENTERPIECE OF COTTON CHICKS AND EVERGREEN.

color scheme, yet are valuable the year through for noon and night meals.

Aspic Eggs

Make the jelly stock from one large fowl, or from beef and veal together. Cut the meat fine, cover with cold water and slowly bring to boil, then simmer three hours. Into a cheese-cloth bag put one cup of chopped turnip, onion and carrot, a little parsley and half a bay leaf and one tablespoon of salt; add this to cooking stock and simmer one hour longer. Strain, cool, and remove fat the following day. The stock is now ready for use unless it requires more salt and is not strong enough, in which case, reduce in quantity by simmering. Dissolve two tablespoons of granulated gelatin in as much cold water fifteen minutes, then dissolve with half a cup of boiling water. Add to one quart of stock and one tablespoon of lemon juice and strain.

Cook four eggs hard by covering with boiling water and keeping it just below the boiling point thirty minutes. Cover with cold water and let stand until cold. Cut eggs into slices quarter of an inch thick.



ASPIC EGGS.

Pour liquid jelly into mold two inches deep and let harden. In the center and at regular spaces around it, place a slice of hard-boiled egg. Cover this with the liquid jelly and let harden, and so on until mold is filled. Decorate with hard cooked eggs shelled, or with eggs in shells tinted pink with beet juice, a sprig of fresh green on center and around edge.

Chicken in Aspic

Prepare chicken to roast, taking special care to tie so it will come out of oven looking shapely. Evenly tie the wings, thighs and drumsticks to body. Put into double boiler and bake chiefly by steaming, letting in the direct heat long enough to brown. Remove strings. Choose large enough mold to hold chicken and put in three inches of liquid jelly described in Aspic Eggs. Lay on the chicken when cold, then a little more



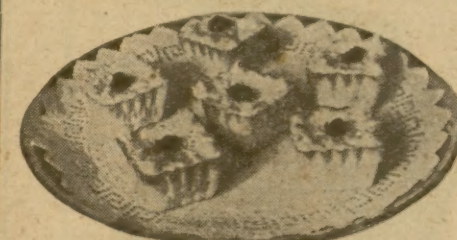
CHICKEN JELLY.

Jelly and set on the ice until cold; then keep adding a little more and setting on ice until mold is filled.

Individual Chicken Pies

Two cups of sifted flour, five tablespoons of lard, five tablespoons of butter, two thirds of teaspoon of salt and ice water. Work salt and lard into flour and moisten with just enough ice

water to form dough. Chill, and roll into three-cornered piece. Chill butter and press to one half the size of rolled dough, and place in center of dough. Fold dough toward center. Fold once more and set to chill again. Roll a little thicker



INDIVIDUAL CHICKEN PIES.

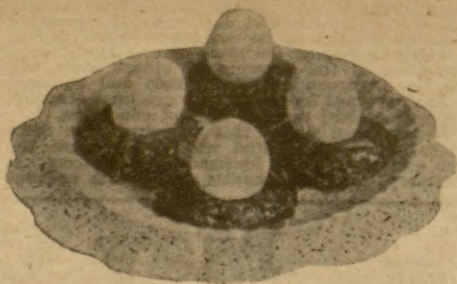
than for pies and cut into rounds six inches across; form into square cups by bringing up the edges, moistening a little with ice water and pinching into shape. Cut square of pastry for each top about two and one half inches across.

CHICKEN PIE FILLING.—Remove skin and cut chicken into small pieces but do not remove bones. Just cover with boiling water and simmer twenty minutes before chicken is done. Remove chicken from liquor and bone. Cut into inch pieces. Reduce liquor to one and one half cups by simmering and season with salt and pepper. Mix six tablespoons of flour with a little cold water and slowly add to boiling liquor. Cook five minutes and add chicken and cook very slowly fifteen minutes longer. It should be quite thick when done.

Bake pastry cups and squares to a rich brown and fill with the chicken. Place the square on top and garnish center with a cube of jelly.

Spinach Eggs

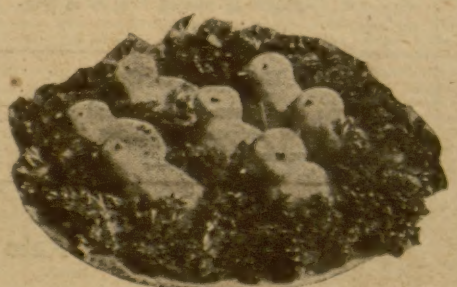
Pick over and wash spinach until no grit is found under the curled parts of leaves. Better than several washings in a pan of water, is to



SPINACH AND EGGS.

put it in half a tub of water and let it soak until crisp when the leaves will be considerably uncurled. Drain and put on to cook without water, slowly bringing to a boil, simmer till tender. Drain and chop fine. Season with salt, pepper and butter. Arrange in mounds and on the top of each place a hard-boiled egg, taking care not to disfigure egg in peeling. Serve with French or boiled dressing.

FRENCH DRESSING.—Mix one teaspoonful of salt with a dash of cayenne pepper and a pinch of white pepper and add two tablespoons of vinegar and four tablespoons of oil. Beat together and stir well just before serving.



POTATO CHICKS.

BOILED SALAD.—Melt three tablespoons of butter with one teaspoon of mustard, one scant teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of sugar and a dash of cayenne pepper. Cook in double boiler five minutes and pour over three well-beaten yolks of eggs; add one half cup of hot vinegar, one cup of rich milk and the beaten whites of the eggs. Return to double boiler and cook till mixture thickens, taking care it does not cook long enough to curdle.

Potato Chicks

Take mashed potatoes when partly cooled and shape into chicks. Just before serving, put in very hot oven and heat through, and then use end of match whitened to a point for bills and a speck of egg yolk for eyes. Serve in a nest of parsley.

Egg Sandwiches

Mash four egg yolks that have been boiled hard and add one teaspoon of mustard, two tablespoons of vinegar and one even teaspoon of salt. Whip one and one half cup of cream and add to egg mixture a little at a time, and when smooth season with cayenne pepper. Spread between buttered slices of white bread.

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Comfort Sisters' Recipes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

BOILED KIDNEYS.—Order veal kidneys with the suet left on. Trim, split, arrange in a buttered broiler and broil ten minutes. Remove to pieces of toast and pour melted butter over it, seasoned with salt, cayenne and lemon juice. Garnish with parsley.

BEST AND POTATO SALAD.—Cut five or six cold boiled potatoes into small cubes. Put a layer of these in salad bowl, sprinkle with minced onion, add a sprinkling of chopped parsley. Proceed with these layers until the dish is full, pour dressing sufficient to moisten well over the whole and put on ice before serving. Garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs, if liked.

PARENTS' SALAD.—Boil eight parsnips till tender, then cut them in rounds. Cover with finely cut parsley, and lay them in a bed of endive. Make a salad dressing of the yolk of one egg, one half teaspoon of mustard, braided into the yolk. Drop olive oil in, drop by drop, beating all the time. When of a wax-like consistency, add a pinch of cayenne pepper, a pinch of salt and a tablespoon of vinegar. When this is thoroughly mixed, beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth and stir into the dressing. Pour over parsnips.

FANNIE V. TIDD, New York, N. Y.

BRAN MUFFINS.—This is a doctor's recipe and is fine for constipation. One teaspoon of baking powder, one cup of flour, three quarter teaspoon of salt, two cups of coarse bran, one tablespoon of molasses, one tablespoon of butter, one cup of milk, sixteen pecans and twenty raisins. (Pecans may be omitted.) Mix the baking powder, salt, flour and then add the bran. Mix the molasses in the milk and add. Stir all together and bake in gem pans for about twenty minutes. Caution. Fine bran is of no value, coarse bran must be used. Eat three times daily.

MRS. V. O. VAN NORDWIC, Albion, Mich.

CREAM PUFFS.—One cup boiling water, one half to three quarters cup butter, boil, and stir in one cup flour; when cool add three eggs, not beaten. Mix well and drop by tablespoons in buttered pans and bake in a quick oven twenty-five minutes. This makes one dozen puffs. When cool, split and fill with the following: One cup milk, one cup sugar, one egg and three tablespoons flour; stir in the hot milk. When cool, flavor and fill puffs.

MRS. M., Pennsylvania.

OLD-FASHIONED GINGERBREAD.—This recipe is delicious with a good coating of whipped cream, flavored to taste, and we like it much better than any fancy cake. Sift together, two and one half cups flour, one teaspoon soda, one half teaspoon salt and one and one half teaspoons ginger. Mix well together, one cup molasses, one half cup boiling water and four tablespoons melted butter. Add liquids to flour, etc., beat vigorously and bake thirty-five minutes. Bake in a moderate oven.

A Happy Mother, King City, Mo.

GINGERSNAPS. (Requested.)—One cup sugar, one cup molasses, one cup butter or meat fryings may be used, one tablespoon ginger, one teaspoon of soda, dissolved in a little water, and as much flour as can possibly be stirred in (not kneaded); pinch off a piece about the size of a large marble, and roll in the hands, leaving a space between them in the pan to allow for spreading, which they will do when warm; bake in a moderate oven till a nice brown, and leave in the pan till they cool sufficiently to be snappy, which will be in a short time; to warm the ingredients will facilitate the stirring; if the dough stands a day it will not hurt. The snaps will keep a week.

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Sew Your Seams With Collingsbourne's Byssines

Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

with blue gowns and pink ones, with pretty women eying the struggle for partners disdainfully, and plain ones casting tentative glances at each man as he passed by her.

The band began to play at the other end of the room very softly, but insistently. Nerine looked around for Agatha, but Agatha was gone; Kit, too, had found a friend from her own county, and departed; she herself stood alone among the increasing crowd, looking at a card filled with names of strange men, not one of whom she knew from the other. Was this what people called pleasure—this why they went to balls?

"Miss Nerine," cried a well-known voice behind her. "Oh, that's right. My mother says be sure not to dance this first dance, and that she will come for you." Then, more softly, "And don't forget me quite, will you? What will you give me? Quick! Here are more people. I must go! But what will you give me?"

What was the matter with her that she could not speak to him? In desperation she handed to him her scribbled card—only one dance on it free. One dance to give to a late-comer for whom she would wipe out every other name at the asking.

"Would he ask her? She was trembling. Or would he only write his name in that mean, solitary little blank and go away?"

"Why, you have nothing!" His voice was shrewdly disappointed. "Nothing. Oh, yes, you have, Miss Nerine! There are the extras, three at supper time. I can have those?"

"Yes, you can have those."

Would she ever be able to keep that smile of indecent satisfaction off her face?—ever be able to hide from herself that a dead weight has rolled from her heart because a man has asked her for four dances instead of one? Her heart beat suffocatingly as he gave her back her card; the music the atmosphere, were going to her head like wine. More men came up and were introduced to her, and though she had no dances left, they stayed round her like moths at a candle. Lady Satterlee looked at her across the room, well pleased. There was a wife for Bobby, since he must have one. How self-possessed she was; what lovely mockery in her eyes, her smiling lips!

"Tell me something if you know it, Dora," said some one at her elbow. "Who is that girl there?"

Lady Satterlee looked round as one does at a familiar thing, half expected.

"Ah! here you are, back again," she said. "I thought after shaking hands with you I had done with you for the evening," with all her languid drawl.

"Then you flattered yourself, my dearest dear," with the self-same drawl, the self-same manner, only intensified into masculinity.

Lady Satterlee laid her hand on his arm.

"What a pity you are my cousin and ten years younger!" she observed, meditatively. "Do you wish to be made known to the young divinity in white satin? or would you prefer to stay here and call down contempt on my gray hairs by addressing me as dearest at the top of your voice?" she added walking slowly through the crowd as she spoke.

"I have very little choice, it seems," laughing. "By the way, Dora, dance with me a great deal, will you? I am dreadfully afraid of strange partners, and that boy of yours seems so terribly conscientious about my dancing."

"Dance with you? Oh, once or twice," with cool disdain. "But my object in coming here was to turn the head of Bobby's colonel in order that he may get leave next month."

"Probably," said Fairfax of Fairfax, looking down on his cousin's terra-cotta love locks with indulgence. "I would not interfere for worlds with your domestic arrangements, but you, and you alone, brought me to this dance, and I really must be properly rewarded."

Lady Satterlee laughed. "Dear Hughie," with a fleeting, exquisite glance, "how I should love you if you were not ten years younger, and I did not remember boxing your ears quite so often!"

Fairfax laughed; he had a pleasant laugh, and it attracted Nerine's attention, for they had all but reached her, where she stood among her admiring army.

"Ah, here you are!" cried Lady Satterlee, lightly. "I have brought my cousin, Mr. Fairfax, to be introduced to you. Mr. Fairfax—Miss Lispenard; to be quite correct, Miss Nerine

The Kingdom of Our Birthright

In running this series we are not advocating belief in astrology or faith in the pretended talismanic charm of birth-stones, although these beliefs have persisted from remote antiquity and have not a few devotees even in this present age of reason. Yet as myths and superstitions that have dominated through the ages they possess historic interest and educational value. Miss May will appear with a pleasing message next month.—EDITOR.

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A DESIRE to conquer may be very dominant in the nature of those born between April nineteenth and May twentieth, when the sign of the zodiac is in Taurus. They are determined and unyielding; possess a strong brain and are capable of superior educational attainments, but should guard against rashness in accomplishing a purpose.



MISS APRIL.

Men born on these days may be great imitators. They possess unusual adaptability, an excellent memory, and great mental and physical endurance, which fits them well for public life. They possess fine business intuitions, but in social relations, are quite likely to be governed by their sensations, or influenced by their feelings. Their sympathies are readily aroused, and through this channel may be led to extremes. They should marry women who reason well, and can happily adapt themselves to change, should it become necessary through a varied business career. When young they are liable to over value their associates and be misled by them. They make strong church members and will warmly engage in the defense of a friend. They require to be by themselves for serious thought, and to be alone in making decisions of any kind, for if attempted in the presence of others, they will feel the influence of other minds and be more or less governed by them. They are hard students and will succeed in most lines of education.

Women born under this sign have the same sympathetic nature, and will keenly sense the joys and sorrows of husband and children. If necessary, they are capable of sacrifice without

complaint. They easily adapt themselves to the customs of society, but care little for it. They require daily relaxation. When once sure they are right, they are very tenacious to carry it out, and cannot be controlled against their will. They should marry men of honor, capable of making strong home ties.

April Birth-stone is the Diamond, Symbol of Purity

The wearing of amulets to protect the body from harm is of ancient origin. The same custom prevailed through medieval days, and now in modern times we still have many proofs of a lingering faith in the efficacy of amulets.

Conspicuous among the prized amulets of recent years was the little gold charm attached to a gold chain worn by the late Mrs. Annie Yeamans, a woman of beautiful character. Mrs. Yeamans left special instructions that the little amulet be left on her body and buried with her.

Amulets have often been in the form of rings set with the birth-stone, and worn as a luck-bringer, not as a preventive from personal injury. The birth-stone for April is the diamond and symbolizes purity; meaning, to be beautiful within.

Some of the traditional uses of diamonds as amulets are of much interest. One of the latest Parisian oracles says the diamond should be worn on the left hand to attract good fortune.

The superstitious faith of the Russians is illustrated by an amulet in the form of a ring, said to be constantly worn by the Czar as a protection against the danger of assassination which hourly threatens him.

The great Athenian comic poet, Aristophanes, tells of a curious and amusing instance of the diamond's power as a bringer of good fortune. One of the characters in his comedy, "The Clouds," asserts to Socrates that he knows of a stone having the virtue of saving him from the payment of a claim of five talents, for which suit has been brought against him. This stone was to be found in the stock of those who dealt in medicine. The philosopher, although familiar with the stone, fails to see how it could be made to help the defendant in a suit at law, and asks Stripsiades what he proposes to do with it. The latter is not at a loss for an answer and declares that when the clerk proceeds to write down the charge on his waxen tablet, he, Stripsiades, will hold the stone in the sun's rays so that its beam of light will fall upon the tablet and melt the wax, thus quite literally "wiping out the charge."

A writer of the seventeenth century writes with apparent sincerity of belief a wonderful tale to the effect that he had seen a marriage of two diamonds, the two crystals being so firmly drawn toward each other by mutual purity that when put in one place they would cling to one another as with an "unending kiss."

All good and lasting fortune comes from purity within. The mind may receive evil thoughts but, if unapproved, they will not harm, but rather strengthen the character. Wear the diamond as symbolic of this thought.

How to Make Miss April

Miss April reminds us of April showers; also of sunshine, daffodils and violets. She can very easily be made from white and green crepe paper. The doll has a white princess slip on, and the cape is of green. Fashion the umbrella by centering slender strips of wood, or wire at the end of an old umbrella handle or piece of wood; or with a wire cutter reduce the size of an old umbrella frame and cover it with bright yellow paper and twine the handle with purple. A very pretty effect might be obtained by making the umbrella to represent a huge spring flower.

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May Comfort

with fine short stories and a lot of seasonable matter on topics of pressing importance will be a very interesting, instructive and valuable issue. Take no chance of missing it. Here are some of the

Special Features for May

"Her Veteran of '98" A thrilling romance of a Spanish War hero who is as masterful in making love as in waging war.	"May-Day Festivities" Tells many delightful ways in which May-Day is made an occasion of joyous celebration and sport.
"How to Use Eggs in Cooking" Tells the food value of eggs and gives a large variety of recipes for making best use of them in cooking.	"A Family Stratagem" A cute story of the winsome wiles and cunning artifice by which a stage beauty triumphs in a love affair.

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As an inducement to renew your subscription promptly this month we offer the special, low rate of 30 cents for a 2-year renewal. If you want the Comfort Home Album send 10 cents extra, 40 cents in all for your 2-year renewal and the Album.

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April, 1917.

Lispenard." (Not that it mattered; Hughie would never take her for her sister.)

Miss Lispenard looked straight into the eyes of Lady Satterlee's cousin, and remained perfectly unconscious. Yet they were remarkable eyes. Indeed, the whole man was remarkable, without any tangible reason. He was tall enough, broad enough, but so were scores of other men; Lady Satterlee, in moments of irritation, was wont to say that he looked like a brown bone, and walked like a North American Indian, which meant in English that he was burnt by many suns and always in hard and perfect training. His face was aquiline, thin, square-jawed, and lit by the keenest, sweetest eyes ever set in a man's head.

"I suppose I am too late to ask for a chance?" "I have none left," Nerine returned, placidly, without a pang, since it did not matter in the least who had or had not any of her dances except those four of Satterlee's.

Satterlee's mother laughed rather proud of her pupil.

"Let me see" she said, taking the scribbled card where it hung on Nerine's finger. "Why not give Mr. Fairfax an extra, a supper dance?"

Nerine looked up, her cheeks suffused with a blush.

"Oh, I—I couldn't," she swiftly—"they are all I had for Lord Satterlee, and—"

"Oh, Bobby!" drawled his mother.

"Of course Bobby!" Mr. Fairfax remarked, as he went off with Lady Satterlee. "So that is what you are doing here, you—and Bobby!"

"Hughie," I don't know at all," she returned, gravely. "Sometimes I think it is the sister—and I have taken such a tremendous liking to this one," quite wistfully, "and it is such a new sensation to me to be attracted at all by a girl!"

"So I should think!"—rather dryly, as he put his arm round her naturally and artistically small waist, and they swept smoothly out into the crowd of dancing people.

Maurice was there with Kit, both so young, so admirably mated, that even some of Mr. Mayne's allies regarded them softly.

Nerine was a lovely and radiant sight when Satterlee came to claim her for his first dance.

"I feel as if I had never been alive before!" she cried, laughing as they waited to begin dancing, his arm ready to clasp her waist, and her hand on his shoulder.

She gave a little sigh of pure delight when they had gone once round the room. The band was playing the waltz from "Faust," playing divinely, till each note vibrated keen and sweet on her heart. She danced smoothly, gracefully, without any sense of motion, in perfect rhythm and accord with her tall partner. The room was all a shimmering sphere of light and color to her; the scent of the violets in Satterlee's coat went to her brain, she was dancing into eternity, in pure rapture!

She lifted her eyes to her partner's face; it was the only thing she could see clearly in all the glittering, whirling room, and some things in it turned her cold.

If the music stopped and left her still dancing, she felt suddenly that she would fall.

"Oh, stop!" she cried, breathlessly. "I can't dance another step!"

"Tired?" Unconsciously he held her a little closer.

"No, no! Yes, stop!" she cried, unsteadily, peremptorily, and could scarcely breathe until she was out of the room, in the cool air of the passage away from that maddening, throbbing music.

Once outside she put her hand to her head; it felt so odd—not dizzy, but strange. What was the matter with her? Somehow, she did not want to meet Satterlee's eyes.

"I—I have danced my hair into disorder," she said, with a faint smile. "I think I will go and put in some hairpins, if you won't mind waiting a minute."

And she promptly vanished into the dressing-room without waiting for an answer. His four dances all happened to come together; there were minutes and minutes in them; she could spare two or three of those golden moments just enough to get her breath back after that long dance.

She stood looking at herself in the glass, mechanically sticking in fresh hairpins. All the color had gone from her face; she looked pale—looked like Agatha, absurdly and exactly like her.

With a languid step, still more like her sister's, she went out into the passage to join Satterlee, but he was not there. She glanced up and down; something must have called him away, that was the worst of having your host for your partner.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

Crumbs of Comfort

Prayers do not make piety.

Society is a chain of obligations.

Nothing is more costly than sin.

Zeal without judgment is an evil.

Quick promisers are quick forgetters.

Not to repent of a fault is to justify it.

Being well satisfied is being well paid.

Before you marry have a place to carry.

Don't pin your faith on another's sleeve.

Revenge may be sweet, but it is expensive.

Easy money is not the kind you have to borrow.

Wisdom is taught in the school of disappointment.

You may forgive, but you can never quite forget.

The truth sometimes never catches up with a lie.

A man of haughty spirit is daily adding to his foes.

There is no sense so uncommon as common sense.

Death is an end, but it breeds an infinite beginning.

Man lives only in himself, but God lives in all things.

A small person will sometimes stumble on a big idea.

Don't listen to scandal if you don't want to circulate it.

When you have mastered yourself, the others come easy.

You may use anger if you will, but do not let it use you.

The bad man looks worse when he tries to look like a saint.

A look may work your ruin, or a word create your success.

Walking is always good when you have something to ride.

Wealth conquered Rome after Rome had conquered the world.

There is a joy in sorrow that none but a mourner can know.

He that hath more than enough is a thief of his brother's rights.

The choicest pleasures of life lie within the ring of moderation.

Those who will not obey men are oftenest found disobeying God.

God is the fountain from which flows the river of our existence.

Speaking of doctors, the shorter the purse, the quicker the cure.

Don't refuse to open the door when you hear Opportunity knocking.

You will never get into Heaven if you don't try to take somebody with you.

A man may have money properly, so long as the money doesn't have the man.

The rich are trustees, under God, for the poor, and they are not always faithful.

You must pick up a good many stones to throw at every dog that barks at you.

Buy what you don't need and by and by you will have to sell what you do need.

Have more than you show; speak less than you know; spend less than you owe.

It is difficult to pick up many friends without making a few enemies along the way.

Self-preservation is the first law of nature and with some people it seems to be all the law there is.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

dear sister, listen to anyone who will tell you that if your husband does not wish to go to any place for you to go alone or with some friend of your family. You would be the one who would suffer most from such an arrangement.

I hope Mrs. Wilkinson has room for this for it may be of help to our troubled sister.

With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters, Mrs. FRANK.

N. J.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

First let me tell you that COMFORT was "wished" on me, a friend having had it sent to me and out of respect to her I looked over the first copy, not expecting to find anything of interest on account of the unattractive appearance of the paper and the quality of fiction it carried. But I got as far as the second page and there read such an editorial as I wish we might see in some of the daily papers which are so subsided by the "business interests" that they dare not print the truth. Then I went from one thing to another, lingering over the Sisters' Corner and winding up with one of the most pleasant and profitable hours I ever spent with Uncle Charlie.

I have often had the desire to write you but feared that if once started I'd write so much you wouldn't think of printing my letter and as no poor mortal wishes to have his thought "jewels" and a grave in the editor's waste basket, I refrained. However, I'm going to take a chance this time as there are a number of letters in the January number that I'd like to answer.

First, I want to add a word to Mrs. Beagle's comment on hospitals. I have been in three different ones both my children having been born in a hospital, and what a saving in money, worry and work. My boy, who is now eleven years old, has been in the hospital three times, twice for operations and once for pneumonia, and he likes to go. All that one needs to do is to treat the nurses as human beings, trying to help make one well, and you will find that you receive the best and kindest of care. Mother can never, in the case of serious illness, make up for professional knowledge and skill. A friend of mine recently buried her baby because she was afraid of hospitals. Few homes among the middle class and none among the poor are properly equipped to care for the sick.

There are some excellent letters on suffrage which I read with pleasure. I shall only take the time to say that I was a member of a "Junior Equal Suffrage League" at the age of twelve, which was eighteen years ago.

Mrs. Alcorn has written an excellent letter on the feeding of children and I followed a similar course with mine; they are fine, healthy youngsters of eleven and nine, a boy and a girl. Some mothers pay more attention to the moral training of their children than they do to building strong bodies. Give a child a clean, healthy body and they will have wholesome minds. More evils are generated by improper feeding (meats and highly seasoned foods) than any other agency in youth. It is a well-known fact among students of dietetics that heavy meats and highly seasoned foods tend to abnormally develop the unative nerves in children just as much as drink and tobacco do later in life. Thumb sucking and the use of pacifiers have the same effect.

I want to touch on just one more subject and then I'll leave you.

There is just one thing for the married man or woman to bear in mind if he or she would get along amicably with "Mother-in-law" and that is: that she brought into the world, suffered for, trained and finally gave you your beloved. Whatever whims she may have, however you may differ in opinions, beliefs, etc., just remember that if you love your "better half" and are happy, you have "nothing" to thank for your blessing. I had several obstacles to overcome to gain the love of my mother-in-law but for the past five years she has been my best friend and loves me as a daughter. I married an only son of a widow and mother and it took years for me to overcome, first, natural jealousy, which I conquered by never allowing him become so absorbed in me as to neglect her. Then there was the question of difference in belief. She is what we call a "hard shell Baptist" while I grew away from the church years ago. However, I never attempted to antagonize her by never allowing myself to be dissatisfied with the church, I believe in Christianity and try to lead as helpful and Christian a life as I can, and I finally won her respect. I have never had an argument with her, always listen respectfully to what she says and she has never argued with me. I am happy for over twelve years, she can't help loving me. I am sending my children to her church, which, of course, pleases her and proves that I am willing to be fair. We are of different races, different creeds, different political opinions (she is a Southerner, while I am born in the South but of Yankee ancestry) and she is my mother-in-law, but we are the best of friends and hold each other's love and respect. The mother-in-law is only a problem when we make her so.

And now if you'll forgive me for taking up so much space I will say good by. With best wishes for you all, I am, Mrs. J. M.

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I, too, am a reader of COMFORT and my mother was a subscriber for a number of years before me. I think it is far superior to any other paper for the price. I look forward to its coming with pleasure. I always turn to the fancy work department first and then to the Sisters' Corner. Last, but not least, the Comfort League of Cousins. How I laugh, sometimes at Uncle Charlie. I think if we would all be as cheerful as he this world would be a better place to live in.

As nearly as I describe myself I will, too. I heartily endorse it as we get a better idea of anyone thereby and feel more acquainted. I am five feet tall and weigh one hundred and ten pounds. Have dark brown hair, steel blue eyes and an am dark complexion. Am twenty-four years old and have a twin sister. How many COMFORT sisters are a twin? Have been married nearly five years.

Will tell you of this city or what I know of it, as I have lived here only since last October.

Leavenworth is an old city, having been built before the Civil War. Its close proximity to Kansas City hinders its growing very fast. The population is estimated at about fifty thousand inhabitants. It is about forty miles north of Kansas City and about the same distance south of Topeka, the capital of the state. It is about midway between the two cities on the interurban line. The Missouri river separates this state from Missouri. Several railroads pass through here. The Union station is built on the banks of the Missouri river so we can look across the river and see Missouri soil. There are also quite a number of notable buildings here, the Federal prison, the National Military Home for disabled volunteer soldiers and the fort which stood during the war. Many acres of land have been appropriated by the Government for these buildings. Will tell you of the Military National Home at the Soldiers' Home.

The Military National Home is situated three miles south of Leavenworth on the electric car line. As I have just mentioned, the grounds of this home, which cover six hundred and forty acres, are appropriated by the Government. There are two depots, union and electric, a store, power house, two hospitals, two barber shops (my husband owns one of them) and the main dining hall with a seating capacity of three thousand people. Six meals are served each day. About seventy-five girls are hired in this dining hall. All help is paid by the Government.

The grounds are beautiful with flowers and shrubbery. The Floral Globe is a curiosity. It is made of the trunk of a tree, trimmed perfectly round to represent the globe and is covered with moss in the shape of the different countries of the world. It is just as natural a globe as one would wish to see.

The cemetery is also an interesting feature of the home. It is estimated that about sixty thousand are buried there and it is being filled very rapidly. Each grave is marked by a tombstone. It is both beautiful and sad to see; just green grass (in summer) and the white tombstones as far as the eye can see. Each soldier is buried with the same honors, no difference whatever in the respect shown them. Three "taps" from the trumpet is sounded over the body at the cemetery, also music by the band. A salute of three volleys is fired by the firing squad after the body is lowered to its final resting place.

There are many more interesting things which I could write of the home but my letter is rather lengthy so will close. Will come again sometime and tell you of the Federal Prison.

Wishing COMFORT's staff success,

Mrs. DORA WEAVER ROBINSON.

Mrs. Robinson. Yes, indeed, come again and tell us some more interesting things. Descriptive letters are always enjoyed.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to tell "Mrs. Pete" that our lives are what

we make them. I was married when only fifteen to a man of twenty-seven, and though I think I was much too young I was not sorry. I have been married nine years now and have a little boy, two years and a half old. I lived seven years with my mother-in-law. I am part English and part German while my husband is Bohemian, and though his mother speaks English poorly, we never quarrel. The first two years of my married life was a little like Mrs. Fete's. My husband wouldn't go anywhere with me, and I liked to go around to places of amusement, so sometimes went with his younger brother, who was only a little older than I. In fact, I went with him more than I did with my husband until he showed signs of being jealous and then I stopped. I stayed at home and am staying there yet but, dear Mrs. Pete, I am sometimes better to give up a little of your pleasures than to give up your husband if you really and truly love him. Don't you think so? It was a number of years before I learned enough of his language so I could understand it but now I can, and maybe when you have been married nine years instead of two you will think as I do. I suffered much, but my baby and husband are worth everything to me.

I don't believe in divorce and don't think that anyone else does who reads the Bible. But if a divorce is really necessary, don't marry again. I will leave my address with Mrs. Wilkinson so if this letter goes in print and anyone wishes to write to me, they will send it in her care.

I remain, a COMFORT sister.

"Old Man's Darling."

ABOGA, GA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

In reading the January COMFORT I came to Mrs. Walter Alcorn's letter where she wondered what was the reason so many women could not get along with their mothers-in-law. I will tell you what I think of the question. I believe in the first place that there is a whole lot of jealousy on the mothers-in-law's part. When they have been first for so many years it is hard to share their son's or daughter's affection with anyone else. When I thought I would be so kind to my husband's mother that she could not help loving me. Alas, I could do nothing to please her, try as I might and she caused me many heartaches and many sad hours.

Now I am a mother-in-law and I can say truly that my son's wife and I have never had one cross word or thought, and it has been over four years since they were married. I used to say to myself, "If ever I have a daughter-in-law I will surely try to treat her kindly and respect her wishes and rights." Mothers should not expect their son's wife to be as wise as they are, who have kept house for years and years. I have a cousin whose son married a dear little woman but she is a poor housekeeper. But just let anyone mention a word of it to her mother-in-law and they will come up short. She will not hear one word against her son's wife. She will tell me, "If my son is satisfied, let other people mind their own business." People say to her, "I never saw the like, you and your son's wife are always together, and don't you ever quarrel?" She replies, "No, I love her and when I wish to quarrel, I remember I am not perfect and have charity for others."

I have two dear grandchildren, a girl three and one half years old and a boy one year old. I never had any girls of my own, two boys were my portion, but I kept one for only six years, then God called him home where he is waiting for another. I am raising a little step granddaughter. She is eleven years old.

My maiden name was Howe. If any of the sisters wish this name, had or have that name, I should like to hear from them. I was born in Georgia four years, but came from Pennsylvania. I was nearly fifty-three years old, and weigh one hundred and ten pounds.

With regards to all, I remain, Sincerely yours, Mrs. CORA B. ALLEN.

TIGRETT, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to our dear old paper for several years and have received so much help and comfort from the Sisters' Corner that I have mustered up courage enough to ask admittance.

I want to say a few words for the benefit of the husbands who read our paper. I am sure there are many who read even our department, and enjoy it, judging by my own "hubby." I do I get a chance at it until after he has read it from cover to cover.

Husbands, stop and think, are you sure you are doing all you can to make "her" happy, and that the pleasant smile she wears doesn't mask a heart that is longing for relief from household cares? Many a woman goes about with a heavy heart, though with a smile on her lips, because, it seems to her, the one who is supposed to love and cherish her always has grown indifferent. He may not have—probably in his case out of ten he loves her as dearly as ever and would miss her more than tongue could tell if she were to be away from home even for a week or two, but he doesn't tell her so—there's the trouble. The expression of affection means everything to a woman. If a man is a true laborer, is a true saying. No matter how many or how anxious our household cares they go on quickly and smoothly if we but feel our efforts are appreciated by those who love us, but how are we to know if they do not tell us? You know it isn't particularly pleasant to take things for granted or guess at them always. I believe that if husbands only understood how much it means to a wife to be told she is essential to the happiness of the man she loves, how much a little praise or appreciation brightens the day, this old "gladness" would not be withheld. It is only because they do not know how to love and they are showing their affection by providing for the family to the best of their ability.

But loving words cost nothing, and a kiss at the door—or behind the door—when the good man leaves for his day's work, fills a woman's heart with joy and puts a song in her lips which echoes through all the toilsome hours.

Just try this, husbands, and see if I am not right. It takes so little to make us happy—so little to give, so much to the one to whom given.

And we may dear sisters, apply this in all general way. Let us remember to show our good will and appreciation to husband, children, friends and neighbors. If we do this we can help smooth the rugged pathway of life in a wonderful way and make ourselves as well as everybody else happier.

I have been married five years and have one little girl, Demetra, three years old.

I will close, hoping that if this letter is published, and in time, some of the sisters will send me a letter shower on my twenty-second birthday, which is April 6th, and if there are not too many I will try and answer all.

Your COMFORT sister, Mrs. ALBERT TINKLE.

Mrs. Tinkle. Here's hoping the husbands read your letter, or, at any rate, those who have grown careless and unappreciative—and maybe this rule would work both ways and "us wives" better look to our own conduct. Anybody guilty?—Ed.

EDGEWICK, WASH.

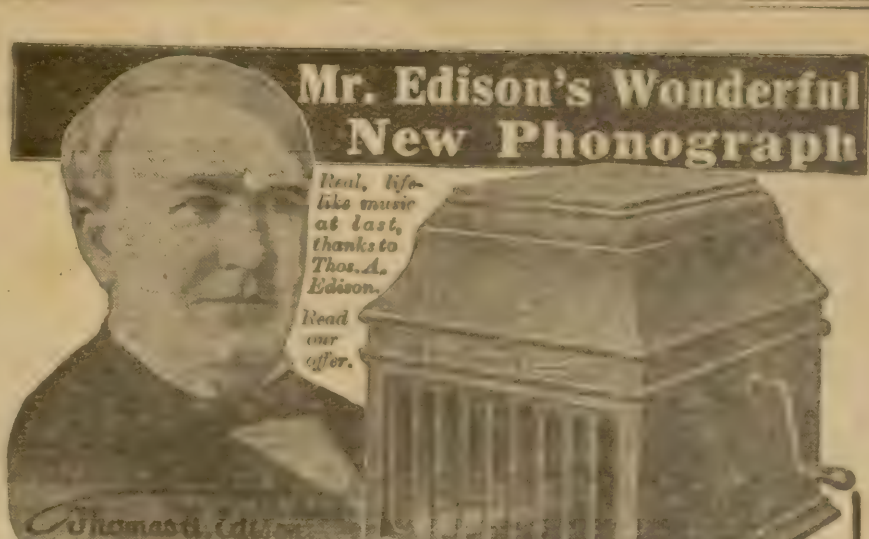
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have so often wanted to write when some interesting topic has been under discussion, but somehow I have been slipping away and a new COMFORT came, full of new letters and each one so much better than I could have written that I was glad I remained silent.

Just now, however, I must speak out to Mrs. Hanna and Mrs. Chris H. Bauer of Terre Haute, Ind. Sisters, as a man thinks in his heart, so is he. So are we. You are both right in your separate views of the different possibilities of city and country life. The family whose heart is in the city should never attempt to work out their lives in the country and those who love nature, who live in the beauty thereof, who can turn the desert into blossom and can enjoy the silence and wonderful transition of the day into a full-grown plant, or the song to the wild birds as they carol to their mates, may find the city a very poor exchange. Yet to rear children in the city is just as the parents choose. They need not send the children to the streets for amusement any more than farmers need send them to the highways for that purpose.

I have in mind two fine young brothers who for six years alternately delivered an evening paper to me and I always recall their faces with pleasure. The older completed his high school course and entered the university and no doubt by this time the younger is in college also; nor was this but one instance, for near me lived a building contractor with his family of six, besides his wife he had two sons and two daughters, all lovely young people and the parents told me their children had never played as hour in the street. Instead they were given amusement in the home until such time as they were able to take up positions with salaries.

The city offers many clean positions which children can fill after school hours, and which are not of a nature to overtax their strength or impair their health, and judiciously given will somehow save a little for a future crisis and give a very real feeling that some of us are farmers and others of us are city dwellers.



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To F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Dist. 3044 Edison Block Chicago, Illinois Graduate—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Phonograph.

Name..... Address.....

Suffragette and Anti, we Washingtonians have the best we had these many years and still we are just the same and it is like a new hat, soon old, nothing to disturb the even tenor of life, unless it be an office seker.

We enjoy COMFORT Sisters' Corner very much for we learn of the different possibilities in different sections of the United States.

Respectfully your sister, Mrs. F. D. ROBERTS.

NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber for years and could not get along without COMFORT which is a great help to me. I cannot tell which department is the most useful and entertaining to me for I find much of value in all of them. I read the stories, which are always good, then the Sisters' Corner and when I get them all read I feel so hungry for more letters that I turn to Uncle Charlie's department and devour his letters the coming and his replies. Now, as I feel very much satisfied, I lay my paper aside and let my mind digest what mental food I have taken from all the departments mentioned.

Now Uncle Charlie, don't get jealous because I read your department first for don't the dessert come last? That is what Uncle Charlie's department is termed by me, "the dessert."

After I have digested what I have taken, then comes a variety of the different departments not read further. When I am very fond of Crumbs, especially "COMFORT Crumbs," for they make an excellent pudding.

Sisters, you all write splendid letters. I enjoy reading them and wish I could write as interestingly and were competent to discuss some of the important subjects mentioned.

The mother-in-law question is one that I would like to solve, but it is quite difficult, as people are so opposite in their views. But I say this, my sympathy is with "Crumb," as my husband and I are out to the stepmother, too.

Then there is another poor sister who needs all your sympathy; she is the despised "grass widow." You who talk of divorce being such a sin, think of a poor, sad, woman being bound to a man that she could not live with. Would it not be better to make the matter worse or would it better if any? I cannot see that the trouble would be mended by a divorce but I believe it would give the woman more confidence in herself.

May God's blessing rest on the entire COMFORT staff and the COMFORT readers.

Would be pleased to get letters from the sisters. I leave my name and address with Mrs. Wilkinson. Mater.

EL CENTRO, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR SISTERS:

Though often impelled with a desire to write, I never have, and now it is really Mrs. Alta Beagle's letter that prompts me.

I was in the hospital the latter part of July and in August. I had never been in one before except to see my precious brother who had a broken leg. If we had not been in the hospital, I think I would have saved him unutterable pain and perhaps the loss of his leg finally. It had gotten to the place where it had to be taken off or lose his life. But, he lived, and got well and strong, only to leave us suddenly, and without warning in December last. And, when I think how I came to the land of sunshine, for happiness and health, and some wealth, why all seems a mockery to me. I dare not plan for the future lest something arise to confront and mock me. Happiness? Why, I have so often written back to those who are in the far Southland and told them I was so unutterably happy and so happy to last. I was true. Happiness is a myth—we pursue it and think we have found it—reach out after it, and it bursts like a bubble. I have my happy times and then something crashes down on me, and I am afraid to seek it further. When I look to the future I cannot imagine any special joy in thinking of the good things I could bring to me. I get in a melancholy mood and feel that nothing is worth while. Then, I try and arouse myself for the sake of those dear to me—who love and need me every day. But, when I think of my brother, I am so bitter toward an unkind fate. I do not blame it on God. Not his tragic death. So then I cannot seem to right about face and plan for great things as was my wont. As for wealth, I just want enough to make us comfortable, and secure for old age. And enough to buy some poor one a wooden leg, sometimes, wheel chair, or those who need them, and for others food and clothing. For others, money for an education, but in California it seems to me the very poorest stand a splendid chance for good education. I love California—even as he did who came before me, blazing the way as it were. He was a wonderful boy and carried on a man's size job, with one leg a wooden one.

Now for the hospital. If ever I am ill again I hope to be so fortunate as to enter its doors again. I loved every nurse I came in contact with. I was there five weeks. And this is the hottest place imaginable—the Imperial Valley. But, I lay there and played "make believe" I was in the mountains at a summer resort taking a rest cure along with my other treatment. One nurse was a Scotch lassie, and her smile was like the sunshine, as quick and ready as could be. Her feet seemed to never tire of running, or going at a rapid rate along the corridor. To myself I called her "My bonnie Scotch Lassie." Then, there was the nurse from London, with lots of good common sense. I thought it was grand to have nurses from the old countries. And a San Diego girl who was so beautiful, we called her the "Pretty Girl." Then, the nurse who might have been just a high school girl, without her uniform, she was a girl. And last, but not least, I came to the Sisters of Mercy

who ran the hospital. I revered and loved them every one. These dear, poor things, I had every opportunity to gaze upon. And, words cannot tell how much I loved them. And, when trouble came, there arose before me the sweet face of one of them, so calm, so serene, so the sadness of life, so I called her over the phone. "Just to hear your voice," I said. She knew and understood, I'm sure.

And here is my advice. When you are ill and can do so, by all means go to a hospital and be cared. If you go in time, you are apt to be in the quietest of all hospitals and that is a blessing. It certainly was a Godsend to me. I was taken good care of. Before we knew anything about hospitals we had that ignorant feeling toward them that so many have but since my brother's and my own experience we are grateful for them.

Now for a change of subject. I voted for Wilson and prohibition, and feel it is my just heritage that I do vote. They wouldn't let me in the South—nor those poor too many women are slaves in the farm country in the Southern States. Some of them do not know that they are, a few are gradually ridding their minds, and thinking, but some go on in ignorance and indifference.

Now, I do not say that all women in the South are slaves, for they are not, but I have lived among the different people of that country, my work and my pleasure alike, and I have seen and heard of the sad condition. No, I married a Southern boy, and we agreed there'd be no boasting, that each would do as we pleased. We agreed on a lot of things beforehand, and we have never got ahead in disagree. For pure, courteous, old-fashioned courtesy, and I have found it in the Southern. For true, pure old-fashioned courtesy in the young womanhood hunt for and find it in the South. You will find it everywhere, but it grows as naturally there as does the rose cheek and bright eyes of the Southland's virtuous girls. There are thousands of them, and I have found them everywhere. The Imperial Valley yet a while, I have this Western one and the freedom it allows its women. I like the Western idea of its women being paid to their men. And the school system here cannot be compared in many places. Now, when I read the little story you old Georgia girl's letter, I wanted to applaud her. I like the way she stood up for her state. Her loyalty was beautiful indeed. I am glad the school system is so good where she is. I guess she never has been in parts away back—and yet not so far from the place they call civilization. Away back where a few little dirty, half-starved looking children come to be their A. B. C's. And a few more who needed to be in a home for feeble minded. And, again the parent (the man generally) who believed in bringing children to the world ever so often, and who then would plan for the future when the children were old enough to work in the fields for him. Oh, yes, I knew him, too, and a recent letter from him gave me infinite joy—there is a law compelling him to send them to school! But a while back the thing that got next to sister and the most was a woman writing to her beloved sex and the comes of the good old blue blooded families, and indeed also the good old proud of her ancestors and kin, since they went to make history in Georgia. Well, her son came to the Golden West to make his stake. He dithered about, and tried one thing and then another thing. He came expecting to find an uncivilized place like he left behind. He said that the new schoolhouse they were building here, the second high school, was ahead of anything in the capital city there! But, his dear mother wrote her boy to come back to civilization! Well, we laughed! Oh, civilization, thou man abused and misused word! Are you bounded by East or West, North or South? Every place has its advantages and disadvantages. And here we find people from the different parts of the world, good, bad, indifferent. Some of the best people on earth live here. While again there is no doubt either the right way or the evil in this new place. School is free, and the word free has no strings tied to it as it has in some places. In grammar school they furnish the books. No tuition to pay either. None to pay in high. If I were younger the pride of my days would be to enter high at this place. Oh, how my people do love these schools! There seems to be a magic about them indeed.

Yours, L. S. M.

MARION, IND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

One of the most highly appreciated gifts I received in the past year was a subscription to COMFORT. I am enjoying it immensely, especially the Sisters' Corner. Shakespeare said that we "look behind us and before us but never around us"—a hint to value fully the present moment; and Dickens tells of the woman who was wrapped up in the beaten of Boroboliah that she could never unbury long enough to attend to the needs of her very large family. But neither the dramatist nor the novelist would have any reason to reproach our Sisters' Corner in any way, for every sister seems alive to the needs and the opportunities of the here and now, in problems little and big. And how fast the problems come! It takes considerable mental activity to keep up with them for things are happening so fast in the world that like Alice in Wonderland, "you have to do all the running you can just to keep in the same place."

But how fortunate we are, in having that master mind, Uncle Charlie, to encourage and inspire us, to help us clear away the difficulties, sorrows and evils that beset society!

As a slight token of my appreciation of COMFORT and of the great work done by Uncle Charlie, I enclose four subscriptions to be credited to the Home Fund, and will try to send more later. Sisters, have (CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

a dead letter. The children wait outside the picture palaces and get some older person to take them in. They pass the price of their ticket to the older person who purchases two tickets instead of one and who of course never stops to think that he or she is breaking the law. In our libraries only so much fiction is handed out to the applicants for books. Our film censors should see that at least sixty per cent of the pictures shown on the screen are of educational value. There is plenty of good and beautiful stuff in this world ready to be flashed before the eyes of dull-witted humanity, something that will make them less dull witted and sharpen their slumbering brains, things that will uplift instead of degrade, things that will send people scurrying to the libraries for more and more information concerning the subjects that have appealed to their eyes and stimulated their thoughts. The world is still intensely, densely ignorant. Our children learn little. They leave school early, and it is after they leave school that culture and knowledge and worth-while information must be acquired, if at all. That culture in the olden days came from reading. The young person who hadn't read Dickens, Scott, Hugo, Dumas, Thackeray, Cooper, Hawthorne, Charlotte Brontë, Washington Irving, and the works of a number of other great authors, was regarded as an ignoramus. Today these young people are getting their education from Charlie Chaplin and Theda Bara. Today they are putting on pictures that make a specialty of nudity. Mark Twain's jest about the lady who was dressed in a smile is a jest no longer. She is on exhibition in the movies the country over. The average child of today thinks of nothing, cares for nothing, but the nickel or dime that can be earned or stolen and converted into a seat at the movies. Their eyes are familiar with every form of vice and crime. Do you wonder this growing generation has no patriotism and no soul? The good we get from reading is not in the development of a story, it is in the delineation of character, the study of beautiful and inspiring language, the uplifting thoughts, the mental stimulus induced by close association with genius and greatness. Reading makes one acquainted with all the great minds of all the ages. We can walk, talk and live in daily association with the noble and the great. Our body is made up of what we eat, the mind of what we read. If you want a harvest you must sow the ground with seed. If you want culture and knowledge you must sow your brains with seed thoughts garnered from books in which have been stored the wisdom of the ages. My publisher informs me that his output of books has fallen off one half during the last few years, thanks to the movie and the auto, principally the former. Nearly all publishers have the same tale to tell. We want more readers, not fewer. Recently New York was treated to a magnificent production of Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor. That production was exquisitely artistic and beautiful and I sent Maria and the Goat to see it. But, alas! It played to empty seats, and had to be taken off. If the metropolises of the country cannot support one Shakespearean production, what can be expected of the rest of the country? When New York was to be entertained it goes to the movies or to see such shows as "The Midnight Frolic," "The Century Girl," "In For The Night," "For The Love of Mike," "Upstairs and Down," etc. What chance could Shakespeare possibly have in a mess like that? Well, I've put you mothers and fathers wise, the rest is up to you. Eternal vigilance is the price of more than liberty. It is the price of everything else that is worth while. I'm delighted Edna to know that my advice on indignation has helped your friend so much. There is a side to medicine that few seem to know anything about, and that is the patient's side. Doctors are all too busy chasing the dollar to study that side, and that is a side I know more about than most people. I'm not surprised the doctors did not help you find, for though in America we have some of the very finest doctors in the world, the medical profession in the U. S. on the whole, at least eighty per cent of it, is woefully below the standards that obtain in Germany, Austria, France, England and other countries of the old world. It is a pity that it is so, but it is so. If half the preachers and half the doctors would go to road mending and make room for able, conscientious and better educated and more efficient men, both the body and the soul would have a better chance of being what they ought to be.

HYSHAM, MONT.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

As I thought I would write you for the first time, I have read so many of the cousins' letters and they were so interesting. I came to Montana in 1902 and there was only one store and post-office combine. There were only sixteen pupils to go to school, now there are two hundred and eighty-three. I am five feet one and a half inches tall, weigh one hundred pounds, have blonde hair, gray eyes, and a light complexion. They are only four in our family. Guess my age between thirteen and seventeen. Hoping to hear from the cousins.

GOLDIE BARTLEY.

Goldie, I am quite interested in your rediscovery of Montana. Montana is a big state and sparsely settled, but honestly I did think it contained more than one store and post-office combine, and I also thought there were more than sixteen pupils going to school. In my days there were no "pupils" in Montana. I suppose these have been imported in recent years. Maybe you are referring to a kennel instead of a school, and these "pupils" are a new kind of pup. That's quite a jump from sixteen "pupils" to two hundred and eighty-three and all this in seven years. Evidently there is no race suicide among the "pupils" around Hysham, Montana. But honestly I can't understand what has become of Montana's population. I have a very distinct recollection some twenty-four years ago of seeing three people in Great Falls, and at least two and a half in Helena; and one Sunday morning I counted more than three hundred big, husky guys hanging on to the rail of a booze foundry in the smoky city of Butte, and there was a store and post-office combine in each of these populous and bibulous cities. This store and post-office combine would suggest that Uncle Sam was going into other lines of business beside that of selling stamps. It would even suggest that he was selling soap, though they did not use much of that commodity in Montana when I was there. Guns, poker chips and high balls were the staple commodities a quarter of a century ago. Now the poker chips and the booze have been canned, senatorial seat stealing has become a hobby of the past, and a lady, Miss Ranken of Missoula (God bless her) the first woman to represent her sex in Congress, will be doing her best to put our national pork and gab factory in order by the time this reaches your eyes. Some state Montana, even if it does all the educational establishments of the seething city of Hysham with "pupils." I shall be very glad to see Uncle Sam in the combine business, and if he will combine the telephone, telegraph and the railroads with the other lines of business in which he specializes, I shall be very grateful. Government ownership of public utilities has always been and will continue to be, my slogan. It is the slogan of every wide-awake, efficient country. Why not ours? Why should this country always lag behind in the procession of progress just to oblige a few two-legged hogs? If we are to meet the competition of the nations of the old world (and we shall have to meet it for they by the way are organized to the last shoe button) we shall have to have industrial preparedness, as well as naval and military preparedness, and that will mean that Uncle Sam will have to do a lot of things for public use which can be done a great deal better than they are now being done for private profit. If it is good for the telegraph to click in every post-office in Europe, it ought to be good business for it to be clicking in our post-offices. The goat says that Goldie means post-office and store combined, and not combine. Ah,

Fifteen Minutes of Frightfulness

By Charles Baker Gilbert

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It was Sunday morning. "Well, what of it?" you ask impatiently. Much, in this instance; had it been a weekday, Jones would have been down at the office when the cat-but wait, let's tell it properly. Jones was an exceedingly diffident young bachelor who rented the third floor room in the widow Brown's home. In his timid, bunny-hearted way, he was in love with the charming young widow, but the mere thought of proposing to her scared him out of his so-to-speak wits. On more than one occasion, the widow, who had already decided that he was to be next, had endeavored to make it easy for him, but invariably Jones had retreated in deadly terror. Ten o'clock, Sunday morning, found Jones sitting in his room, deeply absorbed in the *Morning Herald's* account of a sensational murder and suicide that had taken place in that very neighborhood the night before. He had just reached this delectable detail:

"On entering the kitchen, the police found the bodies of husband and wife lying together in a pool of blood. A smoking revolver, gripped in the man's hand, told the tale. Smith and his wife had separated some months previously. To support herself, Mrs. Smith had rented a furnished house and taken roomers. Smith, fancying that the male lodgers were attentive to his wife, called at the house about nine o'clock last night, and after a violent scene, heard by several neighbors, shot her twice, then sent a bullet through his own—"

Bang! Jones dropped the paper, catapulted from the chair and started for the windy. Halfway there, his starboard pedal extremely encountered a torn place in the carpet, sending him sprawling. In his fall, he clutched the lace curtains of the window, tearing them down; the pole followed suit, plunging into the water pitcher; the whole mess landing on Jones most delightfully. (His remarks deleted by censor.)

Those surely were pistol shots; this time they seemed to come from the floors below. Jones scrambled to his feet, surveyed the wreckage about him, then scurried out of the room, half fell down the stairs, and rushed madly through the second floor rooms. They were all empty—no sign of a disturbance of any kind.

Down the first flight of stairs he stumbled and into the darkened parlor, where he fell over something soft. The tell that followed made every hair of his head stand on end! Only the cat, wakened from her nap by the disturbance—now backed into a far corner, green eyes glaring balefully, hissing like the traditional stage villain! Jones loathed cats—this one in particular. Another time he would have hurled something at it; the present situation however left no time for such pleasantries. With a muttered imprecation on all cats, he rose cautiously, groping his way out of the gloom. In the dining-room he found no clue. Reaching the kitchen, the door of which was closed, he had just laid his hand on the doorknob when—

Bang! Bang! Bang! Jones jumped at last a foot in the air. His heart nearly jumped out of his mouth. Jumping Jupiter! Everything jumped! Those shots had certainly been fired in the kitchen! Seizing the knob, he found the door locked. "Mrs. Smith!" he shouted—"Mrs. Smith!"

No answer—or did he fancy that he heard a sound resembling a dying gasp? And now, to his utter horror, a dark red stain slowly started seeping under the door! Some people cannot endure the sight of blood; Jones belonged to this class. He gulped, started dumbly at the dull patch of red slowly advancing, then he dashed wildly out of the house to find a policeman.

To state that he failed in his search is so utterly bromidic that we hesitate to impart the information; truthfully however, compels the assertion. With trembling steps he returned to the house of horror and tore the telephone receiver from its hook.

"Hello! Hello! Hello!! Police Headquarters—quick! Murder just committed here—what? Get

off the line—Get off! How's that? This is Police Headquarters! Come at once—murder just happened—murder and suicide both, I think—hurry up! Where? Oh, Lord! I forgot—Seventeen-eight-five, West thirty-seven Street—hurry!"

Waiting for the arrival of the police, Jones paced up and down the little parlor like a caged beast. (We believe this is the correct way to pace in such cases; at any rate, he paced.) Twice he strode out towards the kitchen, but each time the sight of that gruesome red stain oozing under the door sent him back shuddering. "Ugh!" he gulped. "Good Lord!"

What could it all mean? Was this another murder case similar to that in the paper? Mrs. Smith was a widow—at least so he had been informed by no less a personage than that charming young woman herself. Her husband had been dead these three years—at least so she had told Jones. She had one little daughter, Dorothy, a chubby, flaxen-haired tot of five summers—had the little girl been murdered too?

It was horrible. More, it was inconvenient. Jones mentally pictured himself figuring in a sensational murder case. Perhaps he would even be charged with the crime. It was simply appalling!

"So she was a grass widow!" he groaned. Further remarks were prevented by arrival of the police—a Sergeant and two patrolmen. With a shrill cry, Jones pointed in the direction of the kitchen; then followed the bluecoats with trembling footsteps.

They halted at the closed door, where that ominous dull red stain hinted of nameless horrors beyond.

"Break open that door!" thundered the Sergeant.

As the door gave way, a shrill little feminine scream issued from the parlor. Wheeling in amazement, Jones beheld the widow in street attire, with Dorothy clinging to her skirts in fright. Whatever is the matter? gasped the widow.

"What are these policemen doing here?" Coming closer, her gaze fell on the now exposed interior of the kitchen, which indeed resembled the scene of a bloody conflict—walls and floor spattered with dull red.

"Oh, my catsup!" she screamed. "Half the bottles exploded, and I worked so hard over it!" She began weeping hysterically.

The men stared stupidly at one another for a moment; then a broad grin spread over the Sergeant's face.

"It's all right, Mum—this young fellow's nutty, that's all! Come on, men!" The police tramped out, leaving poor Jones to face the music alone!

Trembling with mixed emotions, he turned to the widow; he found her regarding him with amusement in spite of her tears.

"You're as white as a sheet!" she laughed nervously. Then—"Dorothy, let that catsup alone go right up stairs this minute, and change your dress!" Dorothy disappeared, licking her tiny fingers.

Jones turned once more to the widow. "Well?" she queried.

"Mrs. Brown—Stella—I thought—" he stammered in utter confusion, turning from deathly pallor to a rich red that rivalled the catsup in hue. Great drops of perspiration broke out on his brow. Would he never be able to say it?

It was abominable! With a herculean effort he tried again. "I—er—you see, I—well, I thought you had been murdered—like a woman I read about in this morning's paper, and—well, I just couldn't stand it, Stella!" he finished lamely.

"You poor dear!" murmured the widow. "You cared that much?"

For Mr. Jones, the room was rocking. Suns, planets, comets, whole constellations and solar systems flashed before his dizzy gaze. His lips parted, but he found himself speechless; his knees knocked together painfully.

And then, in a flash, an inspiration came to him. Now or never! If words failed him, so much the worse for words!

Bracing himself for a last, grand, superhuman effort, he took one stride and swept her into his arms!

Live on the mistakes, the errors and the sins of the wayward backsliders who support them. Rockefeller and Carnegie live on the ignorance, and stupidity of people at large. The only difference between myself and the other people I have referred to is that I am trying to correct the mistakes of humanity instead of trying to perpetuate them and get fat on them. So after all I'm not such a wretch as the Goat would make me out to be, and there is another thing to be said in my favor, I never rode a mull to school.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I wish you let a North Carolinian join your happy band. I live in the mountains of western North Carolina. The Blue Ridge, the most beautiful scenery in the state. The Blue Ridge, which traverses the western part of the state is noted for its many beautiful peaks, mountains and valleys. Being thus situated, it affords a very healthful climate. Many people spend the summer come up into the mountains and spend the summer at the beautiful little summer resorts, Blowing Rock, and Boone.

I think Comfort is the best paper I ever read. I already have your story book, it sure is a treasure. I am going to get the others. I am twenty years of age, fair complexion, blue eyes, weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Uncle Charlie, I want to study for a trained nurse. People tell me it is a very hard job. I don't think there are many easy jobs these days. What do you think about it? I have decided where I want to go to yet. I know it takes lots of nerve, I think it takes nerve to do anything.

I wish some of the cousins were here we would go sleigh riding, the ground is covered with snow and you Uncle Charlie, you could sit in the middle and you would be all right.

Tell Maria and Billy the Goat. I think they are two sweet girls and wish I could run over and chat with them a while. As this is my first attempt, I will close. Your cousin,

Ada Wilcox.

Ada, I am glad your climate is healthy. It seems to me all climates are healthy, for I never saw or heard of a climate going to the doctor and handing out a two spot, and I never saw one die yet. Gee, I wish I was a climate who are thoroughly acquainted with your state can tell me how it is that North Carolina is so chock full of invalids? A healthy climate ought to go a long way toward producing healthy people. About seventy-five per cent of our bedridden shut-ins are the victims of rheumatism. Rheumatism, like the goblins, is going to get you if you don't watch out, and North Carolina is full of rheumatism, and what North Carolina has not got in the way of rheumatism Virginia seems to have appropriated. From what I can find out from inquiry and observation, I can find out the conclusion that most people become rheumatic invalids from neglect. For that matter however, it is neglect that kills most people. Rheumatism, however usually takes from thirty to forty years of a person's life. It is less merciful or more merciful than tuberculosis according to a person's point of view. However, if you people who get a twinge of rheumatism would immediately get busy and cure the attack in its infancy, our shut-ins in columns would contain fewer names of people in need of help. If you get a twinge of rheumatism in the joints rub the affected parts immediately with oil of wintergreen and always have plenty of flannel on hand so as to keep the parts good and warm. I don't need to tell you to cut out meat, for I imagine with meat at its present price, few of you ever get any to eat. When you feel the rheumatic twinges or any other twinges

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of pain, the causes of which you cannot locate, or any feverish conditions arising from grip, cold or rheumatism, take a cathartic in the morning. Whatever the ailment and whatever other remedy may be required it is necessary to keep the bowels free and active, and this alone in many cases is all the treatment needed. So Ada, you want to study for a trained nurse do you? What an awfully obliging girl you are? You must think a great deal of that young lady you are going to study for, but what kind of a nurse do you think she will make, if you do the studying she ought to be doing herself? You bet trained nursing is a hard job and it cannot be done vicariously. Billy the Goat says he had one of those vicarious things at home, but it died. There is a great demand at the present time for trained nurses, especially in New York. Don't however come to New York with the idea of taking up nursing unless you are a high school graduate, and can work like a horse for three years, be ready to get an attack of diphtheria, which few nurses escape, and be exposed to all sorts of contagion. You also want to have the heart action of an athlete and the self control of a Roman matron, for unless you have a face like a cream puff that has been trodden on, the young house doctors won't give you much peace. I spent six years in hospitals and institutions and, believe me, there is not much that I don't know about them. Meanwhile, Ada, Billy the Goat says you should train to be a nurse, but don't train for a nurse. Never encourage laziness by doing for others what they should do for themselves.

302 Shelby St., Silver Grove, New Albany Ind.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have been reading your letters for a good while and should like to join your merry circle. I should like to correspond with someone. I belong to the Aloha Club. I like to read. I am in the sixth grade. I have brown hair, brown eyes and dark complexion. I go to Silver St. school. I can hardly wait till Monday, that is when we have our school test. I just love them. This is Sunday afternoon and I feel so lazy and stupid I can't do anything. I wish someone would write me and tell me what to do for laziness. I don't want to do this and I don't want to do that. I don't want to take my music lesson. Well as I have written enough for the first time I think I will stop.

Your niece, DOROTHY RODGERS.

So, Dorothy, you want a cure for laziness do you? The best one I know would be to have a little visit from Billy the Goat. He has butted the laziness out of quite a few people. If Billy's horns, scientifically applied, do not get results, you might pay a visit to where the spunk weed grows. Before I spanked the laziness out of you, Dorothy, I'd fry and find out if you were in good health. Laziness and disinclination to work is as often due to sickness as it is to laziness and ignorance. Laziness is often the result of overfeeding as well as underfeeding. The wrong kind of diet too, and especially a badly balanced diet may lead to inertia. Humanity is constitutionally lazy. Most of us would rather have the other fellow do what we ought to do ourselves. We go through life on the principle that it is much better to have George do the things we ought to do. We are always seeking excuses for pushing our bur-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Spring Care of the Work Horse

It should be remembered that in the spring the work horse is soft after the confinement and lack of labor of the winter season; consequently he should be gradually fitted for hard labor. Just as the athlete has to specially prepare himself for a race or severe test of endurance, so the muscles of the work horse should be got into fit condition for work by exercise, grooming or brisk massage and proper feeding.

Shedding of Hair

At this time of the year the horse is shedding his winter coat of hair, or should be doing so, and this preparation for summer commonly is associated with discomfort, weakness or actual sickness. To help the horse get rid of his coat it is well to stop feeding heating corn and substitute whole oats, wheat bran and oilmeal. The change in feed should, however, be made gradually, for all sudden changes of feed are liable to cause indigestion.

Clipping

If the hair is tardy in shedding it is a good plan to heavily blanket the horse and trot him until sweat is induced. The hair then comes off in great rolls, adhering to the blanket, and the work is completed by brisk use of the curry-comb and hand brush. In cases where such measures do not loosen the coat clipping should be resorted to at once, but if a horse is clipped at this time he should be regularly clipped every spring. It is rare, indeed, for the coat to assume normal polish after clipping has been done; still the practice is a good one, when the horse can be properly blanketed, as it tends to prevent cough, bronchitis or even pneumonia, often caused by sweating and then chilling in the stable.

Partial Clipping

When the condition of the weather will not permit complete clipping of the coat, and a horse is doing poorly, sweating in the stable or showing any symptom of indigestion, partial clipping should be done. This consists of clipping the hair from the legs, above the knees and hocks, and from the belly and on the sides to a line with the breast collar and breeching straps. The hair left on the legs protects the skin and helps to prevent "scratches" or "mud fever" where the horse has to work in wet, slush or mud.

Toughening the Shoulders

At this time it is also well to "toughen" the shoulders for work "in the collar." Nothing surpasses cold water with the addition of two teaspoonsful of salt per pint, as a lotion for this purpose. Used regularly three times a day it will prevent collar and back-pain sores and at the same time have the desired "toughening" effect. If something stronger is required, as indicated by the appearance of scalded, galled or sore spots where the harness bears and rubs, use a solution of one teaspoonful of tannic or gallic acid and a pint of cold soft water, or a strong tea of white oak bark, or water containing all the powdered alum it will dissolve. Then keep the collar clean and dry and dust its bearing surface with talcum powder before putting it upon the horse.

Caring for the Feet

Attention to the feet also is of prime importance. If the horse has to work hard upon the road or on land that is not of the black prairie type it is best to shoe his feet and to reset the shoes once a month. The hind feet need not be shod if the horse has to work only upon the land, but they should be kept properly trimmed by timely use of the rasp.

In conclusion it may be added that it is best to keep the work horse off grass in the spring, to supply him with cold, pure drinking water before meals and when at work in the field, and to see to it that his stable is kept clean, well ventilated and darkened against flies in hot weather.

Spring Campaign Against Weeds

The fight against weeds should begin early in the season. Later on they have become strong and vigorous and soon get beyond control. A little thought and work now will mean both money and labor saved later on.

Prepare all work land, whether fall or spring plowed, as early as the weather will permit. This makes weed seeds sprout and show above ground before the crop is planted, and harrowing will kill most of them. This treatment is especially successful in combating such weeds as Russian thistle, pigweed, goosefoot, cocklebur, milkweed, common ragweed, giant ragweed or kinshead, and mustard. In fact any of the common annual farm weeds which are perpetuated by means of seed alone can be effectively fought in this manner, though their control is almost impossible later in the season, especially in grain fields, due to their rapid growth and early seeding habit.

If a second crop of weeds develops in the grain fields harrowing is safe and entirely satisfactory until the grain is two inches high. In dry areas this practice is even beneficial to the grain crop, since it sets the grain back very little and forces a more extensive root growth, kills the weeds, and leaves a moisture conserving dust mulch that will not easily be blown away by the wind.

Danger from Grain Smuts and Blights

A recent circular of a middle west experiment station warns against impending danger from smuts and blights in grain. Owing to the cold wet season grain smuts and blights were unusually severe in 1915. The seed oats and barley, then, that will be sown the coming spring will have an abundance of smut spores or "germs" under the hulls, in the furrows, and even inside the kernels. If such seed is sown without first killing the spores, loss from smut is sure to occur and unless prevented will be heavy this year.

How to Kill Smut.—The Formalin Seed Treatment is the best and most effective for general use on the farm. The cost is extremely low—14 to 16 cents a pound (pint) if purchased in

quantities of five gallons or more. The solution used is made up as follows: One pint Formalin (Formaldehyde 40 per cent) in 30 to 35 gallons of water. Mix well. Barrels or tanks are not injured by the formalin and may be used for holding the solution when soaking or dipping the seed. The solution may be used several times, but preferably not more than four or five times.

CAUTIONS TO BE OBSERVED.—Always run the seed through a good fanning mill before any treatment is given. This will remove many of the blighted kernels, the spore balls, many of the free smut spores and dirt.

2.—Avoid freezing the wet grain. Freezing would lower or destroy germination.

3.—When the seed has been treated and is yet damp and swollen the seeder or drill should be set to sow one half bushel (barley or wheat) to three quarters bushel (oats) more to an acre than the usual amount. Soak the seed in the solution in loosely filled burlap or gunny sacks for two hours. Drain on slats over the barrels or tanks to prevent wasting the solution. Dry by spreading on a clean floor, stir occasionally with rake or shovel. It will dry faster if the wind can blow over the wet grain. Sow as soon as the seed will run freely or dry thoroughly and store in clean bags or bins until it is planted. Barley requires a two-hour treatment to kill the leaf stripe and loose smut diseases.

TREATMENT BEST FOR OATS, WHEAT AND RYE.—Dip the seed, in loosely filled burlap or gunny sacks, into the solution and soak for five minutes. Drain and pile the oats or wheat on a clean floor or canvas and cover with sacks or canvas for two hours. It is best to leave rye covered for four to six hours. This covering is important as it prevents too rapid evaporation of the formalin. It is difficult to dry oats if long treatment is applied.

Cultivating the Orchard

It is a well-known fact that ordinary farm crops cannot be successfully grown without tillage. No one expects to produce a good crop of potatoes or corn without giving careful cultivation. Why then should we expect to grow apples, peaches or any fruit without the same care?

Tillage improves the physical condition of the soil, saves moisture and hastens growth. Cultivation also destroys weeds and other pests that may prove of great injury to both trees and fruit. If the trees are choked with grass and robbed of their proper nourishment by weeds they cannot be expected to produce first-class fruit.

While the time and amount of tillage depends upon local conditions it can be stated as a general principle that orchards should be kept free from grass and weeds by clean cultivation during the early part of the season at least.

If it is desirable to add a fertilizer in the form of green manure the orchard may be seeded to clover with oats as a nurse crop. The oats should be cut very early for hay, since their ripening takes a large amount of both moisture and plant food to produce a crop of grain. The growing clover will take nitrogen from the air and, if plowed under, this nitrogen will be added to the soil. If desired, rye or barley may be sown instead of oats as a nurse crop or the clover may be sown under favorable conditions without the nurse crop. However, if clover seed is sown alone it should not be sown on woody land as the weeds will choke the young clover plants.

If the old orchard has ceased to bear, try plowing it up this spring and giving it thorough cultivation as a part of your plan to help it to produce a crop of fruit.

Watch for Shot Hole Borers

These pests attack orchard trees by boring just beneath the bark. They are first discovered when the trees are pruned in spring. Peach trees attacked by borers exude gum at the point where the injury is made.

When first detected the trees should be treated with a wash made as follows:

One gallon of commercial lime sulphur to eight gallons of water or

Self whitewash to which has been added a quart of crude carbolic acid to each twenty-five gallons.

This should be applied to the trunk and large limbs with a whitewash brush and to the small ones with a power spray.

Seeds for Late Planting

In selecting seeds for late planting remember to get good seeds. These should be fresh seeds, not over two years old. The grocer grocery may keep this kind of seeds but without you know your grocer and can take his word you are likely to get old seeds. Besides, dealers who sell seeds to grocers often palm off poor seeds on them. Even though your grocer may be perfectly honest you may get bad seeds from him. The best way is to take them home and before planting test each package according to directions given in former numbers of COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER. In this way you may be sure that the seeds you plant will grow and you will run no risk of losing a crop through planting poor seed.

BE SURE THEY ARE PURE.—With certain seeds, especially the clover and grass seeds, are often found many impurities. Before purchasing these examine them with a glass for bad seeds or weed seeds which they may contain. It is far better to buy pure seeds and make your own lawn mixture than it is to buy many of the widely advertised lawn mixtures and sow dandelions and quack grass and English plantain on the lawn.

TRANSPLANTING.—Many plants, especially those grown from very small seeds, do better if twice transplanted. They should first be sown in pans or boxes and as soon as they are an inch high "pricked out" in flats an inch or two apart each way. Flats are shallow wooden boxes about three inches deep and 18 or 20 inches square filled with good rich growing soil.

When the plants are ready to be set in the open ground, the soil in the flat should be thoroughly soaked and the plants removed without disturbing the roots too much. Besides making it possible to start plants early, before the outside conditions are suitable, transplanting increases the vigor of plants by promoting root growth. However, only those plants developing branching roots can be easily and successfully transplanted. Single tap-rooted plants like cu-

cumbers and melons transplant with the greatest difficulty. Starting such plants in little squares of sod and then setting plant, sod and all out when conditions are suitable is the best way of transplanting such plants. They may also be grown in paper pots and transferred to the outside in the same way, removing the paper carefully after the plant is set in the earth.

Vegetables out of the Ordinary

The Udo

This vegetable was brought into the country about ten years ago from Japan where it is cultivated for both its roots and its young shoots. The only use yet made of it in this country, however, is for its shoots which are cut and used much the same as asparagus. The shoots are blanched before cutting by placing around them an ordinary drain tile.

In taste the udo is somewhat like parsnip. It has a pine taste which is removed by cooking in cold water and parboiling later in two or three waters. It is prepared and eaten much the same as asparagus.

Witloof Chicory

This is a salad plant grown extensively in Europe where it has attained great perfection. In America it can be grown successfully either from seed or from roots which may be forced in early spring. The seed may be sown in May or June and the roots, to be used for early forcing, harvested about the last of October. It is cultivated during the summer months much the same as any other garden vegetable. The rows should be about a foot apart and the plants should stand about ten inches apart in the row. The best methods of growing chicory for market are discussed in Bulletin No. 418 of the Experiment Station at Geneva, New York.

Poisoning Vermin

Gophers and prairie dogs may be most easily poisoned in the spring when they first leave their burrows after hibernating during the winter months. At this time they will ravenously eat almost any kind of poisoned bait because food is scarce, and each adult animal killed now, before the young are born, is equal to half a dozen killed later in the season.

For prairie dogs and pocket gophers use potatoes or apples as bait. Silt each place with a knife and insert a bit of sulphate of strychnine about half as large as a grain of wheat. Drop the baits into the mouths of inhabited burrows where it is out of reach of stock. One bait in each hole is sufficient. An average of ten acres of very badly infested ground can be treated each day by one experienced man.

Common gophers and "flickertails" should be poisoned with grain treated with strychnine. One of the best formulas is as follows:

Dissolve one and one half ounces of sulphate of strychnine in a quart of hot water. Add a quart of syrup—molasses, sorghum, or thick sugar and water—and a teaspoonful of oil of anise. Thoroughly heat and mix the liquid, and while hot pour over a bushel of clean wheat and mix thoroughly. Stir in two pounds of fine corn meal, the quantity depending upon the amount of excess moisture present. Allow the mixture to stand over night, taking care that there is no leakage from the containing vessel. Distribute early in the morning. One bushel of poisoned grain will suffice for 1,000 to 1,200 holes. Use one teaspoonful for each burrow. Drop directly into burrows. As strychnine is one of the most deadly poisons the utmost care must be taken to keep it away from all domestic animals and make sure that it is out of the reach of children.

Dirt Roads

Notwithstanding all arguments to the contrary, the dirt road is the best road,—not the poor dirt road or the sand wallow, or the mud hole, but the good dirt road properly built and maintained.

The dirt road is the best road because it is the cheapest to build. A good road can be built from the earth in place for less than one third the cost of macadam or one tenth the cost of concrete road. It is both easiest and quickest to build as the material is on the ground, does not have to be hauled and seldom must be moved more than a few feet.

The big problem of good roads efforts is not the construction but the maintenance of these roads. Earth roads are the easiest, cheapest and cheapest to repair and if properly built will wear longer than stone roads. Like the construction material, the repair material is always close at hand.

How to BUILD a GOOD DIRT ROAD.—There are two simple rules for building a good earth road which if followed will give very satisfactory results. They are:

1. Get the water off and keep it off.

2. Keep the surface well packed.

Of course it is not always easy to follow these rules, the lay of the land and the character of the soil itself being the two factors which must be contended with.

How to GET THE WATER OFF.—The earth road should be carefully surveyed and levels run and grade stakes set. The water, when the land is shaped to the grade stakes, should run rapidly off and find an outlet so that it will not stand in ditches by the side of the road. If it does it will work back under the roadbed and soften the track.

The road should be crowned in the middle at least two feet above the surface runs, or ditches beside the road. These surface runs should not be more than two rods apart and should be kept so clean that water runs, never stands, in them.

Beneath these surface ditches and from four to six feet nearer the track should be laid lines of tile three feet below the surface. The size of these tiles will depend upon the distance from the outlet—the farther the distance the larger the tile. In all low and wet places cross tiles should be laid beneath the track or connect the two main lines. The surface runs will carry off the excess rain water and the tiles will drain out the excess soil water from beneath the track and make a hard, dry roadbed.

How to KEEP THE SURFACE HARD.—A dry roadbed is the first essential to a hard surface. Loosely soil will absorb a large amount of water, hence loose soil should never be left on the roadbed. Whenever it is necessary to repair the track or put on fresh soil it should be immediately rolled down with a heavy roller. After heavy rains which have a tendency to soften the track, thus causing ruts, a King road drag should be run over the surface to level it off and fill up the ruts.

With a hard surface and a dry and well-drained roadbed, a dirt road will cost less to keep in repair than the best stone road.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our former subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming.

Questions and Answers

DECAY OF ORGANIC MATTER.—We have debated the following question in our school but can find no answer to it. The question is: "When organic matter rots why does some go to make coal and some to make soil?"

MISS H. H. BARNHART, Mo.

A.—Organic matter which goes to make coal does not rot. It is buried so deeply that the air is cut off and, being under great pressure and subjected to intense internal heat of the earth, gas is driven off and carbon—coal—remains. If it "rotted" it would go to make soil. The chemical process is difficult to explain in a few words. Rotting is a process of disintegration by combining with the oxygen of the air, a kind of slow burning.

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Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Spring Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH
Unless Other Price Is Stated

2013—Ladies' Apron Dress.—This model may serve as a house dress. Percale, gingham, seersucker, crepe, lawn, alpaca are good for its development.

Cut in four sizes: 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires five yards of 36-inch material for a 34-inch size.

1780—Ladies' Breakfast Sack and Cap. Dimity, lawn, chambray, gingham, crepe, batiste or percale could be used for these models.

Cut in three sizes: small, medium and large, and requires three and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for the sack and seven eighths yard for the cap for a medium size.

1723—A Neat and Practical Apron Model. The pockets may be omitted.

Cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. It is nice for gingham, chambray, lawn, percale, alpaca and saten. The medium size will require five and one eighth yards of 36-inch material.

1795—A Practical and Easily Developed Outfit. The dress is good for all wash fabrics, and also for serge, and other woollens. The pattern includes all three garments.

Cut in five sizes: two, three, four, five and six years. It requires seven eighths yards for the drawers, one and one half yard for the undershirt, and one eighth yard for the collar of the dress, of 36-inch material, for a four-year size.

2006—Ladies' House Dress with reversible closing, with or without chemise, and with sleeve in wrist or elbow length. Seersucker, chambray, gingham, lawn, cashmere, flannelette, alpaca, brilliantine and percale are nice for this style.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires seven and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2005—Ladies' Shirt-waist, with or without yoke. Linen, taffeta, satin, batiste, lawn, or flannel are good for this model.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires three and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1854—An Attractive Apron Model. The apron is good for gingham, percale, lawn, cambric, saten or drill. If desired the back portion of the bib may be omitted.

Cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. It requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1777—A Set of Smart Dress Accessories. Batiste, lawn, organdy, net, lace, mull and linen are all good for these models.

The pattern including all styles is cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. It requires for No. 1 one and one quarter yard; for No. 2, seven eighths yard, for No. 3, three quarters yard of 27-inch material for a medium size.

1880—Night Dress in high or low neck, and with sleeve in either of two lengths for ladies and misses. Mullin, batiste, nainsook, lawn, crepe, silk and flannelette, could be used for this model.

Cut in three sizes: for misses, 16, 18 and 20 years; and in six sizes for ladies, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It will require five and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for an 18-year size, or five and five eighths yards for a 38-inch size.

2002—Boys' Russian Suit, with or without revers, collar and shield. Serge, chevrot, velvet, corduroy, linen, seersucker, percale and galatea are good materials for this model.

Cut in four sizes: two, three, four and five years. It requires three and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

1781—A Charming Spring Frock. The dress is good for lawn, dimity, crepe, checked or striped taffeta, batiste or voile.

Cut in four sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires four yards of 44-inch material for the dress with ruffles, and three yards without ruffles, for a 14-year size.

2004—Junior Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Serge, gabardine, plaid suiting, or shepherd check, would be nice for this style. Taffeta, corduroy, or velvet are also nice for this model.

Cut in three sizes: 12, 14, and 16 years. It requires five and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a 14-year size.

1988—Waist, 1976—Skirt. A Neat, Attractive Dress for home or calling. The waist is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires two and one half yards of 44-inch material for the waist, and five and one half yards for the skirt for a medium size. Two separate patterns 10c. for each pattern.

1767—A Stylish Dress for the little miss. Plaid gingham, striped seersucker, or figured percale are nice for this style. The sleeve is in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in four sizes: four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires four and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

1801—Girls' Apron and Cap. For a complete dress covering, for comfort and ease, the model here shown is ideal. The pocket is big and comfortable.

Cut in five sizes: six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 10-year size, for the apron, and three quarters yard for the cap.

2000—Ladies' Dress, with body lining. Gray satin, with lace for the vest and fancy buttons for trimming is here shown. The sleeve is finished at wrist length, with a smart cuff.

Cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires six yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2003—Ladies' Dress. This style is nice for black or blue satin, gabardine, chevrot, shepherd check, chiffon cloth, velvet and corduroy.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1779—A Simple, Popular Model. This is a pretty style, easy to develop and nice for all kinds of wash materials. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in four sizes: eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires four and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size.

1900—Ladies' Apron and Sleeve Protector.

Drill, flannel, linen, lawn, alpaca, percale and brilliantine could be used for this style.

Cut in four sizes: 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires five yards of 36-inch material for the apron, and three eighths yard for the sleeve protector.

1764—Boys' Middy Suit. This design is a popular style, good for wash and woolen goods. The blouse is provided with an adjustable shield.

Cut in five sizes: three, four, five, six and eight years. It requires three and three quarters yards of 27-inch material for a four-year size.

1907—A Simple, One-piece Model with sleeve

in either of two lengths. Lawn, nainsook, batiste, flannelette, albatross, cashmere and silk are good for this style.

Cut in five sizes: six months, one, two, three and four years. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a two-year size.

1985—Ladies' Combination Corset Cover and Drawers. For this style, cambric, lawn, batiste, crepe, silk and linen are nice.

Cut in four sizes: 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size.

1995—Ladies' Four-piece Skirt in raised waist-line. Serge, gabardine, velvet, satin, broadcloth, chevrot, jersey cloth, plaid and mixed suiting, are all good for this style. The pockets may be omitted.

Cut in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires three and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

2001—Ladies' House Dress, with or without

back yoke, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. Gray and white striped seersucker, is here shown. The skirt has roomy pockets and is a three-piece model.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2008—Waist, 2010—Skirt. A Smart and Serviceable Dress. One could combine striped or plain gingham or suiting for this design.

The skirt pattern is cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. The waist is in the same sizes. It will require six and three quarters yards of 36-inch material to make skirt and waist of one material, in a 16-year size. Two separate patterns 10c. for each pattern.

1908—Dress for Misses and Small Women. The dress has a fitted body lining, to which the skirt is gathered. The outer waist may be finished separately or tacked over the lining.

Cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires six and one half yards of 36-inch material for an 18-year size.

1940—Ladies' Skirt, with or without yoke belt. This style is nice for satin, velvet, serge and gabardine, also for broadcloth, mixed and checked suiting.

Cut in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires four and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a 24-inch size.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

We done our utmost to help along this good work? It is so very easy for us to say that we appreciate and love Uncle Charlie—but remember, "words without deeds never to Heaven go!" Let's put our creed into our deed and not be guilty of paying our tribute to Uncle Charlie in that language of coin—words, words! Don't let a day pass without trying to get a "sub," for, remember, it is only by the effort of every one of us that we can get that Home.

Best wishes to all,
MINNIE BRUBAKER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
Now that the "in-laws" subject has come up, I'm just itching to tell you sisters how I'm tangled up with them. But just as long as I keep within the law I fear neither mother-in-law nor father-in-law and I have two of each.

You see my husband's parents are divorced and each have married again. Dad-in-law's second wife died and he has chosen a third. Hubby and I stood up with them to be married so you can see I get along nicely in that quarter. That made three mothers-in-law that I have had to meet, battle with and overcome. But I do think a daughter-in-law gets the worst of it most of the time; still there are times she is to blame, for any hard feelings, etc. For remember, sisters, you are taking mother's son away from her and she is inclined to be a bit jealous, wondering if you are cooking his meals as she has always cooked them, keeping his socks and clothes mended, or if you squander his hard-earned money, which she has taught him to save. She might even want to come and manage your home for you or tell you how to do it. Now it doesn't cost a penny to listen to advice or experience, so if mother-in-law has some to give with each visit, just drink it all in and use it, if you see fit, or show her where you can improve upon one of her suggestions. You sisters would take to heart all your mother's advice, wouldn't you? Well, why not your mother-in-law's? Remember she has her son's welfare at heart, as your mother has yours.

And fathers-in-law, why they don't bother me a bit. Seems to me they just give a kiss and greeting and then settle down to their pipe and paper, saying to themselves, "let him paddle his own canoe, as I have had to paddle mine."

But if you sisters and visits going from bad to worse, just inform the "in-laws" in the nicest kind of way, that when you married your husband, you didn't marry the family. Learn to control your tongue and keep your opinions to yourself. It's an awful job sometimes, sisters, but it pays.

I have sifted this all out from personal experience and perhaps it will set a few sisters, who have the "in-law" trouble in either slight or severe cases, to think and act upon my simple remedy.

Here's good luck to one and all of COMFORT's readers.

Mrs. A. H. REYNOLDS.

MICHIGAN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:
I have long been a reader of COMFORT but never thought I could help anyone I have been content to read the letters and say nothing.

But in the February COMFORT I found a case similar to mine and I am going to write and say to "Lonely One" that she doesn't need to fear. For six years I thought just the same as she does and most likely would think that way yet had not a friend asked why we did not have any children, as we were both very fond of them and she thought we should have a large family. Then I told her of the fears I had. I only wish that "Lonely One" could have some talk to her as that true woman talked to me. She told me I would lose all fear and think only of the time when I would be so happy with my little baby, and she was right. In less than a year I gave birth to a fine little boy and two years later to a baby girl. They are both in school now and the house is lonely without them. I wish it were so we could care for more, then the house wouldn't be lonely very long.

So, "Lonely One" take heart, and let us know before long if there isn't a sweet little one to some day call you mother.

With very best wishes to COMFORT's staff and to the sisters, I remain,
A COMFORT SISTER.

OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:
I have been a reader of COMFORT most of the years since the days of Aunt Minerva and her Owls. It is one of the two papers in the home I remember when a child. The stories of frontier life on the Western plains, Ozark Hills and surroundings that I read at that impressionable age I did not forget. Now I sometimes wonder if that early reading did not have an influence on my later ambitions. From the early teens I've had an almost unconquerable desire to live in the West. Anything relating to that section of the country was more interesting to me than from any other place. I believe that many parents do not understand that a child's early impressions are clearest and deepest that their minds or lives are molded by what they see and hear while children.

I heard of a mother who had two sons that wanted to be sailors. As it was against her wishes she could not understand why they did. An educated friend asked to see the boys' sleeping-room. There on the wall was a large picture of a marine scene, showing a beautiful ship. The friend said, "You need look no further. That explains it."

I know a large family where more than half the children are teachers. I often wondered why, but when I saw their respect, almost reverence, for an aged uncle, who, as a teacher, had been held up as an ideal to them in their childhood, it was explained. It almost seems as if some of them will follow his example and teach fifty years.

I think many parents shape their children's future unconsciously or have known several cases that make me sure of it. Our own family for instance. We lived in an excellent neighborhood and owned our farm. Our parents worked hard and managed to advantage, but we children were given the idea that farm life was drudgery. It was not that we did not like the work, but other lines of work were held up as being easier, more pleasant, better paid and more desirable. In our family of seven children not one farmer by choice!

In contrast to Georgie's opinion, I think country life is superior to city life for children. I do not mean the child of wealthy parents who is bought up scientifically and guarded by nurses, tutors and chaperons. I mean wherever children congregate on streets, alleys, etc., out of sight and hearing of parents. A child's education is begun in time. Nothing gave our three-year-old son more delight than to watch and help care for hatching chicks. I answered his questions standing. He could and in a way suited to his understanding. He had had seeds and examples of plant fertilization explained. What his father told him about the barnyard babies was as in your (even if he is older), as interesting to him and as innocent and matter-of-fact as the baby chicks he watched and the seeds he planted and watched grow, blossom and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



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He That Loseth His Life

By Maud Mary Brown

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PART II.

TAKE a moment to steady her leaping nerves, Diana went back to Mrs. Randall. She was relieved when people began to leave. At last the three were alone as they had been in the beginning—but with a difference. Diana had seen the ghost.

"Slip into a peignoir and join me in my boudoir," Hermione said when she and Diana had reached home. "We will have our dinner there. You look ill, Diana. Don't contract nerves on the brink of matrimony, child."

Dinner over, Hermione settled herself by the fire. "Now, Diana, out with it," she began.

But Diana professed not to know what her cousin meant.

"Oh, yes, you do, my dear," Mrs. Randall insisted.

"I am tired—"

"It isn't altogether that, Diana, do you love Gilbert Garth enough to be willing to spend the rest of your days with him?"

"Why, Cousin Hermione?" Diana cried. "Of course I care for Gilbert. But even if I didn't, I've promised, haven't I?"

"I should rather die than to see you unhappy as a result of your visit to me. If you find that you don't care enough—and you must be very certain, Diana—break with him at once and we will go to Palm Beach for the remainder of the season. For marriage without love," she added with conviction, "is a miniature hell."

"Thank you, Cousin Hermione," Diana responded bleakly. "I know you have my interest at heart. But now, if you will excuse me, I think I will go to bed."

In her room, Diana huddled over her fire but it neither warmed nor comforted her. She recalled Garth's face as he turned from his unbidden guest. She remembered Randall's look of friendliness as he piloted her out of the crush.

She began to be afraid. Had she been more analytical she would have discovered that, for Garth, she had only negative admiration for his excellence which she had warmed into love at the freshly-kindled fires of youth.

Over and over, with that sinister tableau in Garth's hall in her mind, Diana fought with herself.

The woman, she told herself was one of the Mackmalling hangers-on of the underworld who prey on rich men. To break with Garth because of what she had seen would be childish and unjust. Besides, she had promised. And to a Leigh, a promise was a solemn thing.

She finally slipped into bed and lay with wide-open eyes far into the night.

Diana had a brilliant wedding on a bright morning of the new season. Andrew came up to give her away. Being a doctor, he could arrive only at the last moment, and Diana had no opportunity to see him alone till, home from the church she drew him aside from the high-spirited crowd.

"Di, I hope you're going to be happy," Andrew said fondly.

"But you doubt it?"

"Don't misunderstand your country brother. I'm dazed with all this glory."

"Do you like my husband, dear?" It was out at last.

"They are calling you, honey. This may be our last chance for a quiet word together. If life batters you too hard, girl, let me know. But don't give up too easily. Battering puts iron into character. Now it's good by, dear. Come down to brighten us up as often as you can."

As he bent to kiss her, tears welled into Diana's gold-flecked eyes. She went to her room to change, her spirits curiously depressed.

Felice served her so gently that Diana was touched and before leaving the room she laid her hot cheek against the maid's hand, closing her smarting eyes.

"You've been awfully good to me, Felice."

"But me? Is Madame who is good. I would die for you," she added with fierce tenderness.

Randall was the last to wish Diana Godspeed before she ran, under fire of flowers, to the waiting car.

"It's absurd to anticipate the impossible, but if you should ever need the service of a friend, you can count on me to the last," he said, her hands in his.

"I shall remember. And thank you, Barry."

When, after a couple of months, the Garths returned to overlook the work on their new house, Diana's eyes were weary with life and dark with fatigue. From a gay and expansive girl she had developed into a reserved and mysterious woman.

Of no one did she make a confidant. Hermione tried to mother her, but Diana's indifference was chilling. Randall who had entirely abandoned the haunts of pleasure, watched, his face stern.

Almost at once they went to Westchester and Diana was grateful for the change. To be in the country among intimate, growing things, appealed to her new mood.

Randall's farm, The Shack, adjoined Garthmore. It was a modest place for, as wealth is measured, Randall was a poor man.

Randall was at the farm before the Garths came up to Garthmore to remain. He had developed a belated enthusiasm for a farming project which was forming in his active brain.

"I repeat what I said to you before our marriage. Garth, I don't like Randall and I will tolerate no intimacy between you and him."

Diana made no reply.

A few days later, Diana went to town, why she scarcely knew. Certainly the city with its hot, crowded streets did not lure her and none of her friends was in town.

Disinclined to shop and ennuied with the new house, she dismissed her car and strolled idly up the avenue and presently she turned into a side street.

As she walked eastward a woman claimed her attention. Something in the drooping shoulders and groping walk revived a smothered memory and, hastening her pace, she came abreast of her and, turning, looked her squarely in the face.

"Caroline!" she cried after a second's scrutiny. "Caroline Bart!"

The woman stopped and peered closely into Diana's face and Diana saw that her sight was impaired.

"Why, if it isn't—Is it little Diana Leigh?"

"I never dreamed that you were in New York," cried Diana. Her glance swept the other's threadbare garments. "You are in trouble, Caroline. Take me where we can talk."

"I've a room near the elevated," Caroline replied. "Come with me if you like. What do you know about me?"

"Oh, very little. I always thought you and Andrew were in love, though I was pretty young to speculate about romance when you lived next to us."

By this time they had entered a narrow hall and were laboriously climbing steep stairs.

"Go on," the older woman commanded.

"And then I went away to school. The boys wrote me about your father's death and your giving up the place; they told me never to mention your name to Andrew. I never did. That's all I know, Caroline."

"Andrew and I quarreled about my coming to New York."

"But you came. And it hasn't treated you well. New York is like that. Could you tell me about it, Caroline?"

The woman hesitated and then, in the noise-shaken, impoverished room, she began to talk.

"You won't tell Andrew?" she said at last.

"I could not bear that."

Her sight was too uncertain to detect Diana's

pallor. The smothered memory was alert.

"Caroline," she asked abruptly; "did you go to—his rooms again?"

"Once—just last spring. I was crazed. I asked him to loan me some money. You see, I had ruined my eyesight embroidering for a shop and a specialist had just told me that, to save my sight, I must have a delicate operation. I could manage that in a charity hospital, but the year of idleness after it is a different matter. And so—I went to him. I thought perhaps he owed me that. And he told me to get out!"

Diana thought rapidly. It seemed incredible that Caroline had not read of her marriage until she remembered the weak eyes. She had had no eyesight to waste on the newspapers. Her ignorance made it easy for Diana.

She rose finally. "Have you anything here that you particularly care about?" she asked.

"If you haven't, let's make a present of everything to the janitress. I am going to take you home with me right away. You shall have your operation and as long as you need to recover from it. I have married, Caroline, and my husband has a great deal of money. You need have no uneasiness on that score. Come."

Too weak and tired to protest much, Caroline gathered together her scanty clothing and by late afternoon she and Diana had reached Garthmore.

Having established Caroline in a comfortable suite, Diana went slowly down the stairs, her face white and thoughtful. She wondered if she had been hasty in bringing Caroline here; if, considering Garth's implacability, her impulse might not react against Caroline in the end.

She gave no sign of the uneasiness she felt as she and Caroline dined together in the latter's room. Garth had telephoned that he had been detained and for a brief respite, Diana was grateful.

Having seen Caroline tucked into bed Diana strolled down the stairs once more. She wished desperately to get Barry Randall's advice, and as the shadows lengthened and dusk finally fell, she threw a long cloak over her light gown and, gathering up her skirts, she flew across the fields to The Shack.

She opened Randall through a French window as she approached the house. In Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, a black pipe in his mouth, he bent over his plans.

It was all so like her old home in the South that her throat swelled painfully.

As she crossed the threshold, three dogs rose to give her a drowsy welcome.

"Hello, Diana!" Randall rose hastily to greet her. "Where's Garth?"

"I am alone, Barry. I had to come to ask your advice. I seemed to wish to ask no one's else. You remember you promised to be my friend."

"And I'll prove that I am by taking you home instantly."

"No!" Rapidly she related her experiences of the day and when she had finished they stood facing each other, palpitant, yearning. She knew that his arms ached to hold her and almost she felt a slight injury that he did not obey the urge. As they stood there, silent, Felice Lincermoult entered the room.

"Mr. Garth, he is arrive, madame, and is searching for you. I think he is on his way here by the lower path," she fled.

"You'd better hurry, Diana," Randall said easily. "I'll attend to your husband."

A half-hour later Garth found his wife sitting in a remote corner of the rose-garden. It was hot and he had hurried and his gorge rose at her coolness.

"Come to bed instantly," he began.

"Don't let me detain you," she answered, and her voice sounded like the whistle of a blade.

The next morning Garth had left for town before Diana was down. She had slept little and more than ever the course she had taken seemed unwise.

She knew that Randall would communicate with her as early as possible; indeed, he already had telephoned that he would be over so soon as the soil experts whom he had summoned should have left.

Caroline was resting in bed. Diana could settle herself to no occupation, but, nerves overwrought, she wandered from room to room of the big house.

Finally a telephone shrilled in the hall and she sprang to answer it. She listened, replying in startled, hushed monosyllables and when the conversation was finished, the receiver dropped from her nerveless hand and she clung to the table for support.

In an instant she was galvanized into action. She ordered the racer to be brought around from the garage; she rang for Felice and told her to get her street clothes ready without delay; then she turned to the butler who was rubbing his hands nervously.

"Robert! Mr. Garth has been hurt in his car—how badly they do not know yet. Whether or not he can be brought home is uncertain, but get his rooms ready and have quarters prepared for the nurses. I'll call you up from town."

Into Felice's hands she placed Caroline and in twenty minutes she was racing toward town.

She felt like a frightened child when they took her to the room where her husband lay. He looked up as she entered—looked up and smiled. It was a softer, more spontaneous smile than she had ever before seen on his lips.

It was hard to believe that he was seriously injured for, except for his pallor, there were no signs. "Internal injuries," the surgeon who had spoken to Diana outside, had said.

"I'm glad for your sake, Diana, that I am not all messed up," were Garth's first words.

"Gilbert!" she cried.

"Don't you care," he comforted her; "I saved that little shaver."

He was not boasting; he was merely happy. "If I hadn't gone into that elevated pillar, I'd have done for him."

"It was splendid," she was on her knees at his side.

"It is a good thing to go out with at least one good deed to one's credit," he continued.

"Mr. Garth," protested the nurse, "the doctor—"

"Beat it, nurse," Garth interrupted. "I had nothing to say about my entrance to this life but I propose to say as possible to stage my exit. There are some things I must say to Mrs. Garth, so beat it."

Again that curious, transfiguring smile played over his face as the nurse, smiling in return, left the room.

"Diana, I am going to be brief, but there are some things I want you to know before I go. My parents died before I was three and I was brought up by a great aunt. My father had been a voluntery and she was determined that I should have no inclination to follow in his footsteps. Until I was seventeen I had governesses and tutors—all of them ugly and scrawny-bosomed women."

"Of other children and my relations to them I knew—nothing. Great-aunt was afraid that boys would corrupt me and that girls would arouse in me a premature sex interest. I was selfish, tyrannical, emasculated before I was plunged into college."

"Dear, ought you to—"

"It doesn't hurt at all. Can you imagine the hell that college was to me? I was absolutely alone. In all the life about me I had no part. I thought at first that money could buy popularity, but I was mistaken. Those four years brought out all the cruelty in my nature."

"Don't think of it now; think of what you did for that poor boy today."

"The first good deed in over thirty years! No, not the first. It is that other one that I want to talk about Diana. There's a woman some-

where in New York whose name is Caroline Bart. I want you to find her and take care of her. One night, eight years ago, I took her to my rooms."

"I know."

"I did the best I could for her. I liked her and I knew that she liked me and the knowledge seemed to warm my heart. I gave her champagne—she had been drenched to the skin. I didn't think I had seen our girls drink quarts of it."

"Yes," Diana breathed, her eyes on his.

"It sent her to sleep, to dream, and in the morning she thought—"

"Why, the girl had been as safe as my own sister would have been! Her accusations maddened me. It was one more disappointment added to an already long list. And so I let her believe that I had wronged her. It was devilish! I slipped a bank note into her coat pocket and sent her out into the streets thinking—that. It has been like an ugly scar all these years. Yet, when she came back to me, just before we were married, I spurned her again."

"I know, dear. Caroline is at Garthmore now. I will look after her."

Garth manifested no surprise. Perhaps he was too close to the solution of the Great Mystery to puzzle much over lesser ones.

"And now we come to you. I've been pitiless and hard, Diana."

She tried to deny it but he silenced her.

"I took advantage of your inexperience. Perhaps I knew that you did not love me. You thought you must because everybody told you that I was a moral contrast to the others. I mistrusted that you really loved Randall. I know that he loves you."

Diana's face went into her hands.

"I've been out after him, but I haven't succeeded. Diana, he is a decent man."

The nurse thrust her head into the room, but Garth smiled her away.

"Life is a complex thing," he went on. "You can no more judge a man by one vice or one virtue than you can judge a symphony by the individual bars of its music. And I'm betting that the Great Judge knows that. He'll take the separate acts of a life and weigh them. By that method, I shall not enter the new existence cum laude, but I've saved a life and I've set Caroline Bart right at last. Those two things ought to help, eh, Diana?"

It was becoming more difficult for him to talk.

"But I have sons," he went on; "teach them to—be big—by all the standards."

Diana was weeping and Garth placed a weakening hand on her bowed head.

"Thank you, dear," he said. "And now, perhaps you'd better call the nurse."

When it was all over they put Diana to bed and Hermione, in charge at Garthmore, sent for Andrew.

Caroline, radiant now, and with her eyes growing stronger as her health and happiness returned, was Diana's greatest comfort.

Barry Randall, gaunt and silent, haunted Garthmore. Nurses flitted through the halls. Now and then a specialist came up from the city.

Not until the autumnal haze dimmed the Westchester hills did youth assert itself and Diana begin to gain. Andrew had gone back South taking Caroline with him. They had been quietly married at Garthmore.

Diana lay on a chaise longue on a piazza one late September day; in her black frock she looked young, frail, and very lovely.

She turned expectantly as Randall's step sounded on the walk.

"This is good," she greeted, a thin hand outstretched. "Barry, I want to tell you what Gilbert told me the day he died."

Silently Randall drew a chair to her side. When Diana had finished he rose and walked to the end of the piazza.

"It is rather a tragic story, isn't it?" he asked, coming back. "And no one suspected that he suffered at the last, though it was rather splendid. He went out by a more heroic route than it is given for most of us to take. And he chose it deliberately. Gad! It was fine, Diana! He wrote *finis* to his book of life with a flourish. Isn't there something somewhere to the effect that he who loseth his life shall find it?"

Diana nodded, her eyes on the distant hills.

"By this time next year," she said, "I want Garthmore running as a vacation home for poor children. I am sure he would like that."

"Yes," Randall acquiesced. "I am certain Garth would like that—now. But you, Diana?"

He came to her side and stood looking down at her. "I should wish to be—near, to overlook it," she faltered.

"The Shack—could you be satisfied with its simplicity?"

The gold-flecked brown eyes met the gray ones and their souls rushed together.

"Draw up that table, please," she said when their composure had returned. "Together we will plan the Gilbert Garth Memorial."

He obeyed, his face transfigured.

Pancho Villa

THE formal passing from the stage of Mexican affairs—for a time at least—of that picturesque figure, Pancho Villa, the bandit chief who rose in three short years from the position of a social outcast to the foremost rank in his country, practically military dictator, and who waged vigorous warfare against all who disputed his rule is a significant event in Mexican history.

The last 4,000 men garrisoning the state of Chihuahua surrendered to representatives of Carranza at El Paso on the American side of the line, and it is said that the rebel chief has now with him but 400 men. Practically all the leaders who remain faithful to him have sought sanctuary on the soil of the United States.

Villa himself, it was announced by the state department, would be allowed to enter our territory and permitted to remain here so long as he observed our laws. It is difficult to believe, however, that so restless a character as Villa will consent to remain aloof from the insurrectionary plots that are bound to crop up in Mexico, no matter how wisely Carranza may govern the country.

Villa's trade is war and rapine. He has never had any other. He has tasted power, and the taste will be bitter in his mouth until he can raise the cup to his lips again. It will be strange indeed if, after the striking military successes he was able to obtain, he should be willing to accept the fact that his military career is ended.

For the present, it is true, Carranza is too strong, but later on when the inevitable legislation the new president undertakes has dissatisfied this class, it is more than probable that Villa will bob up again.

As a natural military genius his fate is of much interest to all soldiers. Some of his dispositions and conceptions in his early campaigns, when he could rely upon enthusiastic support from his troops, were strikingly original. He was a splendid commander of mounted infantry and knew well how to manage the Mexican cavalry to this end. He also turned the limited railways of Mexico to his advantage. In his struggles with his opponents, but his chief claim to merit seems to have been his readiness to listen to advice from the trained military officers whom he constituted his staff and principal lieutenants.

Mexico is full of surprises, not one of the least of these is a glimpse into the home occupied by Villa when in power.

To enter a room that looked as if it might have been lifted from a French chateau and set down in war-torn Mexico was very startling. It was all gold and palest blue satin, with long French mirrors, carpet of cream velvet, satin damask hangings in harmonious tones, graceful baskets of artificial flowers on gold pedestals.

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Comfort April, 1917

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their handles tied with broad, blue ribbon bows, were conspicuous in the room.

But more conspicuous than the flowers, the joy and pride of every Mexican home at that time was a full length picture of the master of the house, General Francisco Villa.

TO INCREASE BIRTH RATE.—In order to promote large families, the government of Wurtemberg, Germany, has drafted a bill under which parents living in poor circumstances will be given financial aid from the state, after the birth of the fourth child.

RARE COLLECTION.—The Library of Congress at Washington now contains about 40,000 printed volumes of rare Chinese works. Among these are said to be the three largest books in the world. Some of the volumes listed were printed nearly 500 years ago.

The 1917 Arrow Electric Light



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IN & AROUND The HOME

Conducted By
Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c. only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by two; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p. picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Filet Crochet Yoke

(Rose Design)

THIS handsome yoke made of medium fine crochet cotton, No. 12 steel crochet hook, and crocheted closely will result in a yoke for 36- or 38-inch garment. Crocheted loosely of the same cotton, or if a coarser cotton is used, the result will be a yoke of larger size.

The work is begun in the center of the back and worked back and forth to the division shown in the diagram of the pattern. Here a chain is made from the end of the last row of the back, and the entire front is then worked after which chain across the opposite side, work the remaining half back and join to first row of work.

Then complete points on either side of the yoke.

Begin center back with ch. 52 sts.

1st row.—1 d. c. in 9th st. from hook, ch. 2, skip 2 sts., 1 d. c., 3 d. c. in next 3 sts., this makes 1 blk., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 7 d. c. in next 7 sts. (2 sps. and 3 blks.), 1 sp., 4 blks. (13 d. c.), 3 sps., ch. 6, turn.

If one is careful in making this first row, and in each succeeding row places the blks. and sps. over each other correctly, the pattern will come out right. Remember that a space is 2 d. c. with ch. 2 between and a blk. 2 d. c. with 2 d. c. instead of the ch. between. From this point each row will simply be given in blks. and sps.

2nd row.—4 sps., 3 blks., 4 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., ch. 6.

3rd row.—3 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 5 sps., ch. 6.

4th row.—6 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 3 sps., ch. 9.

5th row.—1 d. c. in last d. c. in previous row. This makes the extra sp. shown on the neck or top of the 5th row of the diagram in the back.

15 more sps.

In making sps. over blks. always sk. 2 d. c., 1 d. c. on 3rd double. After making last d. c. in this row, turn, sl. st. over 1 sp., ch. 6. This shortens row 1 sp. and directions for doing so will not be given again.

6th row.—1 d. c. on 3rd double of 5th row, 3 more sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 3 sps., ch. 6.

7th row.—3 sps., 4 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., ch. 6.

8th row.—5 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., ch. 9 to increase 1 sp. as in 5th row.

9th row.—2 more sps., or 3 in all, 3 blks., 4 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., turn shorten 1 sp., as in 5th row.

10th row.—4 sps., 2 blks., 4 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., ch. 9. Increase 1 sp.

11th row.—7 more sps., 2 blks., 6 sps., ch. 6.

12th row.—6 sps., 3 blks., 7 sps., ch. 9. Increase 1 sp.

13th row.—3 more sps., 4 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., ch. 6.

14th row.—6 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., ch. 9. Increase 1 sp.

15th row.—3 more sps., 2 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 7 sps., Decrease 1 sp.

16th row.—6 sps., 3 blks., 7 sps., ch. 9. Increase 1 sp.

17th row.—5 more sps., 2 blks., 9 sps., Decrease 1 sp.

18th row.—12 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., Increase 1 sp.

19th row.—6 more sps., 1 blk., 9 sps., Decrease 1 sp.

20th row.—9 sps., 2 blks., 5 sps., Increase 2 sps., by making ch. 12, 1 d. c. in 9th st. from hook, ch. 2, 1 d. c. on last double of previous row.

21st row.—7 more sps., 1 blk., 8 sps., Decrease 1 sp., as before.

22nd row.—8 sps., 2 blks., 7 sps., Increase 2 blks., as before.

23rd row.—5 more sps., 2 blks., 10 sps., Decrease 1 sp.

24th row.—10 sps., 1 blk., 7 sps., Increase 3 sps., by making ch. 15, 1 d. c. in 9th st., ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on d. c. in previous row.

25th row.—6 more sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 8 sps., Decrease 1 sp.

26th row.—9 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 7 sps., Increase 3 sps.

27th row.—2 more sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 10 sps., Break thread, join to opposite end this row and ch. 97 sts., turn, 1 d. c. in 9th st.

Front of Yoke

1st row.—7 more sps., 4 blks., 8 sps., Decrease 1 sp.

2nd row.—10 sps., 1 blk., 8 sps., Increase 1 sp.

3rd row.—6 more sps., 3 blks., 8 sps., Decrease 1 sp.

4th row.—6 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 7 sps., Increase 2 blks.

5th row.—4 more sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 8 sps., Decrease 1 sp.

6th row.—6 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps., Increase 1 sp.

7th row.—6 more sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 3 blks., 3 sps.

8th row.—8 sps., 1 blk., 8 sps., Increase 2 sps.

9th row.—8 more sps., 1 blk., 7 sps., Decrease 1 sp.



CROCHETED TORCHON EDGING.

10th row.—6 sps., 1 blk., 10 sps., Increase 2 blks.

11th row.—10 more sps., 1 blk., 6 sps., Decrease 1 sp.

12th row.—5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 10 sps., Increase 2 sps.

13th row.—4 more sps., 3 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., Decrease 2 sps.

14th row.—4 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 6 blks., 4 sps., Increase 2 sps.

15th row.—3 more sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., Decrease 1 sp.

16th row.—4 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 4 sps., Increase 2 sps.

17th row.—3 more sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 5 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps.

18th row.—4 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 5 sps., Increase 2 sps.

19th row.—5 more sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 5 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps.

20th row.—2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 6 sps., 4 blks., 7 sps., Increase 2 blks.

21st row.—5 more sps., 3 blks., 8 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., Decrease 1 sp.

22nd row.—4 sps., 1 blk., 18 sps., Increase 2 sps.

23rd row.—3 more sps., 4 blks., 7 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps.

24th row.—4 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 7 blks., 5 sps., Increase 2 sps.

25th row.—6 more sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 4 blks., 3 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps.

26th row.—4 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 3 blks., 5 sps., Increase 2 blks.

27th row.—4 more sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 11 sps.

28th row.—10 sps., 3 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 4 blks., 6 sps., Increase 1 sp.

29th row.—6 more sps., 5 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 7 sps.

30th row.—6 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 6 blks., 1 sp., 4 blks., 8 sps.

31st row.—8 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 6 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 6 sps.

32nd row.—7 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 4 blks., 9 sps., Decrease 1 sp.

33rd row.—7 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 3 blks., 7 sps.

34th row.—6 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 6 sps., Decrease 1 sp.

35th row.—6 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 6 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 4 sps., 2 blks., 6 sps., Increase 1 sp.

36th row.—6 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 3 blks., 8 sps., Decrease 1 sp.

37th row.—9 sps., 1 blk., 10 sps., 1 blk., spaces to end of row.

This completes the rose. Now finish the front, working in the pattern to match the side just finished, but reversing the design as shown in the finished yoke.

After finishing the row which corresponds with the first row of the front, chain as before explained and finish the back, joining to the first row.

The points on either side can doubtless be copied from the diagram as it will make no material difference if one varies either the design or the shape somewhat.

Finish the neck by a beading of 2 treble crochet, ch. 3, 2 trebles in every other space. Outline bottom of the yoke by 1 double in the end of each row, ch. 2, 1 double. Add scallop of 9 d. c. and 3 picots under each ch. and finish neck in the same way.

Crocheted Torchon Edging

This pattern is very pretty for trimming children's cotton dresses. It is made in the length. Begin by chaining length desired, turn.

1st row.—1 d. tr. c. in 5th st., ch. 2, * 1 d. tr. c. in next 4th st., ch. 1, 1 d. tr. c. in same st., ch. 2, repeat from *.

2nd row.—2 s. c. between 2 d. tr. c., 2 s. c. under ch. 2, repeat working over 4 groups of trebles, ch. 15 catch over third group of trebles with sl. st., turn and under this ch. 15 work 17 s. c., then s. c. over 6 groups of trebles as in beginning this row, ch. 15, sl. st. over fifth

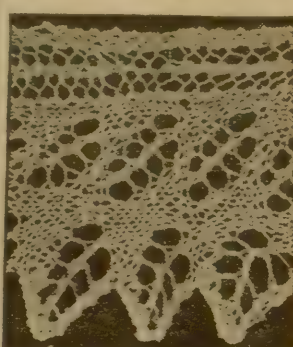
group of trebles and repeat in this manner to end of row. Break thread and begin next row at same end as this row.

3rd row.—Group trebles between first and second group of trebles, another group between second and third group, ch. 1, 2 d. tr. c. with ch. 1 between in 4th st. of loop made in last row. Ch. 2, group trebles in 7th st., ch. 15, sk. 3 sts., group in next st., ch. 2, group in next 3rd st. Now 2 groups of trebles between groups of 1st row, then 2 groups ch. 15, 2 groups on next loop. Repeat to end of row. Break thread.

4th row.—Begin work same end as last row. 2 s. c. over first 2 groups of trebles, ch. 10, sl. st., between first and second groups trebles, turn, 10 s. c. under ch., s. c. over and 2 sts. beyond next 2 groups of trebles, ch. 10 sl. st., back, 10 s. c. on ch. 10. Now 10 s. c. under ch. 15, a loop of ch. 10, s. c. to between next 2 groups, a loop of ch. 10, s. c. and a loop between the points. Repeat around each point in this way.

Rose Leaf Lace

Cast on 24 stitches.
1st row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o., k. 2 tog. o. twice, k. 2 tog. o. twice, k. 2 tog., k. 5, * o. twice, k. tog. repeat from *.



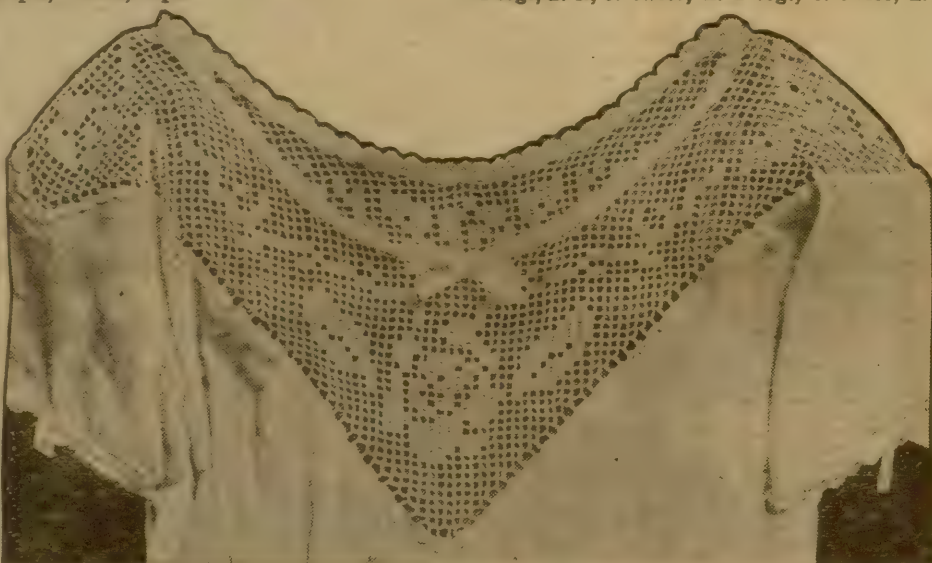
ROSE LEAF LACE.

2nd row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 7, sl. 1, k. 2, sl. 1, k. 4, o., k. 2 tog., k. 1, o., k. 2 tog., k. 1.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o., k. 2 tog. k. 1, o., k. 2 tog., k. 3, o. twice, k. 2 tog., o., twice, k. 2 tog., k. 6, o., twice, k. 2 tog., o., twice, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

4th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 8, sl. 1, k. 2, sl. 1, k. 5, o., k. 2 tog., k. 1, o. k. 2 tog., k. 1.

5th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o., k. 2 tog., k. 1, o., k. 2 tog., k. 4, o. twice, k. 2 tog., o. twice, k. 2 tog., k. 1.



FILET CROCHET YOKE.

26th row.—4 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 3 blks., 5 sps., Increase 2 sps.

27th row.—4 more sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 11 sps.

28th row.—10 sps., 3 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 4 blks., 6 sps., Increase 1 sp.

29th row.—6 more sps., 5 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 7 sps.

30th row.—6 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 6 blks., 1 sp., 4 blks., 8 sps.

31st row.—8 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 6 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 6 sps.

32nd row.—7 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 4 blks., 9 sps., Decrease 1 sp.

33rd row.—7 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 3 blks., 7 sps.

34th row.—6 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 6 sps., Decrease 1 sp.

35th row.—6 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 6 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 4 sps., 2 blks., 6 sps., Increase 1 sp.

36th row.—6 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 3 blks., 8 sps., Decrease 1 sp.

37th row.—9 sps., 1 blk., 10 sps., 1 blk., spaces to end of row.

This completes the rose. Now finish the front, working in the pattern to match the side just finished, but reversing the design as shown in the finished yoke.

After finishing the row which corresponds with the first row of the front, chain as before explained and finish the back, joining to the first row.

The points on either side can doubtless be copied from the diagram as it will make no material difference if one varies either the design or the shape somewhat.

Finish the neck by a beading of 2 treble crochet, ch. 3, 2 trebles in every other space. Outline bottom of the yoke by 1 double in the end of each row, ch. 2, 1 double. Add scallop of 9 d. c. and 3 picots under each ch. and finish neck in the same way.

After finishing the row which corresponds with the first row of the front, chain as before explained and finish the back, joining to the first row.

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BY USING A MAGNIFYING GLASS ONE CAN EASILY COUNT THE NUMBER OF BLOCKS AND SPACES IN ANY PART OF THE GIVEN DESIGN.

k. 8, o. twice, k. 2 tog., o. twice, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

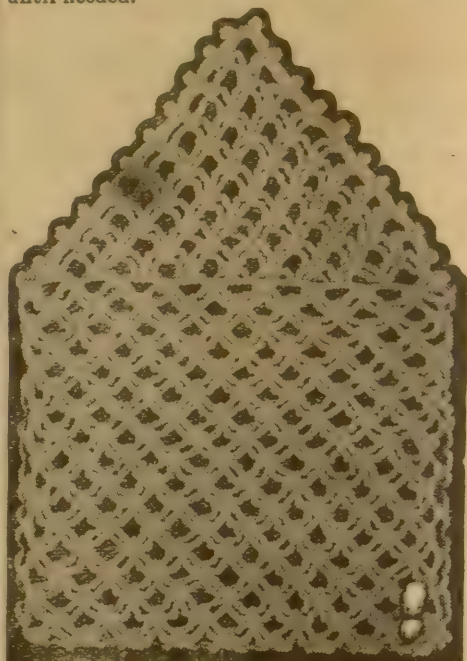
8th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 10, sl. 1, k. 2, sl. 1, k. 7, o. k. 2 tog., k. 1, o., k. 2 tog., k. 1.

9th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o., k. 2 tog., k. 1, o., k. 2 tog., k. 24.

10th row.—Cast off all but 23 on one needle, 1 on other needle, k. 17, o., k. 2 tog., k. 1, o., k. 2 tog., k. 1.

Napkin Envelope

This handy article is especially designed as a case to keep sets of napkins together and fresh until needed.



NAPKIN ENVELOPE.

For this a soft mercerized cotton nearly as coarse as a darning cotton was used. Begin with ch. 80, turn.

1st row.—1 s. c. in 11th st. from hook 2 s. c. in next 2 sts., ch. 6, sk. 5, 3 s. c. in next 3 sts., ch. 6, sk. 5, 3 s. c. in next 3 sts., repeat to end of row which should close with group 3 s. c., ch. 1, turn.

2nd row.—2 s. c. on 2 s. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 6, ch. 3, 1 s. c. in center of 3 s. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 6, ch. 3, 1 s. c. in center of 3 s. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 6, ch. 3, 1 s. c. repeat, ending row with 1 d. c. on s. c., ch. 4.

3rd row.—1 s. c. under ch. 3, 1 s. c. on s. c., 1 s. c. under ch. beyond, ch. 6, 3 s. c. made in same way, ch. 6, repeat across. End row with 2 s. c.

4th row.—1 s. c. on s. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 6, ch. 3, 1 s. c. center of 3 s. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 6, ch. 3, 1 s. c. repeat across. End row with 2 s. c., ch. 1.

5th row.—1 s. c. on s. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 6, ch. 3, 1 s. c. on 3 s. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 6, repeat.

The manner of work should now be clear. Continue thus until one has a piece of work about 12 inches long, or twice the width of the work. Then work off to form the pointed flap, by completing one less figure in each row, as shown clearly in our illustration. Break thread. Fold pocket together, join thread to bottom of one side, ch. 5, 1 s. c. in opposite side, ch. 5, 1 s. c. in

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

mature. If children can confide in their parents and know their questions will be answered truthfully and not put off with a "wait till you are older," or be told an untruth, they won't be so apt to get together and see who knows most. Your son won't think it great to ask or tell the boys what information his father has truthfully given him. So will mother's daughter keep her modesty till mature years and self confidence will show the results.

I don't wonder George didn't like country life as she described it. Also I think, in most cases, an older person's memory reverts to scenes of childhood. As for schools, I'd rather have my boys get a rural school education and have liberty at home to use hammer, saw and nails and other tools, than to spend months wheeling at some object in a city training school. When old enough to choose their life's work there will be schools accessible, if necessary, to train for that.

With electric lights, heating plants, piped hot and cold water, bathrooms, well-equipped laundries, etc., why aren't country homes as desirable as city homes? And after half an hour in the bathroom why isn't "my John," after a day's work in cornfield or woods, as desirable a companion as the city man who has spent the day in artificially heated and lighted rooms amid surroundings or company not as desirable or enjoyable as the trees, brook and flowers, or horses, sheep and cattle. How many city men can take their little ones along when they go to work and have them in sight half a day as can the farmer who goes to plow and lets his little son and daughter enjoy the change and try to keep up with daddy with the soft earth under their little bare feet. This sounds awful, I suppose, to city ears, but I've seen it so often and the children were healthy and happy. "I was once a barefoot" child, fleet and strong, with health and rosy cheeks that were the envy of my friends. When I was eighteen years old I used to long to live in the town or city. Later when I spent some time there I was very homesick and longed for country scenes, and when I came to choose where my home would be it was the country. Have you guessed my work before marriage? Ten years a teacher of primary grades, and some years all grades in country schools. I saw the difference between children who were carefully reared or those who "just" grewed.

Much has been said on Woman Suffrage. A short time ago I heard a young lady say, "I am a—". She knew nothing of party issues. It was just the "party" that she belonged to. I think to vote intelligently, a person needs to read and hear everything important on all party issues, not to merely say they are on the side that has been handed down from father to son, as has been so much in the past. I don't think a mother has time for this. Her life is too full, or should be, of children and home. If women try to wrestle with problems that worry the men near election times, or all times, for that matter, what of baby problems then? A woman's greatest duty is motherhood—not only physical, but training in the best way till maturity. She has too many problems near the heart to say she can do more for the child by voting than by studying the child's mind. Of course women could make as good, if not better, laws but to all good laws there is nearly always some drawback somewhere. Laws, no matter how good, won't give a child a true mother if she studies politics instead of "childology." There is a difference between "housekeepers" and "homemakers."

I don't like to admit the equality of woman. I believe in her superiority. The woman who clamors for the ballot lowers herself in my estimation. I had rather be the mother of good men than make good laws. You say, "Why cannot I be both?" I say to do justice to one you can't to the other. Would women want to be soldiers in battle? I would not want to be another Joan of Arc, even if I have been made to believe that some of my ancestors were kin to her. As a nation we revere Frances Willard, yet it is said in her later years that she was heard to say she would give all the glory and honor of her work for a pair of baby arms, she could call her own, to encircle her neck. There is more real happiness and contentment in the life of a good wife and good mother than in all the public life of all the public women on earth. And a good woman's influence is greater if she exerts it rightly than if she voted twenty times. A true, honest woman does not need to vote to have her rights. I am "old-fashioned" enough (if that is the term to use) to think a woman's shrine is the heart of her husband instead of the ballot box and public office or publicity. I've heard enough disputing and wrangling by men over political questions to disgust me. Would not such make strife between husband and wife if they have different political views? My opinions do not always agree with the men folks on political questions that I have read about, but I think it does me more good to read latest ideas on child training, and let political questions go.

With best wishes to all COMFORT readers,
Fidelity.

SALISBURY, R. R. 6, N. CAR.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Here I am at the age of twenty the mother of a dear, little girl. My baby is seven months old. Perhaps some will say why did you marry so young? My husband is fifteen years my senior, and to me the dearest man on earth. We have been married most two years. Baby and husband shall be my subject in this letter or advice and request for information. I began preparation for motherhood by reading all the good books and magazines on that subject I could get. When my baby was born I suffered but little. She was a bright little thing and I have tried to make her grow the brighter by caring for her in a scientific manner. She has never been sick an hour and it is no trouble for me to do my work. She is taken up only when it is necessary. She has her little crib and there she kicks and coos all day long. If she cries it is when she hurts herself, which rarely happens. My neighbors often remark, "What a good baby." I attribute it all to the manner in which I care for her. But there is much for me to learn and I read the sisters' letters with interest. I am afraid I might make some mistake and spoil baby and all I have succeeded in accomplishing. I would be only too glad to receive advice from G. H. of California, who has specialized in babies.

Every lover will not make a good husband nor does difference in age have so much to do with it every time. The man, who is broad minded enough to see two sides of a question, and who realizes woman is the weaker vessel and who tries to lighten her burdens, be she wife, mother, sister or sweetheart—that man has the material in him for a good husband. God blessed me with such a man, as he is young because I am young. He feels that I should not settle down to a life of drudgery and loneliness. He says I should keep the roses in my cheeks for his and baby's sake. He is always more than anxious for me to go to places and we often take drives together. Or he will care for baby and I drive to some of the neighbors. Here is a point for young girls who read this. Is your lover a Christian young man, beside having the virtues I have mentioned? If so, fifteen years your senior doesn't amount to much. My husband is always talking to me of his class of young men in Sunday School and their devotion to him (their teacher) and the S. S. work. "His boys," as he calls them, share their secrets with him and seek his advice in lovers' troubles, and many other ways and affairs of their own. My husband says, "They have got to be good husbands and citizens."

Mrs. A. D. DAVIS.

JOPLIN, R. R. 5, Box 124, Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

As it has not been very long since my last letter was published I hope I will be pardoned for asking admittance again.

I have read several replies to my letter on the divorce question which appeared in the October number. Of course every sister has a right to her own opinion but I cannot endure to be called an infidel so must rise up and defend myself.

Miss Doble, I am not an infidel, neither do I profess to know the Bible by heart or to understand each and every verse therein and I do not believe there is anyone, no matter how good a Christian they may be, who can say they understand the Holy book through and through. And I want to ask you if you ever discovered that other place where it says, "When a man hath taken a wife and married her, and they are joined together, that they shall be one flesh—etc."—perhaps you will say, "Oh that's in the old book." It's the Bible isn't it?

Yes, I have read Matt. XX.9; but it's Matt. XIX. that says, "Whosoever shall put away his wife except it be for fornication and shall marry another, committeth adultery and who so marry her, committeth adultery." I do not doubt a word of that and yet I cannot see where I have sinned as my second husband was not "put away" by any woman, and neither was I "put away" for fornication. Instead it was I who put away my husband and I was justified in doing so by the laws here on earth as well as by the laws of God, according to Deut. XXIV. 1, 2, 3, 4.

No indeed, I am not offended. Are we not asked to express our opinions?

Spring and Summer Hats and Some New Collars

This season's styles are such that any woman can trim her own hat fashionably and becomingly and make dainty collars that give a touch of elegance to her costume.

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No. 4. Russian turban, with band of wide satin ribbon, folded in center with flat bow at back. Trimmed with straw ornament and stitches in heavy crocheted silk.

1. This not only gives white or light colored straw a pretty touch of color, but it is also a great economy because it preserves the edge of the brim from cracking and chipping away as a straw hat so often does. Then there are attractive hats, both large and small with down-turning brims in the mushroom style. There are turbans and toques, small hats almost like sections of stove pipe with tiny brims. These are called Russian turbans. Boat-shaped hats and hats that look a good deal like a man's derby are also seen. These last are not very lovely to my mind, but the vast majority of hats are both pretty and sensible and best of all they are very easy to trim at home, for almost all garnitures are put on very flat and there are no outstanding bows or aggressive bunches of flowers to puzzle the home milliner.

One of the very prettiest of the brand new ideas in millinery is the ribbon covered hat as shown in cut No. 2. This lends itself to most delightful color schemes and makes it easy for any woman to get a hat in the colors most becoming to her complexion. In these hats the entire crown and upper part of the brim is covered with rows of narrow ribbon. The illustration shows one of the most attractive ex-



No. 1. Satin or velvet bound sailors in large shapes are popular, and collar and cuffs of dimity or net add to the appearance of a plain dress.

amples. This style of trimming is best adapted to the brim that is either perfectly straight or that turns down slightly. Suppose you wish your color combination to be black and the pretty shade of new blue that is now so popular. Then buy an ordinary black straw hat in either of the shapes just mentioned and a piece or two pieces, according to the size of the hat, of inch wide grosgrain ribbon in this pretty blue shade. Then starting in the center of the crown sew this round and round letting one edge lap a little over the one just beneath almost as if you were braiding a hat with straw. Do not full it but just hold it easy. When you get to the brim full the ribbon a little more than you did on the crown and let about an eighth of an inch of the last row extend beyond the edge of the brim. You now have a hat blue on the top with a becoming facing of black straw underneath. The further trimming of these ribbon hats is very slight. Sometimes a row of button moulds connected by a twist of silk cord bringing in the color of the straw brim is all that is used. Thus in our blue and black hat the crown could have straw braid put on in little button-shaped rolls as shown in the illustration. On young girls' hats of this sort often several colors are used at the same time. A very beautiful hat for a young girl of seventeen has ribbon of pale blue, pale rose and canary yellow put on in alternate rows with a brim of blue Milan straw showing underneath.

These ribbon-covered hats are suitable for young or young looking middle-aged women ac-



No. 3. The high-crowned sailor with narrow brim is becoming to many faces, particularly if worn with smart collar of organdie or sheer linen, simply trimmed with tucks.

According to the colors used in the ribbon. A fresh-faced woman with iron-gray hair had a purple straw hat covered with black grosgrain ribbon and a tiny wreath of violets matching the color of the straw brim trimming the hat around the crown. The effect was beautiful against her silvery hair.

Another pretty hat that is to be worn a good deal this season is of Leghorn or Milan straw trimmed simply with a band of inch and one

half or two-inch velvet ribbon, above which is placed a small wreath of mixed flowers. Sometimes the brims of such hats are left plain and sometimes they are finely covered on the top with satin which is brought over the edge and forms a facing from one inch to two inches deep according to fancy underneath the brim, but many of this sort have the brim left plain. Very pretty and inexpensive spring and summer hats can be made by covering a light frame with colored linen, pongee or some of the attractive novelty cottons in crepe weaves. The hat can be entirely covered with the material or it can be faced with black in the form of silk, satin or velvet if this contrast is considered more becoming.

Then there is the high-crowned sailor with the



No. 2. Ribbon covered hat, one of the latest and prettiest novelties, shown in silver gray faille ribbon with rose pink straw under brim.

narrow brim that some girls find so becoming as shown in illustration No. 3. A very simple and stylish way of trimming such hats is to face the brim top and bottom with fancy silk and put a wide band of the same material around the crown. The new fancy cotton crepes, khaki krill or even linen of a prettily contrasting shade from the hat can be so employed.

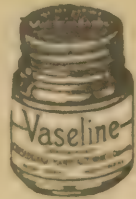
The Russian turban, as it is called, must by no means be forgotten. This is one of the most popular hats of the season, though it is rather misbranded for it is not a turban—nor is it especially Russian. Perhaps it may have had in the beginning a far-away resemblance to some of their high caps. Often these turbans are brimless, but by far the prettiest have a tiny brim either straight or turning down a trifle as shown in illustration No. 4. Trimming such hats is a very easy matter. A band of ribbon will do it, or the crown can have two or three applied figures set on it, or it can be embroidered in flowers or conventional designs right on the straw. Then there are the flower-trimmed hats which are always with us every spring and summer. This year these are trimmed simply with a slender wreath of roses or mixed flowers, or flowers and fruit put around the crown just at the foot of a band of satin or velvet ribbon. Often on high-crowned hats the wreath of flowers or perhaps flat single flowers are sewed against the crown at the top of this band.

There never was a year when so many white collars were worn and as this is a very pretty and not at all extravagant fashion it is a pity that more women do not adopt it. It is especially becoming to young girls and young women though any woman, no matter what her



No. 5. One of the very newest shapes in this season's collars. Made of organdie, fine white net or Georgette crepe.

age may be, always looks well in a low collar if she has a plump neck. The most fashionable shape of the new collar is some variety of the sailor. Such collars are made of organdie, plain net, sheer linen or pique, and very dressy ones for handsome frocks are often of white Georgette crepe or wash satin. Collar and cuffs of pique, linen, duck or organdie are made perfectly plain or embroidered. Such collars are often made with scalloped edges and a heavily embroidered conventional motif design in each corner, both front and back, with the cuffs finished in the same way. For linen suits or wash dresses the embroidery is done in colored mercerized cotton. One of the nicest things about these pretty collars is that they are very easy for any woman to make at home and often can be manufactured of bits of lace or net that one already has in the house and so be no expense at all. But before beginning to plan out the material it is best to get a pattern that fits one perfectly around the neck. You can buy such patterns, but it seems scarcely worth while spending the money, for any woman with even the slightest ingenuity can cut one herself from brown paper or even newspaper by just looking at the illustrations. By experimenting a few minutes she can get it just the shape she wants. It is best to fold the paper in the center and cut it double so when it is opened each side will be exactly alike. Then, when your pattern is perfect, all you have to do is to lay it on the material. If there are to be tucks around the collar allow extra width and length



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for them as shown in collar in illustration No. 3. The new collars are suitable for both young and middle-aged women, but as a rule the older women wear the smaller-sized sailor collars, leaving the big collars that hang away down the back to the young girls.

It is surprising how up-to-date one of these fresh pretty collars makes even an old frock appear, and they are so easy to launder, too, that there is no reason for not having almost every dress and blouse set off by such a dainty and pretty finish. Net and lace collars can be simply washed out and ironed without starch if desired, while the organdie and linen collars look better with a little starch. I always use a trifle of elastic starch which I can mix in warm water and use without boiling it. Boiled starch can of course be used if one prefers, but be careful not to get such collars too stiff so that they spoil the appearance. They should be only about as stiff as new material so they will look fresh and crisp.

If you have not quite a big enough piece of net to make the sort of collar that you fancy see if you cannot find somewhere a piece of wide lace insertion. You can make the bottom of the collar of this and then edge the whole thing with narrow lace and the effect will be very pretty indeed and no one will realize that the insertion was put in to "piece out." Or if you have not an insertion perhaps you have a piece of wide edging lace not long enough to go all around the collar, but plenty to run twice across the back. A fashionable way to use this is to lay it selvage to selvage with a strip of the plain net an inch wide between and then trim the sides and front of the collar with a narrow edging lace. Or if desired the bottom strip of wide edging can have an inch strip of net run between it and the bottom of the collar and the narrow lace can be run all around. These collars are so inexpensive and so easy to make that there is no reason why any woman should not have several to wear with her spring and summer clothes. But when she makes them she must be sure to put all the trimming that she uses on very net. These collars should never be fully rounded the edge, but laid on like a band trimming and the corners should never be fully rounded but mitred to give the fashionable effect as shown in illustration No. 5. A dainty effect is obtained by the use of net and lace, for collar and cuffs, as shown in illustration No. 1.

You are young and carefree and you certainly have lots to learn; just the same you wrote a beautiful letter and I admire you for your strong belief in God and I hope you will never have a trial of married life such as I had. Perhaps you will say, "That's all right, I'll know who I am going to marry." You may think you know, but you will not; not until after you are married will you know him as he is. Just suppose you were to marry a man and later, find, you could not endure him, even though you tried ever so hard. Could you, a young woman, go on and be a loving wife to him and live with him until death parted you? I mean of course, if you had just cause to dislike him. Then suppose he were to leave you and you had no means of support except by your own daily labor and you came to know another man and day by day as you watched him you could see so much good in him; things you had never seen in your husband to admire, then if he should ask you to come to him, let him share your trouble, help you to forget the past and start anew, that he could give you a good home and be a good husband to you, would you, knowing you loved him, refuse, and go on and live alone and work hard the rest of your life? What would become of you when you were old? Could you then say your life had been well spent?

I still say it's perfectly right to get a divorce and remarry, either man or woman if they have just cause and I am no infidel either.

Hoping I have not made my letter too long, I will close with best wishes to all,
Mrs. C. SMITH.

PUNNEY, W. VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

This is my first letter to COMFORT, although I have been a constant reader for eighteen years.

Mrs. Walter Alverson's query in the January number, in regard to the animosity that almost invariably exists between mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law embraces a subject that is the cause of as much misery perhaps, if not more, than any other one subject under the sun. Some not only succeed in making themselves miserable but the one whom they are both so anxious to make happy (?) is driven almost to desperation by the attitude his wife and his mother have taken toward each other. To sum up the causes, the mother generally doubts the ability of her son's wife to administer to his comforts, and make his home as pleasant as she had always made home for him. Then she begins to give her daughter-in-law advice and the benefit of her experience, which the daughter-in-law resents. Then too I have seen young wives insanely jealous of any display of affection from their husband toward his mother and vice versa. Therefore if each one would endeavor to overcome those selfish, jealous principles and the mother-in-law would remember that she was once a daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law would realize that in all probability she would be a mother-in-law in the years to come, I think the son and husband would soon cease to be a bone of contention for the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law to grumble and growl over.

Best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters,
Mrs. CORA BLUMET.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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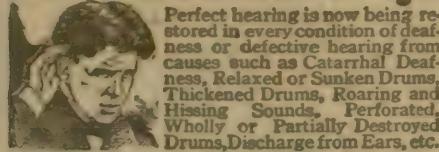


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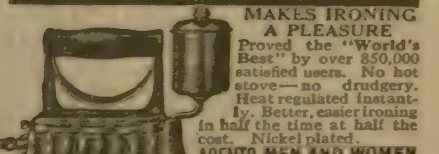
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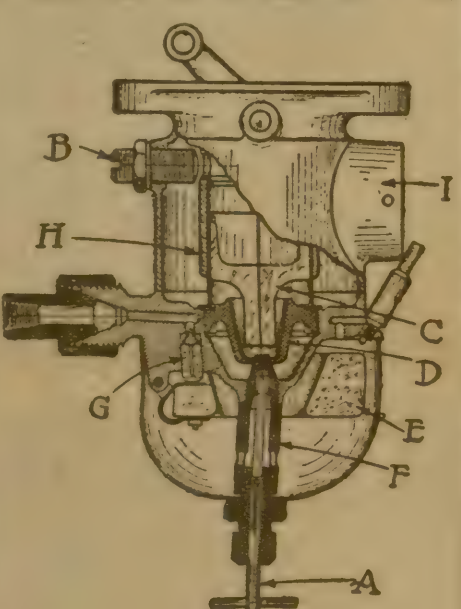
Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasoline engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed.

Model D Johnson Carburetor

THE next carburetor entering into the discussion is the Johnson Model D, manufactured by the Johnson Bros., Detroit, Mich., and adopted as standard equipment on all four cylinder Reo pleasure cars and several other makes. In principle, it is somewhat a departure from most of the conventional types inasmuch that it incorporates no auxiliary air valves. One of its outstanding features is simplicity, it being very compact, easily cleaned and adjusted. The unique feature is the sliding sleeve which performs practically the same function as does the common auxiliary air valve except that it relies upon gravity rather than spring tension. As the speed of the motor increases the suction created by the pistons in the cylinders increases proportionately. When the suction becomes great enough the sleeve is drawn upward thus allowing air to come into the mixing chamber under the sleeve and prevent the gasoline-air mixture from becoming too rich at high engine speed. From the accompanying sketch it will be noted that the carburetor has two jackets, the inner one of which is cut away at the bottom. When the sleeve is in its normal position the inner jacket is securely closed making it necessary for the air to enter the mixing chamber at the small opening at the bottom of the strangle tube. As above explained, when the sleeve is caused to rise another opening is made for the admittance of air into the mixing chamber.

Should at any time the operator believe the carburetor to be in need of adjustment, he should first satisfy himself that each cylinder is developing high compression, the valve lifters not set too closely, and a hot spark is being delivered at each plug. Unlike a number of other makes of carburetors with the Johnson it is first necessary to make the high speed setting and then the low speed. Turn the needle valve, A, to the right or up until it contacts lightly with its seat. To make certain that the needle valve is fully



MODEL D JOHNSON CARBURETOR

A—Spray Needle. B—Low Speed Screw. C—Sliding Sleeve. D—Strangle Tube or Choker. E—Cork Float. F—Nozzle. G—Inlet Needle. H—Inner wall (Note Cut Away at Bottom). I—Air Inlet.

shut off release the clamp screw that locks the indicator arm and turn the needle by the small lever at the bottom.

Next turn in the slow speed screw, B, until it is entirely closed thus leaving the carburetor entirely shut off. Turn the needle valve, A, to the left exactly one and one quarter turns and lock the indicator arm so that it stands at the center of the scale. Start the motor and allow it to run idle until the water in the radiator is at the normal running temperature. Next ascertain that the strangle tube control rod is not broken and that the control lever on the dash or steering column, as the case may be, is at the position marked "Run." With the spark lever advanced about one quarter of its total travel; snap the throttle lever open quickly and, if the motor does not miss or backfire, turn the indicator arm to the right, or toward "lean," one scale division at a time, repeating the quick opening of the throttle lever until the motor does backfire. Then turn the indicator arm to the left, or toward "Rich," one scale division at a time until the backfiring ceases. You have then obtained the intermediate and high speed setting.

The next step is to fully retard the spark and throttle levers and screw out the throttle lever stop screw until the speed of the motor with closed throttle is brought down as low as possible. If the motor does not operate smoothly on closed throttle turn the slow speed screw, B, to the left or out until it does. Make all adjustments as above advised with the choker wide open.

As previously stated, simplicity is one of the chief assets possessed by this make of carburetor. To clean the float chamber and nozzle the float chamber can be easily removed without disconnecting the instrument from the motor. First note the position of the needle valve and turn it lightly to its seat in order to determine what fraction of a turn it is open so that it may be replaced in the same position. Next remove the needle valve with packing nut and lock nut, after which the float chamber may be taken off for cleaning. To remove the inlet needle, first take out the pin on which the float actuates, remove the float and the needle will fall down. To remove the nozzle pass a large nail through the cross holes and use in the same manner as a wrench. To clean the nozzle, wipe out the central hole with a soft handkerchief passed over a match as it is of vital importance that this part of the instrument be clean and free from any obstruction. Before replacing hold the small end of the nozzle to the light to determine that the orifice and channel are clean. The nozzle is carefully calibrated to flow the correct amount of fuel and should not be injured or otherwise altered.

Selecting the New Car

The automobile industry has reached a stage where practically all cars manufactured are capable of smooth running, therefore the initial demonstration should not be given too much importance. However, as it is customary and about the only way a prospective buyer can get a line on the car it will be well for the reader to take note of the following suggestions. The salesman

will no doubt demonstrate a car which has been carefully looked over daily by the shop mechanics and is therefore primed to do its best. If the car which is being demonstrated cannot meet your requirements do not accept excuses for its failure by statements to the effect that there is some minor detail out of adjustment and if fixed would improve the performance of the car wonderfully. If a salesman has the nerve to demonstrate a car which is not operating properly, he is deserving of losing the sale.

First select a course with which you are perfectly familiar, one which takes in a steep grade or two, a few rough places and finally a road which is very smooth. Before starting on the demonstrating take note whether all tires are fully inflated or soft and that the top is up. Soft tires tend to take the car out of rough roads thereby reducing rattles which would otherwise show up. If the top is down the operation of a somewhat noisy car will seem quiet. When the steep grade is reached request the operator to leave the high gear engaged and run the car as slowly as possible without causing the motor to labor. Then ask him to gradually increase the speed. This will give some idea as to the pick up qualities of the car and the amount of power in reserve. Especially notice whether the car is hard riding when the rough places are reached. Compare the action of this car with others you have watched. When the smooth stretch is reached ask the operator to open the throttle wide and carefully watch the speedometer to determine the speed reached. Finally ask the demonstrator to stop the car in the shortest distance possible when operating at a speed of 25 miles per hour. You will then have a fair idea of the material which has been put into the car.

One Cause for Run-Down Battery

Corrosion on the storage battery terminals resists the flow of current from the generator thus resulting in the starving of the battery and many times damage to the generator. To insure against such an occurrence the owner should remove the battery cables, carefully clean the terminals and then connect them lightly with vaseline. If you are experiencing electrical trouble investigate this condition at once.

Interesting Figures

Sometime ago an interesting article appeared in a Western newspaper concerning a unique record held by a farmer as a milk hauler. This farmer had hauled milk continually from April 18th, 1892, to October 4th, 1913, a period of 21 1/2 years. During this time he hauled 4,244,762 pounds of milk, traveled 46,834 miles, and made 3,969 trips. One team was used most of the time, and he still has one of the original horses with which he started. This record reached the attention of a number of truck manufacturers who at once started to figure the saving which would have been possible had this farmer employed a motor truck as a carrier instead of the slow-going horse whose working capacity is limited. It was first determined that the cost of the man and team's time was worth \$12,911.20, this of course including the cost of wagons, harness, upkeep, etc. It was then accurately figured that the same hauling could have been done over the same route at a cost of \$4,542.35 thereby effecting a saving of approximately \$8,368.85. These figures indicate the saving on milk haulage alone and do not take into consideration that the time saving would have permitted the farmer to do hauling for other persons in the spare time or put the vehicle to work on other jobs he might have on his own place.

Questions Answered

IGNITION TROUBLE.—My Ford touring car (1915 model) pops and miss-fires and does not give light. It has a new magneto. Several mechanics who have examined it have failed to locate the cause of the trouble. It pops worse running idle; will not speed up. Can you tell me the cause of it acting so?

Mrs. M. G. S., Troy, N. C.

A.—In view of the meager details with which we have been furnished it is impossible for us to attempt to form a diagnosis of your trouble. It may be possible that the magneto plug is broken or that the new magnets were not properly installed. Our suggestion to you would be to have the job looked over at the nearest Ford service station. If they can't help you, write to the Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

FORD REAR AXLE.—Is it necessary to take the rear axle housing and differential apart in order to take the rear axle out of a Ford car, or can it be pulled out of the housing and differential the same as a full-floating rear axle?

J. J. Stanley, Wis.

A.—The rear axle used for Ford cars is what is commonly referred to as the semi-floating type. If it is found necessary to remove an axle shaft the rear of the car must be jacked up and the entire rear axle assembly taken out from under. The shaft cannot be pulled from the housing as can the axle shafts used in connection with a full floating rear axle. As it would require going to great length to describe each step that must be taken to remove the shaft, we would suggest that you write the Ford people for a diagram of the rear axle. If you cannot decipher the diagram, you might consult the nearest automobile mechanic. Anyone acquainted with the semi-floating type of rear axle should be able to make clear any matter in which you might be in doubt.

NO. ONE SPARK PLUG FOULS.—No, one spark plug of my 1915 model Ford gets so dirty with cylinder oil that I have to clean it every few miles although

I keep the oil as low as possible in the crank case. One cylinder will go dead for a while, then suddenly begin firing again. Can you tell me how to remedy the trouble?

H. E. Gallipolis, Ohio

A.—From all appearances oiling trouble in the first cylinder appears to be characteristic of this make of car. A very good mechanic with whom the writer is acquainted readily overcomes a trouble such as you relate by drilling three 3/16-inch holes equidistant in the lower piston ring groove. Such an arrangement forms a ready channel for the return of the oil to the crank case. From observation we note that this is becoming common practice on many higher priced cars. The experiment is at least worth a trial as it cannot possibly result in damage to the motor.

AUTO VARNISH, IGNITION, ETC.—What is the best way to apply a coat of auto varnish? The paint is good but the finish has been taken off by washing and polishing with oil. What kind of varnish is best for the purpose? (b) Would you advise the battery ignition system (spark produced by current from storage battery in place of magneto)? (c) How long should a storage battery last? H. E. Gallipolis, Ohio

A.—The first part of your letter was referred to the foreman of the paint department of one of the largest automobile factories in this country who advised that if the paint on the body of your automobile still retains a good color the best policy would be to carefully rub the present finish with a piece of soft felt that has been sprinkled with powdered pumice. When rubbing keep the body well wetted so as not to scratch into the finish. Next apply a coat of Stewart & Mowry rubbing varnish. When thoroughly set rub with pumice as above described. You can then apply a coat of Stewart & Mowry finish varnish leaving the job stand in a room free from dust until the varnish is thoroughly hardened. Regarding the use of battery ignition instead of magneto, we would not recommend the change unless it is your intention to install a generator connected with the engine in order to keep the storage battery fully charged. A magneto given the proper attention will give satisfactory service almost indefinitely. From this distance would advise that if your magneto is not at present affording satisfactory service that you return same to its maker with instructions to place it in perfect condition and return to you as soon as possible. Answering your third question (c); if you mean how long will a storage battery run before it requires recharging; that depends on how much it is used. At the most it will be extremely short and therefore believe that you can do no better than to have the present magneto replaced with the best of condition and allow same to remain to furnish the ignition current.

Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

Unfurling the big white fan lent her at the last moment by Lady Satterlee, she stood leaning unconcernedly against the doorway. It was a chilly place to wait, and presently she shivered.

Looking up, she saw Mr. Fairfax standing opposite her, regarding her with an indifferent glance, as though he had already forgotten who she was. It amused her, but she did not speak to him, as she had meant to do on first seeing him; it was scarcely worth while, either, since Satterlee would be back in a moment.

Just then she caught sight of the half-open door of a little room which had been carefully arranged by Lady Satterlee for her own special benefit. It looked warm, comfortable, inviting, and if she stood just within the doorway she could see her partner approach.

She walked slowly down the passage, and Fairfax looked after her.

The room was warm when she reached it, and she trailed her white gown across it to the fire, shivering a little. How long, how very long, Satterlee was! If he wanted her now, he could find her; she would not hang herself out into the passage to attract his attention if he had forgotten her.

With a sudden feeling of being very tired, she seated herself in one of two chairs standing by the fire. A few minutes elapsed, then she turned her pretty head to look impatiently at the door. The one lamp in the room was certainly getting dimmer; surely it could not be going out. As she stared at it the flame began to rise and fall spasmodically. Lady Satterlee had lighted it at five o'clock to see the full effect of her bower of bliss and lit it had been ever since, and as the last drops of oil burned it quietly expired.

Nerine rose with a little indignant stamp of her foot. "The lights are out, and the play is over!" she said grimly to the dull, red fire. "As for Lord Satterlee, he can find another partner—I am going!"

Tall, pale with indignation, she was the very image of Agatha as she turned to leave the room just as her missing partner entered it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

We Will Give You This Story In Book Form

If you do not care to wait for the monthly installments of this serial in the pages of COMFORT we will be glad to make you a present of the complete story in book form. You will enjoy reading this thrilling romance by Adelaide Sterling. It is a beautiful story having a pathetic appeal and heart interest that compels the reader's sympathy and admiration for the lovely and lovable heroine. To the blinding heart disconsolate because of unrequited love it bears a message of transcendent hope that lights the pathway out of despair up to the heights of triumph and enduring bliss.

We are sure our readers will enjoy this delightful story which will run as a serial in COMFORT through the remainder of the winter and the spring months, but you need not wait in order to get the complete story. Send us one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in all) and we will send you a copy of the book free and postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Congoleum Rug

Premium No. 7206

Given For A Club Of Six!

A YARD and a half long and one yard wide. Water cannot rot it, sun cannot fade it. It lies flat on the floor without nails, tacks or paste and positively will not curl up at the edges. The Congoleum Rug is something new. It is not oil-cloth or Linoleum or made of grass, fiber or fabric—it is not like any other floor covering in the world. It is absolutely waterproof, not affected by heat or cold, neither fades nor rots indoors or out. When you wash the floor or porch you can wash the Congoleum rug at the same time without taking it up. You can leave it outdoors the year round, and it will not rot, fade or get that dingy look that other rugs do after exposure to sun and weather. In doors you can use it on your bathroom, hall, pantry or kitchen floor, under the refrigerator or stove or in any room in the house. No matter where you place it it will outwear a dozen ordinary rugs and give years of service. These rugs come in many different designs and beautiful combinations of colors and we have selected the one illustrated herewith as the most suitable for all-round purposes. It will make an attractive appearance regardless of where you use it as a porch rug, or in hall, kitchen, pantry or chamber. We are positive that every woman who secures one of these rugs will want more of them at once so we have arranged to supply you with as many as you may need upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you one Congoleum Rug free by express or parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7206.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Your Feet and Mine

FEET are trying possessions, at times, as all of us know who have ever been bothered with corns or chilblains or bunions or callous spots or aching arches. Of course all these things come from our not having treated our feet properly—but that's no consolation, is it, girls?

One of the queer things which sometimes happens to feet is the growth of huge, horny nails, so thick no ordinary scissors can cut them. Very ugly they are, and often painful.

Do you want to know how such nails are produced? Well, quite often from wearing shoes too short. A friend of mine who had this trouble, recently purchased a new pair of shoes. Clerk after clerk tried to fit her foot, but did not succeed. Finally one of the head men came, looked over the foot carefully, then produced a pair which snuggled in nicely at the step, but were much longer than the shoes.



RUB VASELINE BETWEEN OR ON THE TOES WHEN A CORN SEEMS TO BE COMING.

my friend had been wearing.

"But I've always worn sevens," said my friend. "Yes," said the shoe man, "and they've always been too short for you!"

"But I don't have any trouble with my feet—except one corn."

"They're too short, just the same," said the shoe man. And, later, when my friend went to a chiropodist to have his shrieking corn removed, she looked at his huge horny nails. "You've been wearing too short shoes," she said, and my friend, who had been complaining to high Heaven about those nails, subsided into a thoughtful silence.

He buys eights, now, every time!

If you have horny nails, buy a pair of nail clippers to keep them trimmed, and always soak them in warm soapy water to which a little tincture of benzoin has been added, before clipping. You can sometimes file them a little thinner, with the ordinary nail file carefully used. And at night you should anoint them with olive oil or vaseline, slightly warmed, and well rubbed in. Use, also, a polishing powder two or three times a week. You can use either very fine emery powder, or just oxide of tin, perfumed with a drop or two of oil of violets. A cut lemon rubbed over the nails every other day or so is also good. Let the juice dry on.

As to corns, of course the only way to do is to get them out "by the roots." Cutting or paring does not cure a corn. Yet I have known very mild corns kept painless for years by gentle rubbing from time to time with toilet pumice stone and nightly anointing with vaseline well massaged in.

When a corn has been taken out, your toe needs careful attention, for it is sensitive, and the first thing you know you will be having trouble again. Soak the foot at night in hot water—not for more than a minute or two—then rub in vaseline generously. In the daytime, before putting on your hose, barely soften the skin with vaseline.

Always take pains, after daily bathing, to rub the crevices between the toes thoroughly dry. Careless drying, and failure to rub away little cast-off flakes of skin, often cause cracked skin between the toes, corns, or other uncomfortable conditions.

In summer, vinegar added to your warm bath-water is good for perspiring or swollen feet. It cleanses and acts as an astringent. After bathing very thoroughly, then dust on the following powder:

For Moist Feet

Powdered alum, one half ounce; powdered orris root, one half ounce; powdered rice, two and one half ounces.

Answers to Questions

Happy.—If you are five feet and ten inches tall, you should weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds, but being only seventeen years old you would naturally not reach this full weight. Your weight of one hundred and twenty-five, however, is too little, and you should build yourself up. As to the "nettle rash" for which you have been treating with your physician, of course the thing to do is to obey his instructions. In the meantime, be very careful about your diet. Watch yourself carefully, and if you find any food does not agree with you, drop it at once. Drink eight to ten glasses of water a day (everybody should do this, ill or well), and see that the bowels move freely. To aid this latter, soak six prunes over night in a tumbler of water. Eat them in the morning, masticating thoroughly, and drink the juice. Eat spinach, onions, asparagus, celery and other vegetables. Take soups, drink milk, cut out rich desserts, gravies, and cut down on meat for a time to see how that works. Try drying your bread in the oven until it will break, then toasting it—it is really good! Chew every particle of food until it is liquid before swallowing. Be very careful about your lunch. A bowl of soup, some cereal and cream, with toast is a good lunch; or an egg, chocolate, a baked apple and cream (though you may find the apple does not agree with you), some boiled rice. Perhaps you have been eating too much meat, and also fried foods, such as fried potatoes, fried meat, griddle cakes, etc. Cut all these out. Your meat, such as you eat, should be roasted or broiled. Fish will probably prove good for you, broiled or baked. Your potatoes should be baked or boiled until dry and mealy. Let me know how you get along. As to making the hair black, I cannot recommend that you try to dye it. This is rarely successful. Why do you want to change it? As a matter of fact, we all of us are given just the complexion which goes with our own particular hair, and when we dye the latter our faces are more than apt to look most peculiar. Then dye wears off, and also the hair grows, so that the new portion of hair is the old natural color instead of the dyed color, and it is almost impossible to make dyed hair look natural. Take good care of your hair as it is, wash it frequently, brush it daily, air it and sun it and keep it in perfect order, and it will grow in life and color.

A. P. R.—You do not tell me your age, so I cannot tell just how far under weight you are, but I am safe in saying most emphatically that seventy-six pounds is way, way below the proper weight for five feet four inches. You must set to work to gain. Drink plenty of milk, eat cream on everything you can, eat plenty of potatoes, rice, bread and butter, but no biscuits, hot breads or griddle cakes! Don't eat fried foods or salt meats. A good breakfast for you would be an orange or some grapefruit, or melon or berries, or a baked apple or pear or even some apple sauce. Then a great big bowl of cereal with cream—oatmeal that has cooked in a double boiler at least

an hour, a big dish of rice, or some of the prepared uncooked cereals, with cream and sugar. With this eat crisp buttered toast and two soft-boiled eggs. If you want something to drink with your meals, take milk or a cup of cocoa or chocolate. Drop tea and coffee for the present. For dinner eat baked, mashed or boiled potatoes—preferably baked—with plenty of butter, some baked or broiled meat (not pork or veal, but beef, lamb or mutton, or chicken or turkey or fish) and a green vegetable. And for dessert eat a baked apple or a custard or fresh berries or melon, or sliced orange or grapefruit, or corn-starch blanc mange with cream, but not pie, cakes or rich puddings. For lunch do not eat meat, but anything you want in the vegetable line or fruits. In cooking eggs, they must be soft cooked—not over three minutes, if boiled. See what I say to "Happy" about drinking water, and do the same. Also look after the bowels.

Blanche.—I am sorry it is against the rules of this department to answer letters by mail. I am not permitted to do so, because all of our readers are interested in every question and every answer, and the problem of one of our readers may be the problem of many. The exercise for reducing the bust is: Standing erect, with shoulders dropped and chest up, extend the arms in front on a level with the shoulder palms together. Now throw them violently backward, without dropping them below shoulder-height, as if trying to make them meet in the back. Throw them forward again, till palms meet, and repeat fifteen or twenty times.

Any exercise for the arms is apt to be good for reducing a full bust or developing a thin one.

Miss T. S.—I am sorry that I do not know to what advertisement in COMFORT you refer. Look through recent issues, as probably the advertisement will be repeated.

Emma L.—The lotion for darkening hair, to which you refer, is as follows: Put an ounce of garden sage (new sage, dried) and an ounce of green tea, in an iron kettle, and pour over it a quart and a half of boiling water. Rain-water if possible; simmer over a low flame until it has been reduced to one third its amount, then remove from fire and let stand in the kettle until next day at the same hour. Strain through cheese-cloth and put in stoppered bottles or jars. While simmering on the stove the kettle should be closely covered.

B. E. M.—Both blackheads and enlarged pores come from improper care of the skin, and probably the use of too much soap and hot water, with not enough attention to rinsing. Use a complexion brush (camel's hair) which you can buy at your druggist's or by mail, and scrub the face thoroughly each night with warm soapy water. Then rinse in warm water several times, finally in cool, and lastly in cold. In the morning do not use soap or hot water, but barely tepid water. During the day do not use more than tepid water, and no soap, and always end by dashing cold water on the skin. You can make up some "beauty bags" of cheese-cloth, two by three inches, half filled with rolled oats, and dip one of these lightly in the water to use as a washcloth. It will keep the skin soft and clear, and is most satisfactory. The cold water will help to close the pores. Using hot water on the face of course opens the pores, and in time they become permanently enlarged; for this reason, always close them by dashing on cold water, but be sure, first, that they are entirely clean or you will have an obstinate case of blackheads.

Mrs. G. W. L.—Salicylic acid for moles is moistened with alcohol or glycerine and bound upon the mole for thirty minutes. The acid eats away the mole. After one application, wait two days, then apply again, and after another two days, apply for the third time. The mole will probably be disposed of by then. You cannot be too careful, however, in the treatment of moles, as they often produce dangerous sores. If I were you I should try the acid on a small mole and note carefully its condition after the first application. Your own good sense will tell you whether it is advisable to continue it.

"Hazel Eyes."—I am using this nom de plume for you, as it is against the rules of this department to answer inquiries by mail. (See what I keep to Blanche.) A good color for you to wear is the exact color of your eyes, or a golden brown. Almost any good warm brown will be becoming, but have it with a yellow to a tone as possible. Orange is a good color for you, combined with other colors—any yellow should be good. You can wear olive green with slight touches of yellow or turquoise blue; or wine color with a slight accent of dark moss green. Mahogany will be becoming, and you can use small "notes" of old-rose or sage-green with this color. Soft fawn color is good for you, bronze brown, corn-yellow. Always remember that the exact color of eyes and hair is excellent and brings out their color, and that such color may be used in the trimming of a gown. For instance you could wear the fawn-color costume, with girdle, collar, hose, the color of eyes or hair. Do you see?

Peg.—To make the limbs larger—by which I suppose you mean the legs—practice the following exercises: With hands on hips, fingers pointing forward, thumbs back, throw chest up, put heels together, toes slightly pointed out. Now, keeping the back perfectly straight, begin to rise slowly on the toes until



PUMICE STONE IS GOOD TO WEAR AWAY CALLOUS SPOTS AND FOR CORNS.

you are resting just on their tips; then gradually lower the heel to the floor again. Repeat fifteen or twenty times. The descent to the floor should be as gradual as you can make it, thus exercising the muscles in the calves of the legs.

Another Leg Exercise

Standing with heels together, stomach well held in, and chin up, clasp the footboard of a bed with both hands. Now lift the heels from the floor, and keeping them so, slowly squat, bending the knees but keeping the trunk of the body perfectly upright. Do not let the heels touch the floor, but when you have squatted until your body is almost if not quite resting on your heels, begin to rise again with only the aid of your hands, which are, of course, still clasped to the footboard, and of your toes. Breathe in as you rise, expand breath slowly as you squat. Repeat ten or more times.

Married.—The "little holes" in your face are probably nothing more than enlarged pores. Read my answer to "B. E. M." and follow instructions. The "wrinkles" each side of the nose are sometimes caused by physical conditions—pain, etc. Look after your general bodily condition. Build yourself up in health and strength. See answer to "A. P. R." If you can gain in flesh, your wrinkles will probably all out. It would be a good idea to massage the face nightly

before retiring, using some good cold cream on your finger-tips. A particular movement likely to be of help in regard to these side-of-the-nose wrinkles is to put the finger-tips of each hand at the point of the chin, bring them up on cheek and toward ears with a sweeping movement—the whole palm of the hands will be on chin and cheek as the hands are moved up and back. This draws the skin away from nose and toward ears. Massage for two or three minutes in this way. A wrinkle lotion which may be applied, unless the skin is very dry, is as follows: Rose-water, three ounces; milk of almonds, three quarters ounce; powdered alum, one half dram. Put the slum in the rose-water until dissolved, and then stir in the almond milk a little at a time, keeping the liquid constantly in motion.

Mrs. F. S.—You can procure the lactic tablets of your druggist or by mail of any large drug house. If you expect to reduce successfully, you must also cut out fat-building foods. This means potatoes, rice, bread and butter, cream, milk, fat meats, gravies and sweet things. What can you eat, then? Oh, lot of things. You can eat all lean meats, fish, chicken, turkey, all green vegetables, such as string beans, spinach, asparagus, onions, peas, celery, lettuce, etc. And you can eat practically all fruits—except bananas. Take the juice of a half or whole lemon in a glass of cool water half an hour before breakfast every day. Eat grapefruit or oranges or pineapple, etc. for your breakfast, soft-boiled eggs, salt mackerel or other salt fish. For lunch eat green vegetables, fruits. For dinner, lean meats, vegetables and fruits. Also do not eat between meals, and do not drink at your meals. If you will eat only a moderate amount of these non-fat-building foods three times a day, I think you will not only stop gaining but will begin to reduce in weight at once.

A. M. R.—No, indeed, peroxide and ammonia will not make the hair grow. The peroxide is a bleach and makes the hair lighter, while the ammonia dries up the roots in time. I do not know anything of the proprietary remedy to which you refer. Electrolysis is, of course, the surest and quickest way to kill hair, but one must be in or near a large city and go to a skilled operator. The peroxide and ammonia is harmless and, while slow, is effective. It takes quite a long time, however, with daily applications.

L. E. S.—I think this is the formula for gray hair, to which you refer:

To Darken Gray Hair

Pyrogallic acid, one quarter ounce; rectified spirits, one half ounce; hot distilled water, one and one half ounces.

Dissolve the acid in the water and when cool add the rectified spirits. When applying to the hair, use a soft brush and dip it in a small portion of the mixture to which twice the quantity of soft water has been added and a very little rectified spirit. Repeat applications every day. My own advice about the use of any dyes by amateurs is—don't do it! It is hardly ever satisfactory—the dye adheres unevenly, wears off in patches, and the hair looks streaky and shows plainly that it has been colored artificially, while not looking attractive enough to excuse the effort. A lotion which can be used on the hair, and is not a dye, properly speaking, yet does gradually darken it, is as follows: Rust of iron, one dram; old ale, one pint; oil of rosemary, twelve drops. Put in a bottle, cork loosely and shake daily for twelve days, at intervals. After it has finally settled, pour off the clear portion, being careful not to let sediment run through also.

Mrs. H. S. A.—See answer to "Blanche." Your hair needs frequent shampooing, but first it must be heavily anointed with olive oil, gently rubbed in to the scalp. Tie up the head at night in a towel, and wash the next day with a liquid made by shaving a hand-size cake of Castile soap into a quart of boiling water over a flame, and letting it boil until thoroughly dissolved. Rinse, time and time again. If any soap is left in the hair, it will clog up the skin and cause dandruff. Do not use a fine comb on the hair, nor a stiff brush. Massage the scalp gently every night by placing the fingers flat against the scalp and moving the scalp back and forward on the skull. Do not move the fingers back and forth, but hold them firm, pushing the skin which will carry the fingers along with it without altering their position. If I were you, I should rub some olive oil or vaseline into the scalp every two or three days, at night, being careful not to get it on the hair itself. This will soften the dandruff. It will of course make your hair look greasy, but you would better stand that for a while than run the risk of losing your hair. Wash the hair once in two weeks and dry in the sun. Take the hair down every night and braid very loosely, after shaking and airing it. And don't forget that your hair cannot be healthy if your whole body is not. If you are below weight, thin or pale, run down in any way your stomach or bowels out of order, your hair will suffer also. Keep the bowels open daily by drinking eight to ten glasses of water daily, and by eating fruits every day of your life—apples, grapefruit, pineapple, berries, melons, apples, prunes, figs—as well as plenty of green vegetables. And exercise outdoors and indoors regularly.

Dickie.—You need to build yourself up a little to make your hair grow. See what I had to say to "A. M. R." and "Mrs. H. S. A." as to diet, etc. Get plenty of sleep—eight to nine hours every day of your life, with plenty of fresh air in your room, winter and summer. Do not put the oil on your scalp, as I advised Mrs. H. S. A., except just before your shampoo, say once in three weeks. Massage the scalp every night, just to stimulate the circulation and make the little oil cells do their work. And be careful about exercise, water, and the condition of the bowels.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Getting Your Money Out of The Bank

IF the bank rendered no other service to the community than to protect its valuables it would render a useful one; but it would be a mouse-trap proposition, you could only go one way; but the bank makes it easier to get money out than in, and in the outgoing process assumes risks and renders benefits to the often lost sight of in the busy whirl of business.

We take many things for granted and live in a matter-of-fact age. We want our morning paper at the breakfast table with never a delay and with little thought of what it costs to collect, transmit, type, print and deliver the news. We want our train on the dot or we get impatient, or no blizzard. We likewise expect the bank to do our business smoothly, efficiently, and without thought of the cost or the risks attending.

When your bank hands you a check book, it gives you license to draw as many checks, in as large or as small sums as you wish, with the only provision (except in certain cases where a minimum balance is required) that you do not overdraw, and promises to honor your checks as presented as long as your balance is sufficient to pay them.

Whether you want to pay your creditor in the next block, or a thousand miles away, the checking privilege of a bank account permits you to make your payment with ease, safety and despatch.

When you mail your check your trouble is over and the bank's has just begun, for the bank warrants to you three things, all for your own protection and at its own risk. It is well to know them.

It guarantees (a) That it will pay only the checks you have signed. If your name is forged and the bank pays the check, it cannot charge the amount to your account; (b) That it will pay only in the sum originally drawn. If some one gets your check and raises the amount, making it apparently a genuine check, the bank can only charge the amount in which you originally



Gray Hair and Safety

Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Color Restorer is the original preparation for safely and quickly restoring the natural color to gray, faded and bleached hair in a few days. Leaves the hair clean, fluffy and natural.

Free Trial Package and special comb. Test it on a lock of hair. This test will prove more than anything we could say in an advertisement. Write now and be sure to tell the original color before it turned gray. Was it black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown? Regular \$1.00 size at your druggist's or I will fill your order direct. Clever imitators, not being able to imitate the preparation itself, have copied our labels almost word for word. To be safe and sure, remember the name.

MARY T. GOLDMAN, 405 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. Established 30 Years.

drew the check, unless it can show you were grossly careless in so drawing that you invited fraud. Therefore be careful to draw your checks properly; (c) To pay to the party to whom you ordered the amount paid and none other. If the check gets into the hands of strangers who forge the indorsement, so that the party to whom you ordered the money paid does not get it, the payment is at its risk, and you are harmless.

All this is ultimately for your good as a depositor. You know that your account cannot be drawn against except on your order. You know that the party you want to receive payment gets it. You get back the most perfect voucher known to the business world. Many a dispute has been settled and loss and law suit avoided by producing bank vouchers that told in no uncertain way that payment had been made according to the intent of the drawer. Therefore for your own good you ought to keep your money in a bank and draw it out by check.

AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION.

WOMEN!

Make \$3 to \$5 cash in an hour's time taking a few orders for Baking Powder among your friends to be delivered through your grocer. No money to be invested nor goods to be handled. No experience necessary. Write quick for full details and instructions.

E. B. MARSHALL CO. 231 HURON ST. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

You Can Have Beautiful Eyebrows and Lashes

by applying "Lash-Brow-Ine" nightly, it nourishes the eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and luxuriant. Under "Lash-Brow-Ine" is a guaranteed pure and harmless preparation, and guaranteed by those who use it. "Lash-Brow-Ine" is a little oil sealed cover. Beware of worthless imitations.

Maybell Laboratories, 4008-64 Indiana Ave., Chicago

Pink Cameo Ring FREE

Cameos are set in the gold lined ring. Get entered for three years. To introduce new Ring Bargains, we will send post paid, your size upon receipt of 12c to pay advertising.

The Auction Co., Dept. 141 Attleboro, Mass.

Solid Gold Lavalliere set with genuine Diamond and 60c. Cash Commission given for selling fine perfume at 18 cents a bottle. Extra presents for prompt work. Write for perfume. J. C. Dimick, Portsmouth, N. H.

18-Inch Linen Centerpiece

Premium No. 7782.



Given For Two Subscriptions

THIS is another one of the fortunate purchases we made before the price of imported linen reached its present high figure to say nothing of the difficulty in getting it now at any price, as the supply in this country is getting low and absolutely none is being imported. This unusually attractive design is stamped on white Irish linen and is to be worked in solid and eyelet embroidery with buttonhole edge. White the design is a little more elaborate than some of the other centerpieces which we offer yet it is well worth all the time and labor you put in to it on account of the fine material and it is something that will retain its handsome appearance and give years of service. We will send you this 18-inch white linen centerpiece free upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 35 cents each or one three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you this pure linen centerpiece free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7782.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Doings of The Dapperlings

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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CHAPTER VII.

A MID-SUMMER ARBOR DAY

THE Dapperlings, each with a small, bright knife in hand, were cutting the grass on their hillside. It was slow work, for they knelt on the ground, and taking three or four grass-blades in one hand, cut them off close to the ground with their knives.

However, they didn't call it work. They just made play out of it, and called it fun, which, as you know, makes a great difference.

They always kept someone on guard, to let them know if any people were coming near. This time it was Pertwee. Nearly half the grass was cut, and they were thinking they would have it done by sunset, when Pertwee came running up and said, "The children are coming."

Then all the Dapperlings went into their houses, and the houses were turned around into the hill.

Pittysing and Simmie-Sammie were playing Arbor Day. They each had two tiny trees, which they had pulled up by the roots—two maples, one wild cherry, and one apple tree. Simmie-Sammie had the little fire shovel, and Pittysing a garden trowel.

"We'll set them out here on the hillside," said Pittysing. "The holes must be dug deep enough to hold all the roots. Won't it be fun to watch 'em grow? Our very own trees! Just think how big they'll be Simmie-Sammie, by the time you're a man. Perhaps you'll come here with your children some day and pick apples off this little apple tree, and while the children eat 'em, you'll tell how you and I set out these teeny mites o' trees, long, long ago!" Pittysing's eyes held a dreamy, faraway look.

"Tell a stowey 'bout it," asked Simmie-Sammie.

"Sometime," promised Pittysing, remembering what they had come to do, "but now we've got to dig holes for the trees, or there won't ever be any apples to pick."

Grasping the trowel, she went to work. "This grass looks pretty funny to me," she said; "just's if somebody'd run a lawn-mower over it."

The Dapperlings, inside, were listening. And they didn't feel very happy. I tell you, it was a pretty serious thing to them—having holes dug right into their houses!

"Something's got to be done about it, and done quick!" Lullie Wye told the others. "Can't anybody think how to get those children away from there?"

Nobody seemed to. They just stood there, staring at each other.

Then they jumped, for Pittysing's trowel hit the roof of the house where they were talking, making a little hole. And some dirt fell through.

Lullie Wye covered her face with her hands, and sank down on the floor.

"Our beautiful village!" she moaned, "It will all be spoiled. Oh, me! Oh, my!"

"We may be killed if we stay here," old Shandle-Spinx said in despair. "To the assembly hall, if you would save your lives!"

Outside, they heard Pittysing saying, "It's too hard there. I struck a rock or something. I better find a softer place to dig."

Zipzang had been thinking hard.

"Leave it to me," he said. "Pertwee, you come with me. Skippywink and Todken too. 'I have a plan.'"

"But you can't go out, can you?" asked Nattie.

"We'll push open the trap-door and get out that way." And off they ran.

Shandle-Spinx stood on a table under the trap-door in the assembly hall, and Zipzang climbed on his shoulders. He pushed the trap-door up

EXPLANATORY.—This story tells the strange things that happen to five-year-old Simmie-Sammie Smith and his sister Pittysing, nearly two years older, through the sly pranks of Nattie, the "Smallest Dapperling of All." The Dapperlings are kind-hearted, gay little elflike beings who ride on rabbits and never let themselves be seen by human eyes because of their belief that, if seen, it would bring some terrible calamity upon them. For this reason their queer little houses are always built into the hillside, and are so made, with doors and windows in front and grass growing on the backs, that they can be turned around to face out when the Dapperlings are by themselves; but as soon as anybody comes in sight the houses are whirled around so that only the grass-covered backs are seen and, as these look like the rest of the hill, you would never know the houses were there. They also have an underground assembly hall with an opening in the top covered with moss and concealed in a clump of thistles.



"CATCH 'EM! CATCH 'EM!" PITTYSING SHOUTED.

a little way, just enough to climb through, and when he was outside held it open for Skippywink, Todken and Pertwee. Making their way carefully through the thistles, they scurried off into the woods straight to the rabbit corral.

"What's the idea?" gasped Skippywink, as they ran.

"Stampede rabbits—part of 'em!" Zipzang flung out. He was running too fast to say much.

"Rabbits! well—of all the—foolish, scatter-brained—"

"You'll see!" Zipzang told them. "Hurry!"

"How'll you—catch 'em again?"

"Come back—feeding time!"

Pittysing found a nice, soft place, lower down on the hill than any of the Dapperling houses. She dug a little hole, jammed the roots of the little cherry sprout into it, and patted down the dirt.

Simmie-Sammie was digging away, his round face red and sweaty.

"I don't give up for wicks!" he boasted. "I'm a-goin' to dig this one wight out."

So he tried.

But, oh, dear! it wasn't a rock he was digging into! It was a Dapperling house!

His shovel wasn't very strong, and the handle broke, which was a mercy, for in another minute, crash! would have gone Lullie Wye's best china cupboard, filled with all sorts of curious and dainty things.

"Well, you've done it now!" cried Pittysing. "Did you ask mamma if you could take that shovel?"

Then they both forgot that they were playing Arbor Day, forgot the trees, and even the broken shovel. For down the hill came running a slender gray rabbit—then another, and another—five, six of them—their long ears laid back, their round eyes bulging.

"Catch 'em! catch 'em!" Pittysing shouted. "Run, why don't you?"

Seeing the children, the rabbits half stopped, swerved, and ran toward the Mill Brook.

Pittysing's shabby sandals pattered off in a frantic attempt to catch up with them, and Simmie-Sammie came puffing along far behind, but doing his best.

Of course you don't need to be told who won the race. Rabbits can run faster any day than a seven-year-old girl. They were soon out of sight, springing over the Mill Brook and bounding along through the bushes, only to cross the brook again higher up, and go back to their corral.

Pittysing and Simmie-Sammie had to stop and rest a while, for they were out of breath, and their faces were pretty near purple after such a chase.

Then they went home to tell their mother and father about it, and coax their father to set a trap and catch a rabbit for a pet.

"Oh, how I would love one!" cried Pittysing, clasping her hands and skipping excitedly from one foot to the other. "We could build a little house for him in the dooryard, and we'd be so GOOD to him he couldn't help getting tame."

The next day was rainy, so the children stayed in the house; but the day after, their mother wanted the trowel to fix a flower bed, and they went to look for that and the broken shovel.

"I'm glad I didn't break that shovel," said Pittysing. "If you hadn't been trying to show off, Simmie-Sammie, you'd have found a soft spot to set your tree, and it wouldn't have been broken at all."

"Did I want to play Arbor Day?" demanded Simmie-Sammie. "No, I never! I wanted to catch that shiny little gween snake, an' take him home to show mamma, but you wouldn't! An' then he went an' slided himself under the stone wall, where I can't ever catch him. If you hadn't maked me play Arbor Day, I wouldn't bweaked the shovel—so it's all your fault."

When they crossed the brook and came to the pasture hillside, there wasn't any trowel there, nor any shovel, either. The children hunted around for some time, but had to go back home without them.

Their mother used the mixing spoon and butcher knife to fix her flower bed, and told them that if they carried things off again without asking, and lost them, they would have to pay for them out of their own money.

But the next time they went down to the Mill Brook, what do you think was the first thing they saw? The trowel, lying on the barrel-top table. And there, under the table, was the fire shovel, all mended, just as strong and nice as ever.

Shandle-Spinx had mended it, for he said, "It was too bad for their happy little game to be stopped, and I'm so glad they didn't spoil all our houses I shall at least mend the shovel for them."

You think Zipzang was a bright little Dapperling to save their village by stampeding the rabbits, don't you? Well, so do I.

The Dapperlings play a cute trick on the children while blueberrying. Read it in May COMFORT.

Churning by Dogs Under Fire

SO much that has been told about the war appeals to lovers of animals, more especially the dogs and horses, but the story told by a recent visitor to the war base is of much interest. Outside many cottages in northern France a wheel some six feet in diameter may be seen fixed into the wall, the purpose of which seems rather puzzling, even after one has seen a lurcher like dog enter it and in squirrel fashion set it continually revolving for about an hour. At the other end of the wheel's axle, inside the dwelling-room, a churn is fixed, which is filled with milk every morning, and always at the same moment the dog arrives, steps into the wheel, causes it to revolve its needful hour, steps out when the hour is ended, and goes his way to play like other dogs, leaving the family to enjoy the fruits of his labors when they return in the evening.

One morning, so the story goes, man began to show his intelligence by pouring a hall of shells on the village, stripping the roofs from the cottages or converting them into little mounds of ruins. The inhabitants fled precipitately, in too great terror to affix the churns to the wheels. But that made no difference to the dogs, nor did they consider that the shells concerned them at all. Punctually to their hour they stepped into the wheels and began to turn them. At a corner of the market place three such wheels were visible. A dog was in each of them when the action was at its height, and the houses were crumbling about the men who were endeavoring to defend them. But the brave dogs went on as though the hurly-burly were no concern of theirs. The fragments of a shell struck one of the wheels and all but put it out of action, a splinter of spoke acting as a brake against a wall. The dog stopped in amazement at so unexpected a circumstance, and then, seeing the other dogs still at work, set himself to overcome his difficulty and succeeded presently by a succession of bounds in making his cargo rotate uncertainly. A shrapnel bullet hit him while thus engaged, and he collapsed without a groan on the floor of his wheel. A few moments later one of the other houses was hit and the dog and wheel disappeared under the debris.

The third dog completed his churning, trotted out of his wheel and nothing more was seen of him.

Muzzles for cats during night hours are proposed by Assemblyman Savage of Meriden, Conn. Mrs. Annie Muller of the humane society protests that they will hang themselves.

Bulk or Package For Economy and Health

By Prof. H. Crawford Burgess

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HOW many times we hear people—who do not know what they are talking about, nor give serious thought to the subject—say, "This high cost of living is all on account of paying for tins and paper boxes and fancy wrappers."

It is not my purpose to discuss the high cost of living in this brief article, but I will say that there is no truth in the claim that package goods have increased this cost. Economic conditions such as the cost of labor, machinery, transportation and many other things of that nature have, it is true, caused some increase in prices.

However, when it comes to the difference between bulk goods and package goods I can only say that there is a very, very little difference in the cost of them and that such increase in cost is more than ten times offset in one item alone—"clean living!" which means health to say nothing of the saving on doctor's bills.

I remember and some of my readers may also remember, when nearly everything came in bulk. Tom, Dick and Harry came into the store and reached into the cracker barrel and took one. What was the condition of his hand? What had been handling? His hand brushed against other crackers. We carry more germs on our hands than anywhere else.

Now look at our crackers—in damp-proof, dust, dirt and germ proof packages—absolutely pure and sanitary.

Would you go back to the old bulk style? You can get oatmeal in bulk a little cheaper than in the package, not much, but perhaps a penny cheaper on enough for twenty breakfasts. "Boy, bring in a sack of oatmeal!" And the boy does. He drags it across the storeroom floor and the grocery floor and the dust gets through the mesh of the sack and he dips the scoop into the sack up to his wrist—he's just been carrying down the horse—and weighs out what you want. And you've saved almost a cent in a week.

Or you can have your breakfast cereal handed to you in a cardboard carton, lined with prepared paper through which no dirt or dust or liquid can percolate. It is absolutely clean and healthy and you are not taking a chance!

Will you have the man claw out several handfuls of dried apples from a barrel, or will you have them in a neat clean package? Remember he has to claw into them in bulk with his nails. Not pretty talk, but think it over.

It is just such examples as these, and I would name them by the hundred, that explain what I mean when I say that package goods mean clean living.

You can buy a certain brand of "maple syrup" in bulk. It is a little cheaper than the good syrup that comes in bottles or tins with screw tops bearing the producer's name. But how about it? Are you sure of it? If you don't like it who's to blame? Not your grocer. He couldn't test everything. And there's another point in favor of package goods—the maker's name is on them. And you do not think a manufacturer is going to put out an inferior lot of goods and stick his name on it, do you? Certainly not. That isn't good business, and if it isn't good business it means a loss and our manufacturers are not in business for loss.

If by any chance you get inferior goods in package you take it back and your dealer will make it right and then your dealer will communicate with the manufacturer and say, "Look here, are you trying to spoil my business? A good customer of mine brought back this package. I am sending you. Look it over and let me know if I may expect any more of that poor quality. If so I'll get another brand."

And the manufacturer will make good because he lives solely by such men as your alert provision dealer. If the dealer cannot satisfy his customers with one brand he'll get another. All these things happen and the result is that practically all of our standard goods, whether in tin cans, tin boxes, glass bottles, glass jars, crocks, cardboard boxes or any other form of package, are so well known that we are absolutely sure of them.

Go into your own store—I take it for granted that you deal with reliable people—and pick out any of the package goods. Did you ever find any impurities, any dust, dirt or any foreign matter or any spoiled goods in boxes, bottles, cans and jars?

I don't believe you will find anything like that twice in a lifetime. Remember that in these days machinery takes the place of hands and fingers. Machinery mills the grain and rolls it and puts it in ovens to be cured and fills and seals the packages and no hands have touched it and no germs are in it. Besides, many kinds of food deteriorate rapidly and sooner or later spoil if exposed, as bulk goods are, to dampness, air and insect pests.

And when you come to think of it, this plan of putting goods up in packages that are germ proof is only following, or copying nature. The banana is in a germ-proof package, its skin. The shell of the nut is its germ proof package. The husks of the corn are germ proof, air and moisture proof. Why not, then be as careful as Mother Nature in putting up our food?

You may buy some goods in bulk and thereby save a few dollars in a whole year. And the chances are you may get some impurities, adulteration or disease germs in it that will make you ill and your doctor's bill and loss of time, to say nothing of your suffering, will be quite a heavy sacrifice for your attempted economy.

Where's the profit? To sum it up, this question of bulk versus package, I would say that the package way is the clean way and the clean way is the health way and the health way is long life, true economy and real thrift.

Don't Expect COMFORT Too Early

Dear Subscriber:—We have received an unusually large number of complaints because the March issue did not reach our subscribers on time. This delay was due, we feel sure, to the extension of the freight service for the delivery of second class matter—an extension that went into effect with the March issue. We hope you will be patient and that, if your copy is late any month, you will understand that this is the reason. We are cooperating with the Post Office Department in every way to assure the prompt delivery of COMFORT. Please wait until the 25th of the month of date of issue—then, if your paper has not arrived, write us about it.

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher.



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

The Newly Hatched Chick

THE coming year's success depends largely on the number of chicks which can be carried through from hatching time to the eighth week in vigorous health. It is the chick that grows in frame and vitality during these first weeks, that makes the heavy layer and the plump table bird later in life. It is estimated that not seventy-five per cent of the chickens hatched on the general farm live to be four weeks old, even when hens are being used to do the incubating and brooding, and not more than fifty per cent when incubators and brooders are being used, and it is due solely to the want of knowledge on the part of the person who has them in charge. Given a hundred chicks from eggs laid by healthy birds, and hatched in an incubator which has been properly operated, the losses should not exceed five per cent.

It must be understood that the first two weeks are the really critical time in a chick's life. If they get stunted or upset during that time no amount of care afterwards can counteract the damage done to their constitutions. Of course, the first consideration in caring for incubator chicks is the brooder. The continuous house, heated by hot water pipes and divided into small runs with a hover in each, is the one employed in large poultry plants, and is undoubtedly



PORTABLE HOVER—CAN BE USED IN HOME-MADE COOP.

the best, but such a brooder house is expensive to erect, and not practical for a small poultry keeper. Next comes the outdoor colony brooder with two compartments, in one of which is a hover heated by a lamp. The outer, or exercise compartment is warmed only by the air from the hover compartment, and so, of course, is much cooler than the hover compartment, but still warm enough for baby chicks to play in during the coldest weather. Such brooders are complete in themselves, being thoroughly stormproof, and can be placed in any convenient sheltered place. They cost from nine to fifteen dollars.

Next in order comes what is known as the portable hover—a metal, drumlike affair, heated by a lamp, and which costs about six dollars, and is very convenient, because it can be used in any homemade coop.

Last of all comes the fireless brooder, several makes of which are now on the market, and range in price from two and a half to five dollars, but they can be made at home for about fifty cents each, when empty cases can be had from the grocery store, or a dollar if lumber has to be brought.

The first requisite is a box two feet square and seven inches deep, with a lid at least five inches deep. Or if you can get two strong boxes the same size, which are six or seven inches deep, take off the lids, and use one of the bottoms as a lid. Put two hinges at the back, and a hook and eye at the front. Cut a hole three inches square in the center of the front for the chicks to run in and out of. At both ends of the lid or top box, make half inch holes three inches apart and an inch from the top. Then make a frame to fit inside the box and rest on the cleats; cover it with burlap, and then cut a long strip of felt, flannel, old blanket, or any soft woolen material. It does not matter so much what it is so long as it is warm and woolly. It should be about four inches wide. Make cuts one inch apart the entire length, leaving about half an inch as a heading. Then stretch the fringed material to the burlap, connecting in the center of the frame and going round and round, the rows to be about an inch apart. At first, put the frame on to the cleats in the lower part of the brooder, with the fringed material hanging down, to make a comfortable covering for the chicks. After the babies are about two weeks old, the frame must be put on to the frame in the top part of the box, which will lift the ends of the material about three inches from the floor of the brooder.

At first, when the screen is in the lower part of the brooder, fold a piece of cotton batting and fit carefully over it, filling in the entire space to the edge of the box. In the top half, put a layer of excelsior about an inch and a half deep, then fill in with cotton batting to the edge. The burlap on the frame being porous, and the cotton batting ditto, allows a perfect system of ventilation from the front opening to the holes in the top part of the brooder. Of course, when the frame is moved to the top part of the brooder, some of the cotton batting has to be removed, but by that time the chicks have grown considerably, and furnish a great deal more animal heat than they did at first.

After the babies are about four weeks old, it is well to take out the frame with the fringed woolen material attached, and use another frame covered with burlap, which is to keep the cotton batting in place.

Before using the brooder, give it a coat of whitewash, and cover the floor with sweepings from the haymow, or finely cut hay, to make a warm carpet for the chicks to stand on. Of course, such brooders should be well housed in a light, dry place. A good coop can be made out of a piano box or large dry-goods box. A piano box can usually be got for about two dollars from any store that sells pianos, and will, with the addition of a couple of small windows and paint or roofing paper, make it water proof. It makes a good house in which to keep two or three small brooders, or the same number of portable lamp heated hovers.

If the weather is still cold, the room or coop in which the fireless brooder is being used must be heated in some way, otherwise the chicks will become chilled when they run out to feed and take exercise which is necessary for their health. If the coop being used is an ordinary colony size, three by six, and not more than two and one half feet high, a good-sized lantern will heat it to about sixty degrees, which is the right temperature for little chicks to play in. Keep the

floor of the coop covered to the depth of four or five inches with sweepings from the haymow, or finely chopped hay. Be careful that the material used is always clean and dry. Never under any circumstances use anything that is in the least mouldy or musty, for the spores which cause several deadly diseases are bred in mould.

If an outdoor brooder or portable hover is to be used, light the lamp and get the temperature under the hover up to 90 degrees with a moderate flame, at least a day before the chicks are to be put into it, so that you can be sure that the lamp is running evenly. A thermometer comes with all such brooders and hovers, so it is easy to regulate the heat. When chicks are put into the hover, the heat from their bodies will run up the temperature to 100—perhaps more—but don't alter the flame of the lamp. The chicks can push their heads out of the curtain which encloses the hover, and get cool air if they need it, so there is no danger of their being overheated. If the lamp is properly adjusted to keep the empty hover at 90 degrees.

When the hatch is all over in the incubator, take out the trays, eggshells and any moisture pans which may have been used, and leave the chicks in the machine for twenty-four hours before moving them to the brooder. If the incubator has side ventilators, they can be opened to their full extent; if not, the door of their machine can be fixed so that there is the tiniest space for ventilation if the heat goes above 101. If the brooders have been used before, they should be disinfected as advised for incubators in last month's COMFORT.

Now, having the chicks housed, we must consider the feed and care for the tiny creatures. Always remember, in looking after chicks, that they are infants, and as sensitive to cold, neglect or improper feeding as a human baby. You know that when a baby is clean, warm and well fed, it will be contented and happy, but let anything go wrong with it, and it squirms and cries. Well, it is just the same with chicks. Go into a brooder house in the evening when they are settled down for the night, and if everything is all right, they will be lying stretched out, and you will hear little twittering sounds of perfect content. If the brooder is not warm enough, or the day's food has contained anything irritating, they will be standing up, huddled together, and uttering sharp little sounds, which are unmistakable cries of trouble. Cultivate the habit of noticing such signs, and be guided by them, for a happy chick is a healthy chick, and a healthy chick makes a profitable bird.

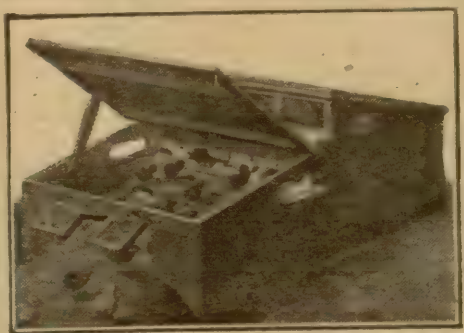
Chicks must have nothing to eat for the first thirty-six hours, for just before they break their shell, the remaining part of the yolk is drawn into the chick's body, and must have time to digest and be assimilated before any other food is introduced, or the digestive organs will be overtaxed, and bowel trouble is likely to result.

If chicks are put into a compartment brooder, shut the small door which communicates with the outer compartment, and keep them confined to the compartment where the hover is, for the first two days. If the portable hover is being used, stand it in a box, or make a screen of cardboard or fine mesh wire, about three inches wider all round the hover, so that the chicks can come from under the curtain and have that small space to play in, yet not be able to wander off into cold corners, as they are apt to do before they have learned to accept the hover as home.

With the fireless box hover, make some sort of a small enclosure in front of the opening, and gently shoe them back into the hover every hour or so, for there is no warmth to attract them to this kind of a hover, and it is wise to do some little teaching of this sort, even with a heated hover, especially at bedtime, for there is always danger of some foolish little fellows getting sleepy, and forgetting which way they ought to go.

The fireless brooder of the dimensions given will accommodate fifty chicks for two weeks, and twenty-five after that age. But remember that it takes at least twenty-five chicks the first week to make such a "mother" warm enough to keep them comfortable as it depends entirely upon the animal heat from their bodies.

As soon as they are placed in a brooder, scatter some fine gravel or very finely cracked poultry grit. I like the gravel that is sold for caged birds for the first two or three days, as it is bright, and attracts the little fellows to pick it up, and in this way they get the material that is needed to enable the gizzard to grind feed when it is put to them. After the thirty-six hours' fast, put a small pan of sour skim-milk before them, and, to teach them how to feed, pick up one or two and dip their bills into the milk. If a few commence to eat, the others will follow suit. Of course the milk, like the water that is given to chickens, must be in dishes that are partly covered to prevent them getting into it. For the sour milk, we use small fruit saucers, with a strip of board put across the top, so that



OUTDOOR BROODER WITH TWO COMPARTMENTS—HOVER IN ROOM.

there is only a small opening left on each side of the dish.

At the end of half an hour, the milk is taken away, and two hours later they have their first real food, which consists of stale bread which has been dried in the oven and put through a meat chopper. One cup of this is mixed with two eggs which have been boiled hard, cooled, and chopped, shell and all. About one third of the mixture is poured along a narrow board and given to fifty chicks. If any is left at the end of half an hour, it is removed. The following day, the sour milk and the above mash is alternated at intervals of two hours. After that, the sour milk is left before them all the time, the mash given in small quantities every two hours.

On the fourth day they have water given them for the first time. The fountain is left in the coop for half an hour in the morning, and the same length of time at about 2 p. m., and a little rolled oats, which has been broken fine, is scattered on the floor of the coop.

The fifth and sixth days are the same as the fourth, except that the dish of water is left before them all the time. After the sixth day we commence to use rolled oats instead of the dry bread in the mash, and liver or lean meat which has been parboiled, gradually takes the place of the egg, and chick feed is scattered on floor three times a day. All these changes must be accomplished very gradually from the sixth to the twenty-eighth day, and, of course, the quantity given must be increased, for chicks are very fast growers. In fact, there is no young creature, except squabs, that grows so rapidly during the first two weeks of its life, as a chicken, and for this reason, chicks require an abundance of early digested, nutritious food, and to keep the digestive system in proper working order, it must be supplied in small quantities very frequently.

After the fourth day, never leave mash before them more than fifteen minutes at a time, and don't make more than is needed for one day at a time, or it may sour and cause trouble; besides which, if it is left before them all the time, they will have no inducement to scratch and hunt for the chick feed.

From the fourth to the eighth week, we keep a dry mash before them all the time in self-feeding hoppers, for they will not eat this as greedily as they do the soft mash. Give them all the fresh green stuff they will eat at noon. Young Alfalfa and clover leaves are good. If you have neither, use the green sprouts of oats.

The dry mash is the same as that used at the New Jersey Experiment Station, and is composed of the following grains:

Wheat bran, 50 pounds; gluten feed, 10 pounds; corn-meal, 10 pounds; ground oats, 10 pounds; meat scraps, 10 pounds; dry ground bone, 10 pounds.

The Great Value of Skim-Milk

I wish to call special attention to the value of sour skim-milk in baby chick feeding. Sour milk is very palatable; it also contains much food value in its casein, which is a form of protein or nitrogen. The greatest benefit, however, lies in its disinfecting qualities. The lactic acid present kills and prevents the multiplication of intestinal bacteria. White diarrhea is one of the most dangerous of these forms. In order to get the greatest benefit from sour skim-milk it should be given the youngsters to drink from the very first day, being given in a closed vacuum fountain, so that the chicks cannot get their feathers soiled with it. It should be changed daily and the vessel kept perfectly clean. Experiments conducted at the Connecticut Experiment Station have proven its great value. Experiments conducted at the New Jersey Station show that where sour milk is used as mentioned, the percentage of mortality was very materially reduced over pens that did not receive it. Also the skim-milk chicks made a gain in weight of over 28 per cent more than those receiving no milk. Since these conclusive tests it is needless to say that we are feeding skim-milk (sour) to all of our young chicks during the brooding period with the greatest success.

Wheat Bran a Valuable Chick Feed

Wheat bran is a valuable adjunct to the chick ration. It is especially palatable and rich in protein. It has a high ash content (phosphoric acid) and is fairly bulky, which makes it useful to mix with finer and more concentrated feeds. Wheat bran aids digestion through the presence of a ferment "diastase" which it contains, and is mildly laxative.

Provide Plenty of Ash for Bone

The chick during its early growth makes bone rapidly; for this reason plenty of ash must be provided. Extensive experiments show the great value of bone in ration. Dry granulated bone contains about twenty-five per cent of phosphoric acid, and about the same amount of protein, and can be secured by the hundred pounds for a little over two dollars.

The same series of experiments showed conclusively the great need of animal material in the ration for growing chicks. Flocks fed moderate quantities of meat scrap made by far the greatest and fastest gains, and were much healthier than flocks from which all animal material was withheld. The food nutrients from animal sources seem in practice to be more readily available than the same nutrients from vegetable sources. Large quantities of meat or concentrated animal protein feeds should not be fed, especially early in the brooding period, as the forcing which results is apt to cause a relatively high mortality.

Plenty of green feed in the form of lettuce leaves, sprouted oat tops, green clover or Alfalfa, must be supplied. Such material is termed succulence, carrying as it does, a high water content. It adds to the palatability of the ration, making it more digestible and keeping the chicks hungry and healthy.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

G. G. S.—There are two varieties of Muscovy ducks. The colored ones are glossy black and white; the head and neck slightly more black than white. The black, breast and body, sometimes blue black, sometimes broken by a few white feathers. The face red and crinkled, like a turkey's neck. The White Muscovy is all white, with the same kind of red face. They are handsome birds; weigh about ten pounds when full grown, but not so good for egg production or table use as the Indian Runner and Pekin. Their habits are the same as those of other ducks.

A. W. S.—Raising only twenty-five chickens from three hundred is indeed dreadful. I am inclined to think that instead of pip, the chickens had brooder pneumonia, and that the dry, hard tongue was caused by the feverish breath passing over it. The spores which cause this disease are sometimes present in the egg before it is hatched. Eggs that have been laid in dirty nests or in mouldy material become contaminated through the shell. Incubators and brooders which have been put away at the end of the season without being thoroughly cleaned, or which have been stored in a damp place, are likely to be infested with aspergillus fungi, the spores of which are inhaled by the chicks, and may affect the eggs in an incubator. Always disinfect incubators and brooders after each hatch. (See March number of COMFORT.) Doctering is of no value if the disease once develops. The only course is to prevent an outbreak, by cleaning, something and disinfecting everything, and being extremely careful that the hay sweepings, or whatever is used for bedding on the floor of the brooder, is perfectly sweet and free from mold and dust. If the young turkeys are with turkey them give them nothing but sour milk, as they will pick up plenty of food for themselves on range. If they are with common hens, apply the methods recommended this month for the first week of a chicken's life, only give nothing but sour milk for three days.

M. P.—I am glad to be considered a friend by our COMFORT readers, and to help them with their poultry problems whenever I can. Personally, I prefer White Wyandottes, and think them the best general purpose fowl. But if you prefer colored birds, Rhode Island Reds or Plymouth Rocks are equally good layers and table birds. Better get the two settings of eggs from different breeders, and use the cockerels from one setting to mate with the pullets from the other, and the following year mate the old cockers with their daughters, and the young cockerels to the old hens.

J. M. T.—Possibly the chicken-house is draughty, and the chickens get cold in their eyes when on the roost. As all colds are likely to develop into roup, which is contagious, you should separate the sick birds from the rest of the flock, and shut them up in a separate coop. Clean and disinfect the chicken-house and everything in it. Dissolve one teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium in a quart of water, and for use dilute one tablespoonful with three of water. Bathe the sick bird's head, face and eyes with it twice a day. Feed lightly on nourishing food. Stale bread soaked in milk and squeezed dry is good.

G. R. F.—All improved drugs have gone up so much in prices during the last year, that I advise you to depend on ordinary sour milk. To hasten the souring process, we use liquid rennet.

L. H. R.—The turkey is suffering from pip. The hard scales can be pulled off if the point of a wooden skewer or some such instrument is used. After it is removed, rub the tongue twice a day with a mixture of honey and borax. Repeat three or four days, and feed soft food. Administer a dose of Epsom salts two mornings in succession. About twenty-five grains will be right for a full-grown turkey. Also read answer to A. W. S.

H. H.—Young turkeys must not be allowed to run on the ground where other poultry is in the habit of congregating, and they must be free from lice and mites. When common hens are doing the hatching, it is well to put them on china eggs in a small coop, take them off the nest every night, and dust them thoroughly with insect powder. After three or four good treatments they can be removed to another clean coop, and given the turkey eggs. Powder them thoroughly once every week while they are sitting and brooding. Read latter part of the answer to A. W. S.

M. Y. S.—As you are sure the original brood of turkeys were not related, you can use the young gobblers this year. I don't like to use turkeys for breeding that are less than a year old. Turkeys

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commence to lay as soon as the weather gets warm in the spring lay a clutch of eggs and then get broody just as a common hen does. If they are not allowed to set, they will commence to lay again in two or three weeks, but they seldom lay as many eggs in the second clutch. I can't account for the soft-shelled eggs, unless the bird was old or out of condition. The young turkeys dying in the shell might have meant want of vitality, or an old hen leaving her nest just at hatching time. I like well-matured birds for breeders. We have one White Holland turkey who is eight years old. She laid forty-seven eggs last year, all of which hatched. A gobbler may be useful for ten years, but I never keep one after the fifth year. If goldbees and hens are on free range, there should be about ten hens to one gobble. If, however, the gobble is kept in a yard during the brooding season, a fresh hen can be turned in to him every morning, and in this way you can mate twenty or thirty hens to a gobble. Read the poultry department in the February and March numbers of COMFORT. It would help you about incubator chicks dying in the shell.

L. M. W.—Your objection to the non-freezing water fountain, which I described in one of the early winter issues of COMFORT, has not been met by us, but we fill up the drinking vessels with warm water three times a day during cold weather.

F. F.—There are many reasons for feeding mash in the morning and whole corn at night. First, mash is more quickly digested, and sustains the nervous system of the bird during the hours when they are taking active exercise. Second: birds should never have more than half a feed of such concentrated material as ground corn, or they will become too fat, and at night they want a full feed. If this is moist mash, it becomes cold in the crop, and the birds are uncomfortable during the night. Whole corn, on the other hand, generates heat. We always mix a little small grain, such as wheat, Rye or corn, with the mash which is fed in the morning. The corn being large, is picked up at once, and the birds go to roost with a full crop, and are kept comfortable all night, and when they get up in the morning, there is something to scratch for, which insures them taking active exercise that will set the blood in circulation and tone them up for the whole day.

N. B.—I was very much interested in reading your letter, but unfortunately the want of space will prevent our publishing it.

Editor's Note.) Several correspondents have asked for catalog books on raising poultry. We have no such material to circulate. If you want any help or information, I shall be very pleased to give it if you will write, stating what it is you wish to know.

Tells why chicks die

E. J. Reefer, the poultry expert, 304 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is giving away free a valuable book entitled, "White Diarrhea and How to Cure it." This book contains scientific facts on white diarrhea and tells how to prepare a simple home solution that cures this terrible disease over night, and actually raises 80 per cent of every hatch. All poultry raisers should certainly write Mr. Reefer for one of these valuable FREE books.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

dens on to somebody else and that someone else is usually trying to do the very same thing we are trying to do. If the whip of necessity didn't lash humanity into action most humans would lie down and die of indolence. Environment has a great deal to do with the individual and national character. Take the Scotch and Irish for instance. They are the poles apart. The Scotch have to hustle like the dence to get a living out of their rocky and barren soil, and they have a climate that is inclined to be rigorous, a climate that keeps them alert and active. The Irishman has a rich soil and plenty of warmth and moisture. He can smoke his pipe while the soil works for him. He has plenty of time to play and dream while the Scotchman hasn't. The Irish climate is conducive to emotion rather than motion. Unless motion and emotion are nicely balanced there is bound to be abnormal results. Thus it is that the Irishman is a little too emotional and the Scotchman not emotional enough. Buckle in his history of civilization discusses this matter very interestingly. If you don't want to take music lessons Dorothy, for heaven's sake cut music out. The tasks we have to be driven to do should never be forced upon us, not in childhood at least. Only children who love music should be taught music. We have to suffer enough agony in this world without being forced to listen to the hideous racket of fond parents force their unattractive children to spring on poor, unsuspecting visitors who are compelled to listen while Mary Jane or John Henry stumbles over their one and only half memorized piece, and oh, what an awful piece it usually is! Dorothy, remember the work of the world has to be done by somebody, and you have positively got to do your share. Some day when we get civilized everyone will have his allotted task to do and he will have to do it. Those who won't work will have to starve, for the charity that keeps the poor contented and the lazy alive, has been a curse all through the ages, and it is a curse of which we shall rid ourselves as soon as justice dawns on the earth. Until that day comes Dorothy I will arrange with Billy the Goat to supply you with some energizing pills, the chief ingredients of which are ambition, hard work, efficiency and stick-at-iveness. Take one of these pills every hour twice a day in water and see the water is not over your head, for its dangerous for lazy people to get into deep water.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have been a reader of COMFORT and also a member of the "League of Cousins" for several years. Although I know I have been a very unworthy cousin, I do certainly enjoy your editorials and replies. It seems to me almost impossible for a person afflicted as you are to look into your fun and humor and do such a noble work as you are doing. I am well and strong but it doesn't take much pain and sorrow to drive away my sunny disposition. I am a farmer and a farmer's son. I have lived here on a bluff overlooking the Ohio river all my life almost. It is a grand view, a place rather than a place to live. I would rather farm than anything else, for I like farming. I have farmed in Missouri and now my father has purchased an island fifteen miles below Cairo which I intend to farm. I have dark hair and eyes, am five feet eight inches tall, weigh one hundred and sixty pounds, am twenty-three old and single. The best way to be as long as a fellow has a home. May God bless you in your work. Give my love to Maria and Billy the Goat.

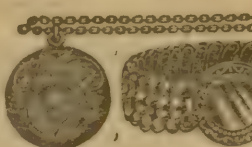
GOLCONDA, ILL.

Yours for success,
WALTER E. DYER.

Thank you Walter for your kind appreciation of my monthly stint in these columns. I'm sorry I can't agree with you in the stand you take about single blessedness and hugging the family roof tree. If your father and mother had thought as you do, you probably would not be on this earth today. In a couple of years' time you ought to have a home of your own and you won't know what real life and real manhood are until you cut loose from your mother's apron strings and break away from the windward side of Pop's whiskers and seek out the girl of your choice and yourself become a homemaker. For every man that is single there is a woman denied her right to wifehood and motherhood. I would tax and tax heavily every man capable of supporting a wife, who remained single after the age of twenty-seven. If the man who remained single kept clean and virtuous, the single man would be less a menace than he is today. Menace, Uncle Charlie? I never realized a single man was a menace. Of course you didn't but a little thought will tell you that he is. There is no menace of the single man amongst savage tribes, for directly the young people are capable of reproducing their species, they have to marry. We don't want to copy savages, though we can learn even from them. We constantly hear people referring to this as a "swift age" and heaven knows it is a swift age, and getting swifter every minute. Once upon a time, and not so many years ago either, if a man wanted female companionship he had to marry. Today he can get not only companionship but practically all he wants of the opposite sex without incurring any obligations. Woman, a generation or two ago, was a thing of mystery to the average male. He stood almost in awe of the fair creature of whom he saw so little. All that is a thing of the past. Economics conditions have pushed women out of the home and made them dependent on other men for a living. Men wanted cheap labor and women supplied the need. Woman is a wage earner, but her wages are seldom sufficient to make her economically independent. So tens of thousands of women have to lean heavily upon man for support. It is among the leaneers or those who have no one to lean upon, that the single man, and too often the married libertines as well, have preyed as a wolf preys on the sheep-fold, and it is to better the condition of these women, and for that matter of all women—the millions who have no real homes and no protection—that I have pleaded and fought for the ballot, the most powerful instrument in the world for the uplift and betterment of all humankind. Familiarity too often breeds contempt, and now

that men and women are daily rubbing shoulders in the business world, it is not to be wondered at that the old-time respect and even reverence for women, in the cities at least, is becoming a thing of the past. If there is a big fire, or a big earthquake, or anything that holds up the orderly process of law and order, out come the ghouls, the thieves and the criminals and begin to rob and loot. Woman in the ages past was man's toy and his slave, seldom his companion. Now that the struggle for existence has become so keen, and the sexes daily fight on the battlefield of life for a crust, the old animal instincts of men are ready to assert themselves, the vampires and libertines are on the job, and though all men are ready to protect their own, they are still more and more ready to prey upon those who are not their own. The average fellow will tell you that life is too uncertain and marriage too expensive a proposition for him to take a wife, so he stays single, and he and his girl chum fill the dance halls, the cabarets, the restaurants, the theaters, the movies, and they crowd the summer hotels and the beaches, and they drink alcohol as the fish swallows water, and puff cigarette smoke in each other's faces, and they go home in the small hours of the morning, or they don't go home at all, and the whole bunch of them prostrate themselves at the altar of pleasure, growing more reckless and more indifferent to the conventions every day of their lives, until disease and dissipation push them into the background; their places being immediately filled by another and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)



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The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

"Edith—what can I say to win you?" he cried, after a momentary struggle with himself. "I swear to you that I cannot—will not live without you. I will be your slave—your lightest wish shall be my law, if you will yield this point—come with me as my honored wife, and let me, by my love and unceasing efforts, try to win even your friendly regard. I know I have done wrong," he went on, assuming a tone and air of humility; "I see it now when it is too late. I ask you to pardon me, and let me atone in whatever way you may deem best. See—I kneel—I beg—I implore!"

And putting the action to the words, he dropped upon one knee before her and extended his hands in earnest appeal to her.

"In whatever way I may deem best you will atone?" she repeated, looking him gravely in the face. Then make a public confession of the fraud of which you have been guilty, and give me my freedom."

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"Ah, anything but that—anything but that!" he exclaimed, flushing consciously beneath her gaze.

"Your appeal was but a wretched farce—it is worse than useless—it is despicable," she said. "Will nothing move you?" he passionately cried.

"Nothing."

"By Heaven! then I will meet you blade to blade!" he cried, furiously, and springing to his feet, his eyes blazing with passion. "If entreaties will not move you—if neither bribes nor promises will cause you to yield—we will try what lawful authority will do. I have no intention of being made the laughing stock of the world, I assure you; and, hereafter, I command that you conduct yourself in a manner becoming the position which I have given you. In the first place, then, tomorrow morning, you will breakfast in the dining-room with the family—do you hear?"

Edith had stood calmly regarding him during this speech; but, wishing him to go on, if he had anything further to say, she did not attempt to reply as he paused after the above question.

"Immediately after breakfast," he resumed, with something less of excitement, and not feeling very comfortable beneath her unwavering glance, "we shall return to the city, and the following morning you and I will start for St. Augustine, Florida—thence go to California and later to Europe."

The young girl straightened herself to her full height, and she had never seemed more lovely than at that moment.

"Monsieur Correll," she said, in a voice that rang with an irrevocable decision, "I shall never go to Florida with you, nor yet to California, neither to Europe; I shall never appear anywhere with you in public, neither will I ever break bread with you, at any table. There, sir, you have my answer to your 'commands.' Now, let me pass."

Without waiting to see what effect her remarks might have upon him, she pushed resolutely by him and went swiftly up-stairs to her room.

The man gazed after her in undisguised astonishment.

"By St. Michael! the girl has a tremendous spirit in that slight frame of hers. She has always seemed such a sweet little angel, too—no one would have suspected it. However, there are more ways than one to accomplish my purpose, and I flatter myself that I shall yet conquer her."

With this comforting reflection, he sought his sister, to relate what had occurred, and enlist her crafty talents in planning his next move in the desperate game he was planning.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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graphs and the directions for making include the different stitches in tatting, Maltese and Irish crochet and how to make them, as well as quantity and size of material and size of books required.

Volume 7 shows a variety of thirty hand-made crocheted designs each one illustrated by a photograph of the real work showing just how the finished pieces look. There are rose, sunflower, periwinkle, and Venetian yokes; boudoir caps, monkey face library scarf and lace pillow; large and small baskets, hat pin holder, jewel box, vanity tray, coin purse, utility bag, star fish dolly, pineapple centerpiece; edgings and insertions in pillow lace; daisy edging; spider, bell, rick-rack, novelty and coronation braid laces. Full directions accompany each design including quantity and size of material and size of books to be used, also all the principal stitches used in crochet and how to make them.

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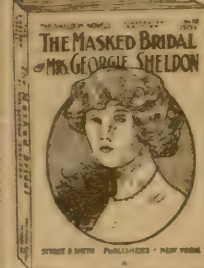
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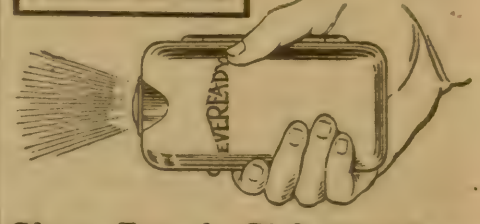


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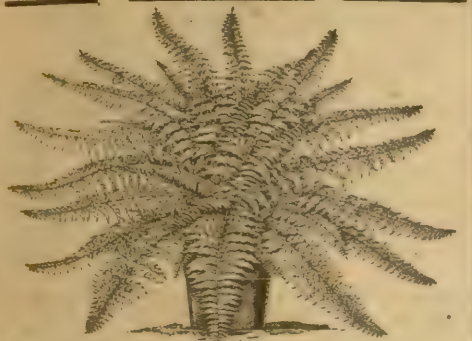


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VETERINARY INFORMATION

Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

GADFLY GRUBS.—Can you tell me what to do for my sheep? They have a hoarse cough. The head seems to be stopped up with a profuse discharge of mucus from the nostrils. At first they eat but little, jerk their heads, clinch their jaws together, grit their teeth, and froth at the mouth, just before they die, which is from three to five days.

E. S.

A.—There is no doubt that gadfly grubs are causing the discharge and head jerking, but death seldom results from that cause alone. More liberty, the prolonged feeding of Timothy hay is to blame. It is poor feed for a pregnant ewe. Feed clover or Alfalfa hay, and add roots or silage and bran. Make the ewes take active exercise daily. There is no cure for the grubs but they may be prevented by smearing pine tar on the noses of the sheep in daytime in summer.

ITCHING SKIN.—My horse has some kind of a skin trouble, or else it is in his blood. He started a year ago from what I thought a foul stall. His hair came off under his front legs up near his body. He bites himself until the hair comes off in spots. He seems worse when heated. He is in fine condition.

Mrs. L. W.

A.—You are correct in thinking that what is ailing in the stall will start such a skin trouble. Do away with such conditions, and also have the stable light and well ventilated. Have the horse clipped and then apply to affected parts of the skin as often as found necessary a mixture of two ounces of flowers of sulphur, one half ounce of coal tar dip and one pint of cottonseed oil. Have the horse work or take active exercise every day.

CARPITIS.—My ten-year-old mule has a growth as large as a teacup on knee joint. It is as hard as bone. She limps some and her leg bends out quite a little when not in motion. Is there anything that will take this growth away or give her better use of leg?

E. T. R.

A.—A bony growth (exostosis) is present and cannot be removed. Puncture-dring and blistering by a competent veterinarian might somewhat relieve the lameness. If you cannot have this done try the effects of oleate of mercury rubbed in once daily. First remove the hair.

KICKING HEIFER.—I have a heifer two years old this month. She will freshen in July. She was gentle when I put her in pasture last May. She became wild in October she would look at me and if I touch her she kicks. When I clean the stable she kicks at the shovel. I can pat her back but cannot touch her stomach or udder.

Mrs. W. W. R.

A.—Put hobbles on the cow in a box stall and milk her or so through the motion of milking at the usual time twice daily. Perhaps a wide strap around the hind legs above hocks will suffice.

SHOE BOIL.—My horse has a shoe boil which swells up every spring and causes her to be very lame for a short time. After it discharges a while it goes down to a small bunch, about the size of an egg and does not trouble her again until the following spring. Can you tell what will remove it permanently?

P. W. B.

A.—You should have the shoe boil amputated by a surgeon. This is a very simple operation. And after the wound heals the shoe boil should not return.

SKIN TROUBLE.—My mare has a breaking out on her shoulders where the collar works back on her sides and on top of her shoulders. The hair is off in spots and the skin is thick. She rubs herself until it bleeds.

Mrs. B. C.

A.—Clip the mare each spring. Meanwhile clip the hair from her belly and up to a line with the straps of the breeching and breast collar and also from the legs above knees and hocks. Every three days apply to the affected parts a mixture of two ounces of flowers of sulphur and one half an ounce of coal tar dip in a pint of cottonseed oil. If the trouble persists give one half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning until about one quart has been used; then gradually discontinue the medicine, taking a week or more to the work.

GREASE HEEL.—I have a saddle horse that has something wrong with his feet. One ankle is swollen. There are rough scales along his leg. Greasy pus runs out of his heels, and he has a high fever in his leg joint. Please give remedy.

J. V.

A.—As well as we are able to judge from your meager description the horse has grease heel. Do not wash the parts but paint them once daily with fish oil. Wipe the parts clean now and then.

GARGET.—I have a fine Jersey cow seven years old that has been giving stringy, lumpy milk. One quarter of udder has lumps in it.

E. J.

A.—There is no remedy. Udder having been ruined by infective mammitis (garget) and the milk is unfit for any use and the trouble liable to be spread from cow to cow by the milkmaid's hands. Such a cow should be isolated and fed for slaughter if a tubercular test has shown that she is free from tuberculosis. It is quite possible that tuberculosis of the udder is present.

BLOODY MILK.—Please give cause and treatment for cow that gives blood out of her udder when it is milked nearly dry. (2) Give treatment for colic in horses.

A. E. C.

A.—Growths in the milk duct of the teat bleed at milking time and the only possible remedy would be to have them removed by operation. If you cannot have that done dry off the milk secreted in the affected quarter. (2) There is no general remedy for colic which is of five or six different kinds. If you care to describe the symptoms of the kind you mean we shall be glad to prescribe. A pint of raw linseed oil containing an ounce each of turpentine and laudanum is useful if inflammation of the bowels (enteritis) is present.

WRYNECK.—I have a mare eleven years old that has a ridge on the right side of her neck and it seems as though the left side was drawn around. She holds her head to the left side and down close to the ground. She has no use of her right leg.

Mrs. A. B.

A.—Fracture of vertebra of the neck causes just such symptoms as you describe and that would result from an injury and prove incurable. If there is no possibility of an injury the disease is a form of rheumatism known as torticollis or wryneck, and improvement may follow if you can give one half an ounce of salicylate of soda three times daily in feed. Sabal would be a better remedy in two dram doses but is too dear at present to be profitable given.

LAME JACK.—Is there a remedy for a Jack that is two years old and whose front legs are stiff and when he lies down has to be helped up? Mrs. O. U.

A.—Such a case is most unpromising as the Jack either has rickets, similar to bow legs in a child, or osteoporosis, commonly termed "big head." Support him with strings and feed well on oats, bran, corn and mixed hay.

STRONG MILK.—I have a young Jersey cow that was fresh last June, it being her second calf. She will be fresh the middle of May. She gives a half gallon of milk at each milking. It is very strong tasting and will not sour easily. It becomes bitter before it sours and is very hard to churn, making strong butter.

Mrs. E. C. G.

A.—It will be necessary to dry off milk secretion as treatment will do no good. The milk should be normal in every way when the cow calves again.

LAME SOW.—I have a sow one year old. She has nine pigs two months old. She has been lame for three weeks and is getting so stiff she can hardly walk. What is the matter and what can I do for her?

Mrs. A. T.

A.—Wear the pigs at once as the drain and strain of sucking them is affecting the sow in the way described. This trouble most commonly affects pampered sows that are over fed on corn and kept confined. It does not attack sows that are fed mixed rations, and made to take abundant exercise every day. Rickets commonly are present.

TUMOR.—I have a bronchitis seven years old with a sore shoulder. It has calloused and left a lump about the size of an egg. It will heal over when I do not work her. When I do it gets raw again. Can you tell any way to get rid of this without an operation?

W. K. S.

A.—Have the tumor cut out by a surgeon. That is the only successful treatment in such a case.

THIN MARE.—Please tell me what to do for my mare? She is very thin and will not fatten. (2) What can I do to rid her of lice?

A.—Have the teeth attended to by a veterinarian and also clip the horse if the coat is long and rough. Afterward feed well on whole oats, wheat, bran, ear corn and mixed hay. (2) Dust horse infected parts with a mixture of equal quantities of pyrethrum or sabadilla powder, sulphur and powdered tobacco leaves.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

more youthful bunch of feather brained moths. They call this city New York, they call the big city at the southern end of Lake Michigan, Chicago. There is a better name for these big wildernesses of bricks and mortar. They should call New York Hell Number One, and Chicago Hell Number Two, and so on down the line. I know whereof I speak. In a month or two I will give you the vice report of one of our big eastern cities. I would have given it to you last year, but I was afraid it would spoil your Christmas dinner and make you think that God had turned His back on the world. Now Walter get up your horns and make it the right kind of a home. That will mean that two human beings at least will be contributing the best that is in them to the upbuilding of the nation and the race. There are millions trying to shipwreck civilization and make the world a cross between a jungle and a barnyard, a sewer and a slaughter house. Don't you be one of these Walter. Anyone can be a hog, but it takes character, conscience and will power to be a man. The world needs men. It has a the hogs it can use. It is the lack of men, real men that makes life such a rocky road for humanity to travel. So get busy Walter, and do your duty.

PERYTOPOLIS, R. R. 2, PA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

We have taken COMFORT for a number of years. I read your answers and sermons every month and find them very interesting and full of good work. I am sixteen years old, and passed the eighth grade examination for high school two years ago; but have not had the opportunity to go, as it is about three miles from my home.

I do not think much of the high school anyway for the teachers they send out do not amount to very much. I would like to get into your bookcase Uncle and make use of some of your histories. I am fond of reading and like to soar above the Laura Jean Libby grade of fiction. Most of the girls near my home would not look at a history if they did not have to. They think more of their looks and beauty. It is a disgrace to humanity the way some of them act. My father gives me many lectures on socialism. I have been trying to get him to pay tuition for me at the Belle Vernon High School so that I can go there. We are poor people Uncle and you know it takes money for an education.

I am sending for your book of poems and thought I would have a little chat with you. I would like to make you a visit and have a real talk with you, as most of the people I talk to think of nothing but gossip, and do not get down to good common sense they can do the talking, but have nothing to say when they get through. (God knows that's true. Uncle C.)

Wishing you success and happiness and with love to Maria and Billy, I am, ELIZABETH PEACOCK, P. S. I thought your November sermon was great. It certainly ought to awaken every man and woman. I missed the December number but have renewed.

Elizabeth, yours is a dandy letter. You express yourself well and your handwriting is perfect. When I get a letter from a girl like you my heart beats faster and my eyes blink with delight. I'm so sick of the inanities, stupidities and frivolities of this crazy age, I am as full of fear as a wagon load of monkeys, but oh, do get as sick and tired of listening to the idiotic prattle of the average young person, and I might add to the average middle-aged person. There never was a time when there was so much that was worth while to be talked about and discussed and there never was a time when people had such a gorgeous opportunity to stock their foolish and empty noddies with worth-while thoughts and golden nuggets of knowledge and wisdom as right now. The world is simply flooded with glorious literature. A few dollars will buy a library that all the gold in the world could not have secured a few centuries ago. Of course you country cousins don't have the chance to pick up the book bargains that we do who live in the cities. But even when good books are brought to people's attention, not one in two hundred are in the least bit interested. Carnegie's idea in spreading the country with libraries, full of good books, was to start people thinking. The Bible says: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all the rest shall be added unto you." Carnegie should have put across the entrance to his libraries "Seek ye first the Kingdom of books and knowledge and all else will be added unto you." If I could choose the reading of the world for just two months I could set the clock of civilization forward a thousand years. Elizabeth is fond of history. So am I. I love it. There are a few high spots that stand out in histories just as Pike's Peak soars above the surrounding plains. If you get acquainted with these beacon lights of history and the effect that they have had on moulding the future and swaying the destinies of nations, all the jumble of events that crowd the pages of the past quickly take shape and form, and the record of man's doings on this planet becomes easy to visualize, grasp and understand. It is the history of peoples not the history of kings that one wants to study. Maybe when this war is over I can tell you about some of these beacon lights. Some nations have progressed far along the broad and glorious highway of democracy while others have lagged behind. Why did some progress and why did others lag behind? Now I would like to put that question to every teacher in every schoolhouse in America, and I'll bet you that not one teacher in five thousand, let alone one scholar, could give an intelligent answer; and yet the whole thing is so easy and so simple. The history of every nation that is the worth-while part of it, could be told in a column of COMFORT, and almost in a paragraph or two. Well, histories as a rule are not written to open people's eyes and put humanity wise to man's age-long struggle for liberty and a worth-while existence. History is written to hypnotize the reader with a false sense of national glory and racial importance, written to beg, dazzle and obscure the vision instead of clear it. There is a little that is worth while in the histories of all countries, but very little. If all histories were truthfully written there would be few patriots. How many of those who read and study the Bible know anything about it? How many know when and how it was constructed and who put it together. If those who get hot about the gills when discussing the war in Europe knew a little about the history of the peoples engaged in that struggle, they might be able to discuss that war intelligently, and you can't discuss it intelligently until you know what is back of it all. I'm sorry Elizabeth, that you cannot come and browse among my books. On the two shelves of the bookcase immediately opposite me are the following books: "Rawlinson's Ancient Monarchies," "Larned's History of the World," an invaluable work, "Ridgway's History of the United States," "Creasy's Fifteen Decisive Battles," a wonderful work; "Green's History of the English People," "Buckle's History of Civilization," "Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." On the shelf

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Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League, provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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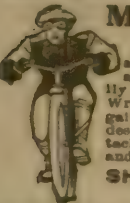
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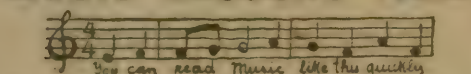
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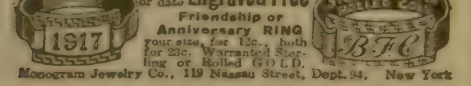
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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

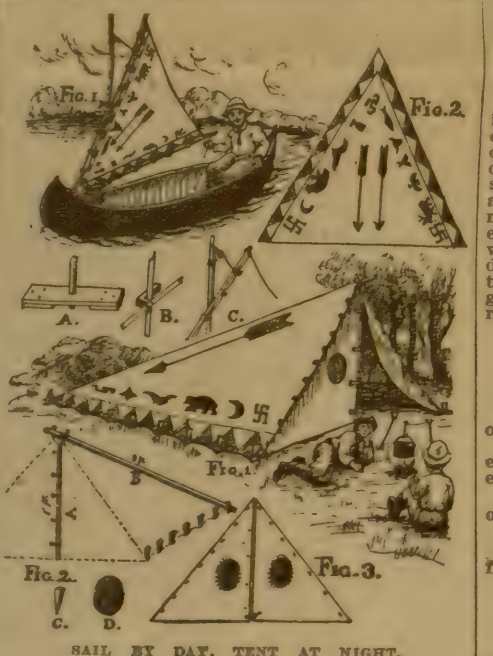
HELLO Boys! Step into my sanctum and sit down. You may leave the door open, for I dearly love sun- shine and the scent of lilacs. How's fishing up your way? Any bullheads and sunfish biting? There ought to be. This weather is just right for them. It's right for mostly anything, I guess, except hard work. My, how I would like to get out my pole and line and loil with you on the grassy bank of some creek. In the springtime one always feels the call of the great outdoors, for spring is the childhood of the year and under its magic influence, we all become as little children. Respons- ibility slides off our shoulders and we want to romp and play. Perhaps our souls are really being renewed and made young again like the fields and gardens, or maybe it is that the surfeit of beauty on all sides creeps into our minds and literally crowds out pettiness and spite and fear. At any rate, we feel a distinct urging to be happy and optimistic and it is our duty to obey it. To do this, we do not actually have to neglect our work and go rambling. Spring abides everywhere, even in our hearts.

Indoor Game

To make an otherwise dull evening, at home, enjoyable, I advise you to try the game of "Turn-over." Two players participate. Each is provided with a sheet of paper and a pencil. To begin, a word of ten or more letters is chosen by mutual consent and each player writes it down at the top of his sheet. The one having first turn, usually the younger, writes one letter on his own paper and covers it with his hand. The letter must be in the word chosen, and the paper must remain on the table while it is being written. The left hand of the writer is used to conceal his efforts and false motions are made with the pencil to further deceive and mislead the player who tries to guess what letter has been put down, by calling out, "Turnover 'g' or 'r'." or whatever one he may name. If he guesses correctly, he crosses that letter out of the word on his paper. If he fails to guess the right one, the other player crosses the letter written, out of his word. Thus, the object is to cross out all the letters in your written words before your op- ponent succeeds in doing so with his. Towards the end of contest keen interest develops. The letters are used only as often as they appear in the selected word and, when crossed out, may not be used any more. It is when only a few remain that a tense desire to win takes posses- sion of you.

A Sail Tent

Decorating a canoe sail is a novel and practical idea. This is shown by Fig. 1. The letter "A" shows the base of the mast; "B" is the home- made fork by means of which the sail is swung round the mast; "C" shows how the sail is secured by rope and pulley to the top of the mast, and how it is lowered. Fig. 1 shows how the sail, mast and boom may be used



SAIL BY DAY, TENT AT NIGHT.

for tenting. The additional part needed is the front of the tent. Fig. 3. Oval-shaped pieces of screen are stretched on to insure ventilation. Fig. 2 is a flat view of the sail. When it is stretched over the supports shown in Fig. 2, the base is fastened to the turf with short stakes "C" which fit through the rope loops used for reefing the sail. It is an extremely simple plan and will be useful to campers and canoeists who like to paddle to some distant point and stay over night. If you study the illustrations for a few minutes, I do not see how you can fail to understand the idea of decorating a sail and if needs be making a one night tent out of it.

Horseshoe Game

The universally liked game of "Horseshoe" can be condensed into an indoor sport that will furnish capital amusement on a rainy day. If a table top is used for the playing ground, matches, stuck down between the leaves, will serve as stakes. The distance between them should be as great as the length of the table will permit the important point, being to allow a foot of space, between the table edge and the stake. Another way of arranging stakes is to force nails through folded newspapers and protect the table back over them. If played on the floor, a rug may be the field and upright pins the pegs. Miniature horseshoes, one inch wide and two inches long, may be cut out of a piece of stiff leather or cardboard. The game is most inter- esting when played by four as this obviates mov- ing back and forth. One member of each oppos- ing team remains at each stake to pitch against each other. Scoring is done in the ordinary way: the nearest shoe to the peg counting one, a "ringer," four and a "cleaner," three. If the two shoes nearest to the stake belong to one side, two points are credited to them. A game is finished when one side scores twenty-one points. If the player having first pitch, in the final set, com- pletes the twenty-one points, it does not count until the other opposing has thrown his two shoes. This point frequently causes disputes.

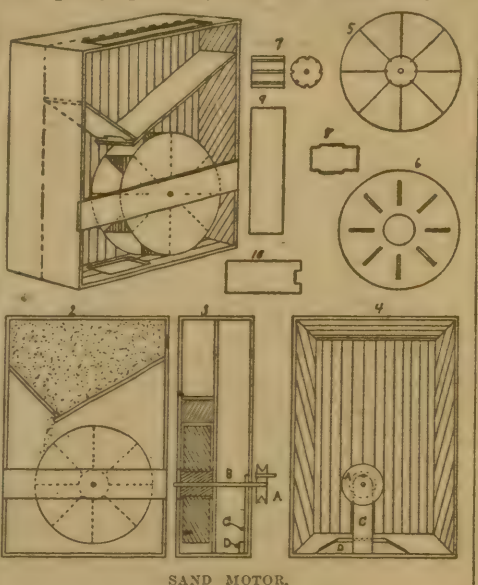
Queer Occupation

In India and other countries of the far East, where the weather is extremely warm, it is the custom of hotel proprietors to hang over each bed a large, stiff square of some light material like thin wood or woven fibre. They are called "punkahs" and their purpose is to cool the swel- tering guest beneath them, by swinging back and

forth, fan fashion. They are operated by ropes tied to the beam from which they are suspended. The ropes pass through holes in the wall and then over various pulley blocks to the street in front of the building. Here, young natives, called "punkah boys," monotonously jerk the ropes all through the night. It is very uninter- esting work but, if the youngsters lapse for a minute or two, the man in bed will instantly note it, by the discomfort he experiences, and will viciously pull the "punkah" as a signal to go on with the fanning. The poor lads are only paid a few cents a night, but this is considered good wages in India, and in front of every fair- sized hostelry, dozens of them may be seen busily playing their queer trade.

Sand Motor

This sand motor consists of a paper paddle wheel mounted in such a way that sand can be dropped upon the paddles and thereby cause the wheel to turn. It is shown complete in Fig. 1. After sliding off the paddles, the sand drops through the hole in the bottom of the box and is fed again into the top hole. The box has a partition in the middle through which the shaft and pulley protrude, and the latter may be



SAND MOTOR.

belted to a toy or any light object that goes around. A box about ten inches square, made of cardboard or very light wood may be used. Heavy cardboard, fastened with glue, is the best material to use for all other parts. Dimensions are a matter of choice. Fig. 2 is a front view and Fig. 3 a side or sectional view. In Fig. 4, "C" and "D" are small wood blocks that make a support for the pulley. To make the wheel, cut out two disks like 6, eight paddles like 3, one wood hub like 7 and two outside covering disks like 5. The end projections of the paddle pieces fit into the hub, and the side projections into the disks in the disks 6 and are bent down and glued. Disks, without slots, like numeral 5 are then pasted to cover the paddle ends that are bent down. The parts 9 and 10 form the sand feed. It is a neat toy when finished and very amusing.

Foolish Questions

Most of us are addicted to the habit of asking foolish questions. If a friend comes in out of the wet we just naturally ask, "Is it raining out?" An acquaintance of mine states this sort of nonsensical inquiry and frequently vents his spleen on innocent offenders. He works in a large office and one day was just about to make an important entry in a ledger when his elbow touched the ink bottle and a huge blot was the result. A fellow-worker, noticing his discomfiture, ventured sympathetically, "What's the matter did you spill ink?" "No," came the gruff answer, "my fountain pen had a hemor- rhage."

Riddles

When is beer like a bear?
When it is (a-brewin') a Bruin.
Who sees the most, a man with only one eye or a man with two eyes?
The man with one eye, because, in addition to everything else, he sees the other man's two eyes, while the latter can only see his one.
If a couple of Chinamen and a crazy man fell off a train, what would the conductor report?
Lost; two washers and a nut.
What is bought by the yard and worn by the foot?
Carpet.

April Puzzle

Nine objects are represented by the pictures shown below. When they are written down in a certain order, the initial letters will spell some-



Answer to Puzzle

Apple
Pig
Revolver
Ivy
Lounge
Football
Opera glass
Owl
Lock

The initial letters spell April Fool.

Well, this is all the space allowed me this month, but I think it contains enough to keep you happily employed until I write again. If you want to accomplish anything worth while in this life, you must cultivate the quality of "initia- tive." It is an ugly looking word but, withal, a most important one. It means the ability to get started; the knack of transmitting your men- tal plans into action. Every man of brilliant achievement has loads of it, but not all were born with it. Some of them saw the need of it when they were young and developed it from a small nucleus. Strange to say, when you use a thing of this kind, it grows bigger and stronger every day. What a blessing it is that this is so.

UNCLE JOHN.

Engraved Gold Bracelet

FOR ONE SUBSCRIPTION



This Round Bracelet with artistic engraving and unique Spring Fastening is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages. There is a demand for brace- lets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly three inches in diameter; we consider it a beautiful pattern. This bracelet is the very latest style so you will want one while fashionable, and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

Offer No. 4501 A. For one one-year subscrip- tion (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you this handsome Bracelet free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Offer No. 4501 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you this Bracelet free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 4501.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

EBONIZED BRUSH, COMB AND MIRROR SET



THREE ARTICLES IN BOX

Premium No. 2605

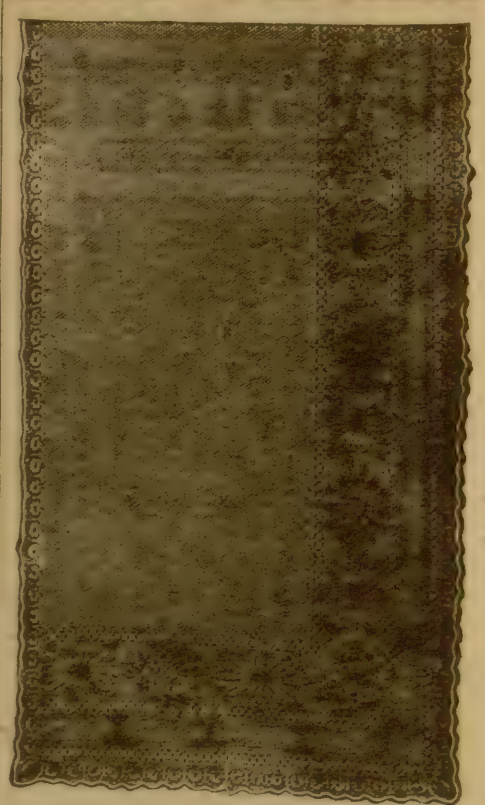
Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Five!

Latest Pattern Silverine Shields for Mono- gram. Beveled Mirror and Fitted Case. There does not live a girl whose heart would not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this small, dainty black finish set. A man's heart is pleased, realizing well the beauty of work in the brush with its fine white bristles, the excellent fitted beveled mirror and finely made comb. A woman is still a girl, only grown up, and to think of really owning this set seems in many cases the realization of some fairy's dream.

The Brush is nine inches long, 2 1/2 inches wide, firmly set with white bristles, with shield of Silverine. **Mirror** is eight and one-half inches long, 4 1/2 inches wide on back, with a four-inch clear, finely beveled glass set with rich Ebonyoid frame. **Comb** is seven inches long, 1 1/2 inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. We will guar- antee that there is not one person in one hundred who can tell this set from real \$12.00 Ebony, so closely has the rich, black, dull finish been represented. **When order- ing be sure to state that you want set No. 2605.**

Club Offer. For only five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send this Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 2605. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Lace Curtains



Nine Feet Long
Thirty Inches Wide
Premium No. 4094
Given For A Club of Four

These Nottingham lace curtains are thirty inches wide and three yards long and are designed after the latest up-to-date pattern, with handsome wide border and firm well-finished edge. These beautiful curtains are suited to any room in your house whether it be parlor, sitting-room or chambers and there is an air of elegance and refinement about them which will dress up any home no matter how richly furnished it may be. We guarantee that every woman who accepts this offer and values and proud of the fact that she secured them without paying out one cent of money. We are now giving away these curtains free upon the terms of the following **CLUB OFFER.** For a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one pair of these curtains free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or we will send you two pairs for a club of ten. Premium No. 4094. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

APRIL showers bring May flowers, they tell us, my dears, but unless you live quite a ways down South you will find, if you are not careful, that they also bring sore throat, colds in the head and a few other disagreeable things of that nature, so if you are to be friendly with April, but not familiar. However, it's a cheerful month and if you can keep your dispositions in the cheerful April condition, you and everybody else will have a lot more sunshine around than if you didn't. I could say a lot more on this subject, but there's work to do and that crowds out the talk. So here's a tip.

The first letter I open is from Rosy Cheeks, Her Harbor, Maine, that very fashionable place in summer, and she wants to know if I think she would be happy if she married the young man who is now equally attentive to her and her chum, but she thinks she could win him. What she is most afraid of is that her chum will be around after she is married and maybe her husband will take notice of the chum. Now, girls, isn't that a fine condition of mind to be in about getting married? Even before she marries the man, she doubts him and yet she is willing, apparently, to take the chances and marry him? Is it any wonder that there are so many unhappy marriages when they begin like that?

Sunbeam, Oklahoma City, Okla.—Do not give him your picture until your mother says you may give it; and if he gives you his, which he must do before you give him yours, show it at once to your mother. I think she will know what to do to quiet your throbbing heart.

Brown Eyes, Hugo, Minn.—Don't drop the friendship of the nice young man, but hold fast to it—hold fast until you are twenty-two and he is twenty-nine, which is only seven years and you will then be just the right age to make the friendship permanent.

Blue Eyes, Rocky Point, N. C.—Some children are unfortunate in their parents, and about as often as some parents are unfortunate in their children and how it is to be remedied I don't know. If your parents will not let you have young company as other young people do, and some day you get into bad company simply through hunger for what is your natural food, nobody can be blamed except themselves. They should realize this as you are growing up and give you such opportunities of association as all young people should have, if they are expected to become the right kind of grown people. I can't help you and I wish I could.

Edea, Greenville, S. C.—I am not much in favor of Jew and Gentile marrying, but if you love the Jew and don't love the Christian, both of whom want you, you may be happier not to marry the Christian. Now, my dear, you may choose as you please.

Blue Eyes, Shelton, Neb.—I thought, my dear, I had said so many times that love cannot be won, that nobody would ever ask me again, but you do and as innocently and ignorantly as though you really thought you could win the young man's love who doesn't care enough for you even to talk to you. He couldn't love you if he tried to. Why don't you love some other man who loves you? You can't, can you? Of course not, for love goes its own way. If it happens to be your way, all right. If not, you must suffer.

G. G., Wise, Va.—Be polite and pleasant whenever you meet the young man you want to call on you, and when you find that he is responsive, ask him to call. That is perfectly proper, but you mustn't be gushy about it, and if he doesn't call, don't ask him again, though you may be even friendlier than ever when you meet him. If he wants to come, he will, and if he doesn't, you shouldn't want him.

Betty, Morgan, Minn.—As you have your doubts about loving him well enough to marry him, and he is afflicted with the vice of gambling, I think you would be wise not to marry him. Gambling is just about as hard to live with as drunkenness and it is about as hard for the man to quit it. As between a gambler and a drunkard for a husband, the chances are about even, and only a fool girl will marry either if she knows in advance what they are.

Troubled, Sulligent, Ala.—The way for you to treat this young man who treats you any way he pleases and pleases most to make you suffer by his neglect, is to decline to have anything to do with him. He is mean and jealous and inconsiderate and likes another girl better than he does you. How much worse do you want him to be before your self-respect is aroused? If he is the first you ever loved, maybe with this experience you will do better next time. Try it and see.

Two Girls, Sweetwater, Tenn.—Better be sure of the new friend, before you give up the old. (2) If you want to go through life without darning to speak to any other man except your husband, marry the jealous man. They're awful, and jealous women are no better.

Woful, Post City, Texas.—The easy and sensible way out of your trouble about the one you want and the one your parents want, is to announce definitely that you will not marry anybody until you are twenty-one. In four years, the two young men will have plenty of chance to prove which is the one for you. If both stay true that long, take the one you want.

Troubled, White Salmon, Wash.—I don't approve of cousins marrying, as a rule, but when two second cousins really love each other and not to marry would mean unhappiness for both, I am willing to concede a little, and you have my blessing if you marry your second cousin. There is no law against it. (2) Engaged couples may kiss each other and often do. Sometimes too often. (3) The engagement ring may be given at any time after the engagement.

Blue Eyes, Gulfport, Miss.—You did very properly in kissing him when he asked you to marry him and you agreed, but I can't tell whether you will be happy or not, though I sincerely hope you will. Nineteen and twenty-four may be a little young, but you will outgrow that in a few years.

V. I. B., Phoenix, Ariz.—You may ask your correspondent for his photograph, but you should not exchange with him, unless you happen to have a snapshot of yourself which is very informal and not like a regular photograph. I don't like the idea of a girl giving her photograph to a man, because men sometimes abuse such a privilege. Not often, but often enough to make girls very careful. You may ask him to visit you after his school closes. But don't fall in love with him, will he be in love with you, or you will be mighty sorry.

Broken-hearted, Penhams, Va.—You think he loves you because you so greatly love him. Sensibly though, if he really loved you, don't you know he could not have any desire to forget you, as you say he has? You've lost your heart, but don't lose your head, and try to use common sense in judging the young man.

M. E. D., Colton, Tenn.—Sometimes sweethearts, who are really and truly sweethearts, fully understand each other and will marry by and by. I think you may properly kiss each other good night, and as you seem to be this kind, I shall give my consent. Whether a man loves a woman as much after he has kissed her as he did before, I cannot say. That may depend on the significance he attaches to the kiss. My chief objection to kissing is that it is very apt to become promiscuous and vulgar if indulged in indiscriminately.

F. M., Modesto, Cal.—Until you are engaged to a young man you can have just as many beaux as you can attract and none of them has any right to object. When you are promised to one, it becomes different and that one may properly object to others. (2) Obey your father about the elderly foreigner. You know your father ever so much better than you do the other one.

Inquirer, Grayson, Ky.—You did right in not promising in advance to be the young man's "steady company" when he left school. There is ample time for such a claim when he can be present and take care of it. In the meantime, my dear, while he is at school, don't you think you could put in a little more time on your grammar and spelling which seems

Uncle Charlie's Home Fund

THE sum of \$331.00, contributed by 434 people through donations and subscriptions, was added to Uncle Charlie's Home Fund in February, bringing the total up to \$1,141.00 contributed by 1,548 readers of COMFORT. The largest single contribution for the month came from Mrs. Ida Jones, New Moorefield, Ohio, who, though living in a country district, sent in a number of subscriptions, sold 50 poems and story books and contributed \$5.00 in cash. While Billy Sundt's roll in the luxury of the \$8,000.00 automobile presented him by the "trail-bitters" of Detroit less than one in a thousand of those who read Uncle Charlie's inspiring talks have contributed a cent or lifted a finger to help provide him with a home. I trust that the Easter spirit will move you to give a substantial token of your appreciation of Uncle Charlie's noble work.

Again let me remind you how you can help:

1. By cash donations.

worse when written as nicely as you write. For example, how could you ever spell it, "interdiction?" And why should you say "the never has went with but two girls?" his does not do him any good, one of your letters would give him hysterics.

Daisiebell, Spencer, W. Va.—Eighteen is too young for a girl to marry, when she is educated, but really, when one of that age doesn't write and spell any better than you do, she shouldn't marry till she can improve her mind somewhat. It would be a shame for you to marry and have children who would write and spell as their mother does. Think of that and don't marry yet a while.

Darling, Pike, Ga.—The only way to carry on a correspondence properly is to wait just as long to answer a letter as the young man waited till he answered yours. And you'll do that, if you don't like him better than his does you. Ask your parents if they don't think you are too young to have beaux. If they don't, they don't know much about raising girls right.

Puzzled, Lexa, Ark.—Girls of sixteen are likely to think they will die if they don't get the one they love, but deaths from that cause are very few. If you are sixteen, you are a genius that your father should be glad to have in the family, instead of wanting to kill him if you run away with him. Suppose you wait until you are twenty-one.

Blue Eyes, Bagley, Minn.—Now and then a young man goes to see a girl because he likes her and wants to talk to her, without trying to kiss her and make love to her. But this kind is scarce, and if you have found one, don't be asking me why he doesn't try to kiss you and make love to you, but do everything you can to continue his good impression of you as a girl of sense and character. Just now I am inclined to think he is mistaken and I know he would think so too, if he could read your letter to me.

There, my dears, your questions are answered, with the usual exceptions, and I haven't scolded any more than was necessary, have I? However, scolding is like salt in our food, and some must be used or things won't taste right. But the salt is good and so is the scolding. So run along now and get ready to begin the summer girl season. Isn't it just too sweet for anything? By, by.

Cousin Marion.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(Continued from page 23.)

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration if already paid in advance, you can take a friend's one-year subscription at 25 cents and send it with the League button and membership certificate to your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. League subscriptions do not count in premium class.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. The League button is the only way to secure members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a one-year subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who are not in the list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal order and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will be promptly forwarded to the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for April

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. Martha Bell, Buffalo Rural East Route, Springfield, Ill. Fifty-nine years of age. Suffers from rheumatism and catarrh. No means of support. Send her a dime shower. Mrs. Sarah E. Joyce, Spencer, R. E. 1, Va. Widow, sick and helpless. Depend on the benevolence for support. Well recommended. Send her some help. Louis Cornier, 51 Tallman St., New Bedford, Mass. Invalid. Has spinal trouble and fistula. Needs operation, but is without means. Well recommended. Who will help? J. E. Simpson, North Bradford, Maine. Fifty-three years of age, crippled from rheumatism. No means of support. Send him some cheer. Clayton Weedon, Lady-smith, Wis. Helpless cripple. Don't overlook him. Elijah Bowers, Henrietta, Ky. Old man. Sick poor and helpless. Send him some cheer. John Ipson, Smith, R. R., N. C. Eighty-two years of age. Blind, poor and helpless. Send him a dime shower. Mrs. Lucy Webster, Quebec, Tenn. Invalid. Needy and worthy. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. S. T. Barney, Cornersville, Ind. Invalid. Send him some cheer. Mrs. Emma Craig, Stella, N. C. Invalid widow with two small children. Needy and worthy. Send them some help. Mrs. Lucretia Raper, Quebec, Tenn. Widow with one little girl four years old. Would appreciate second-hand clothing for the child. Mrs. Ella S. Whitcomb, Hyde Park, Vermont, invalid. Would appreciate old pieces, silk or worsted. Ruth L. Roter, Charleston, Pa. Crippled girl sixteen years of age. Would appreciate reading matter, such as magazines, etc. and cheery letters. No financial aid. Earl Silkworth, Bee Creek, P. O. Box 15, Ill. Invalid. Would like cheery letters and reading matter. Mrs. James Travers, Waterbury, Vt. Invalid. Would appreciate reading matter. Miss Pearl Leas, 301 Shelby St., New Albany, Ind. Invalid. Would like cheery letters. Frieda Schultz, Amboy, R. R. 3, Box 33, Minn. Invalid. Would like cheery letters. Mrs. John Findlay, Mapleton, R. R. 1, Kans. Seventy-three years of age. Would appreciate a picture postal card shower.

Here is a chance for you to do good, a chance for you to lay up treasure in heaven, where no bank robber can swipe it. The Christianity that is worth while consists in helping others. If you

2. By purchasing Uncle Charlie's books (see advertisement).

3. Those who cannot spare the money for a cash donation or for purchase of his books can contribute by getting subscriptions to COMFORT in aid of the "Uncle Charlie Benefit Fund" and instead of taking the club premium or cash commission themselves direct that it be credited to the fund. In such cases I will pay over to Uncle Charlie one half of the subscription price of all subscriptions sent for this purpose. The regular cash commission on COMFORT subscriptions is 40 per cent, but for Uncle Charlie's Benefit Fund I will allow 50 per cent. Another way to help him and benefit yourself is to get up a subscription club and take one of his books as your premium.

In one or other of these ways every COMFORT reader who wishes to do so can help swell the fund for Uncle Charlie which has my hearty approval and will have my assistance.

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

don't help others you are a mighty fine hypocrite, but you are no Christian. Help me in this work. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Uncle Charlie's Poems the Best Spring Medicine in the World!

There is no spring medicine that compares with Uncle Charlie's Poems. They make the sluggish blood course through the veins like a mill race, for the best tonic in the world is a hearty laugh; and there are a thousand laughs in Uncle Charlie's Book of Poems. You owe it to the children if not to yourself, to get immediately a copy of this exquisitely dainty book, bound in lilac silk cloth, containing several splendid illustrations of the author and his faithful Maria, and a sketch of his life. Free for a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each. Yours for an hour's easy work. Don't be left out in the cold, but start your clubbing today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book is a Whole Entertainment in Itself!

Uncle Charlie's Song Book supplies a complete musical entertainment for church, parlor or concert room. Twenty-eight songs for every and all occasions; comic, sacred, coon and novelty songs, with full music for voice and piano. On the handsome cover appear several splendid photographic pictures of Uncle Charlie. Five dollars' worth of music, free for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each. These premiums count towards our grand cash prize competition. Both books free for a club of six. Work for them today.



5 YEAR GUARANTEE

Instrument with \$1.50 and watch will be sent by mail postpaid, or send \$2.00 for two and we will send ONE EXTRA WATCH FREE. Order today as this offer may not appear again. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, and brother, and see him as an actor playing many parts. A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9-14 by 7-14 inches, free for two subs. at 25c each—fifty cents in all.



Uncle Charlie's Story Book

Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these fascinating stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily, Or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and beautifully bound in silk cloth, stiff covers, gold topped. Free for four subs. at 25c each—one dollar in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only two subs. at 25c each—fifty cents in all. Ideal birthday presents. COMFORT'S greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of the above souvenirs if this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid poems and song book will be found at the end of the League of Cousins' Department.

26-Piece Daisy SILVER SET

Premium No. 6808

Sent To You Prepaid For A Club Of Eight

WE have in the past made many offers of table ware, but this is the first time we have ever been able to offer a complete set of 26 Pieces in return for such a small club of subscriptions. And please don't think that because we are giving away this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. This set which we offer you here is plated on a white metal base and therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and decorated with the beautiful Daisy design which is now so popular and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Total cost only \$7.50 by our 7 MONTHS TIME Purchase Plan. To prove to you that this magnificent Royal has the Sweetest, Purest, Loudest and Clearest tone—to prove to you that it is as large and handsome as the trust machines that sell at \$25.00—to prove to you that it has the strongest motor, the best reproducer and tone arm and the most ingenious devices to start, stop and control the music. Shipped with a supply of 10-inch double disc records of your selection, so you can enjoy the finest entertainments for one whole month. Return the outfit at OUR EXPENSE. If for any reason you do not wish to keep it. Drop a postal for our big list of unsolicited testimonials. They are free. Record book and other literature. S. H. DAVIS, 62-K 6101 May St., CHICAGO.



Friendship Bracelet Ribbon FREE. Send me your name at once if you live in the country or town under 10,000, for my new easy plan for winning this New 17 OVERLAND Touring Car, or \$350 in cash. It will surely appeal to you. No money needed. I have already given away 40 autos. If you want one write today for full particulars. C. F. ALDRICH, Dept. 8 St. Paul, Minn.

GOVERNMENT Positions are easy to get. My free booklet BX 1015 tells how. Write today—NOW.

EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

C. S. A. Money I guarantee what I handle are not Reprints of Confederate Money. Write for price list. Frank J. Shilling, Navarre, Ohio.

DO YOUR EYES BOTHER YOU?

Agents wanted to sell glasses. Send for catalog. COULTER OPTICAL CO., Dept. B, CHICAGO, ILL.

Sample Watch Free

Genuine full standard size railroad style watch with locomotive on dial and locomotive hands. Guaranteed for 5 years. Free for one year. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

38-Piece Fishing Outfit

Premium No. 2862



FREE FOR A CLUB OF TWO

BOYS—no need for you to wait until you have enough money to buy that fishing outfit you want—we will give you this dandy outfit absolutely free. It contains everything you see in the above illustration—in all 38 different pieces—each one of which is guaranteed to be strictly high-grade and of the very best quality. There are Two Dandy Fish Lines, one of them on a fine Wood Winder equipped with Hook and Sinkers for business, and the other a Special Braided Line. Then there are 25 Assorted Fish Hooks, of all sizes for all kinds of fishing, 6 High-Grade Snelled Hooks, 1 Adjustable Cork Floater or "Hobber", and 1 Ringed Sinkers—38 pieces in all. When you get this splendid outfit you will have all the fishing tackle you need with exception of fish pole to do all kinds of fishing with, as the lines, assorted hooks in different sizes, etc. are adapted for brook, river, lake or pond fishing. And remember that we guarantee everything in this outfit to be strictly high-grade and just what you would want to buy in any store, although the 38 separate pieces, if bought outright, would cost you at least one dollar. We will send you this splendid Fishing Outfit absolutely free, if you will accept the following offer and know that you will be pleased and delighted with it.

Club Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 25 cents each, we will send you this 38-Piece Fishing Outfit packed in a good, strong box free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 2862. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS

It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have ever offered, in fact we are so sure that it will please and satisfy all who accept this offer we are going to guarantee every set sent out for a period of 5 years. We will replace this beautiful 26-Piece Daisy Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or four 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Daisy Table Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 6808. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Gent's Watch and Chain

Premium No. 3996

For A Club Of Six!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel proud to carry, and an excellent timekeeper. It is not in a gold or silver case but for practical every-day use it is just as good as a watch that costs \$10.00. In fact, we have such faith in it that we send with every one a guarantee which is just as binding as that given with any watch no matter what make. It has a handsome polished nickel case a thick crystal which will stand all sorts of rough handling without becoming broken; the movement is the best American made, stem wind and stem set, the dial is pure white with large plain easily read figures. We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these handsome, guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, together with a handsome chain, if you will accept the following:

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Premium No. 3996. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

This Handsome Bible

Given To You For A Club Of Three

Premium No. 4413



OVER 800 PAGES, Illustrated With Colored Maps

ALTHOUGH this Bible is small enough to be carried conveniently in the hand or in the pocket or hand-bag, yet it is complete and unabridged containing full books of both the Old and New Testaments, and in addition there are several colored maps illustrating different interesting portions of Palestine and surrounding country. It is 5 1/2 inches long, 3 1/2 inches wide and one inch thick, beautifully bound in flexible pebbled black leatherette and contains over eight hundred pages, with round corners and finished with red edges. The name "Holy Bible" is stamped on the front cover. This is an unequalled opportunity for Sunday School workers, teachers, in fact all Bible students at home or in church to secure a small yet complete Bible without cost and we feel that among COMFORT'S readers there must be thousands who have been waiting for us to make just such an offer as this. Remember that you are not going to receive a small, cheap, paper-bound book, but a splendidly made Bible, finely printed, handsomely and durably bound, and absolutely refined and perfect in every detail. We will send to you this Bible free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 4413. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this Bible free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 4413. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Twenty-eight Large Size Pages



Crochet and Tatting Book

Premium No. 7321

Containing Sixty-three Beautiful Photographic Reproductions of New Fashionable Designs in Crochet And Tatting With Full Instructions For Making.

For One Subscription

EVERY woman who is interested in crocheting and tatting should have a copy of this new book written by Winifred Worth and containing many designs used by the nuns in convents never before published. The book is of good size, measuring 8 inches by 10 1/2 inches, printed on fine quality coated book paper and consists of 28 pages on which are shown sixty-three large, clear photographic illustrations of the latest, prettiest designs, headings, insertions, towel ends, dollies, and a splendid variety of new, dainty designs in tatting with complete instructions for making them. The art of combining Venetian crochet and tatting also is fully explained.

Among the many beautiful crochet designs illustrated and described are the clover leaf, Irish, pivot, cross-bar, half-shell, half-wheel, Kitch and shell edgings; festoon, Irish, fence-row, pivot and shell headings; mile-a-minute, half-shell, clover leaf, flet and monkey-face insertions; butterfly wings, Van Dyke Point, nuns' pattern and many others. The tatting motifs are varied and beautiful, consisting of headings, edgings and insertions for table mats, bedspreads, curtains, guest towels, lace purses, night-gown yokes, bath towels, sachet covers, ribbon holders, plate dollies, etc., etc. This book also gives sizes of books best adapted for the different sizes of crochet threads, the abbreviations of all of the principal crochet stitches and terms used in tatting and tells how the different stitches are made such as the chain stitch, double crochet, half treble, double treble, treble crochet, cluster and open mesh stitches.

We will send you free and postpaid this book of the loveliest fashions in beautiful lace and tatting work with simple and complete directions which you can easily follow upon the terms of the following special offer:

Offer No. 7321A. For one one-year subscription (not for your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you this book of crocheting and tatting designs with directions free by mail postpaid.

Offer No. 7321B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and ten cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you this crocheting and tatting book free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 7321. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel. Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit queries, which so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a one-year subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one full year.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

C. T. S., New Mexico.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property acquired after marriage except such as is acquired by gift, bequest, devise or descent, or such as may be purchased by money acquired before marriage, or the income of property acquired as above stated, is community property and that upon the death of the husband, after payment of debts and expenses, the wife would receive one half of such community property absolutely and in the absence of a will one quarter of the balance of such community property, the remaining three eighths of such community property going to the children of the decedent in equal shares.

Mrs. C., Ohio.—Under the laws of Oklahoma, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man, leaving no will, and leaving no widow, child or descendant, and leaving no father, his whole estate after payment of debts and expenses would go to his mother in preference to his brothers and sisters.

Mrs. C. D. H., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a will must be signed by the testator himself or in his presence by his direction, and unless wholly written by himself, by two witnesses in his presence; we do not think a mere statement in a letter as to the method the testator intended to dispose of his property could be probated as a will.

Mrs. F. C., Louisiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that it is possible to obtain a good title to real estate through a possessory ownership or through tax sales, but we can form no opinion as to whether this has been done in the case you submit, on the information you send us. (2) We think if your deed was recorded, you can now procure a certified copy of the same.

Mrs. H. H., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and one child as his only heirs at law and next of kin, his estate, subject to the payment of debts and expenses, would go in equal share to such wife and child; we think such child is entitled to such share regardless of the fact that he is a child of decedent by a former marriage.

Mrs. D. H. W., Kentucky.—We do not think your husband has any legal right to keep you from visiting your friends and relatives to a reasonable extent, nor do we think you can legally compel him to spend all of his leisure time at home.

Miss F. E. E., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and two children by such widow, the widow would receive dower of a one third interest for life in the real estate, and one third of the surplus, after payment of debts and expenses, of the personal property absolutely; we do not think the remarriage of the widow would affect her interest in the estate; we think proceedings to sell the real estate, belonging to an infant, would create an expense, and that if the infant is nearly of age it might in some cases, be advisable to delay the sale until such time.

Mrs. J. D. W. B., Pennsylvania.—We do not think that, the fact that the property owned by your husband is subject to a mortgage, would in any way affect the validity of a will made by him, except that he can dispose of no greater interest in the property than he himself owns.

Mrs. A. F. S., Georgia.—We think that if you dispossess your tenant, such proceedings would break your lease and relieve your tenant from the future obligation thereunder, but that such proceedings would not relieve such tenant from the obligation for the payment of such rent as may be due you up to the time of the dispossession proceedings.

Mrs. L. K., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that it is possible to void a deed for the purchase of real estate by a husband and wife, so that the whole property, upon the death of one, will become the sole property of the survivor; we can form no opinion, however, as to the particular deed you mention, without an examination of the same; we think you should have it examined by some local authority.

A. S., Mississippi.—If your debtor refuses to pay you, and if your note is now due or over due, we think you should proceed against him to enforce the payment by an action in your local courts.

Mrs. W. H., Texas.—Upon your statements, we are of the opinion, first, that it depends upon the terms of your lease as to just what repairs or improvements you can compel the landlord to put on property; second, we think that if your chickens trespass upon your neighbor's property and destroy his crop, he would be entitled to recover such damages from you as he suffered by reason thereof. Of course, if his crop is upon land for which you pay rent, and there is no agreement reserving his crop rights from your lease to this property, you might be entitled to recoup from the landlord by reason thereof; third, we think that your husband would be entitled to reasonable compensation from the person for whom he performed the service you mentioned. Just who this person is, your statements do not make clear to me; fourth, we think that the negro would be against the negro himself and not against his employer, and that it would be necessary for him to proceed against his debtor before he could try to recover monies due his debtor from someone else.

L. C., Iowa.—We are of the opinion that it depends upon the ingredients of your medicine or compound as to just what legal requirements would be necessary before marketing the same. We think in any event, if it contains drugs, it would be necessary to comply with the requirements of the Department of Agriculture under the Pure Food and Drug Act, and further requirements in case same contains certain drugs or contains alcohol. We think it advisable for you to take this matter up with some local authority with whom you can go in greater detail.

Mrs. E. T., Ashland, Ill.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that children may be disinherited by will, provided, of course, the testator possesses testamentary capacity, and that under undue influence and provided the will is legally drawn and executed and expresses his true intent.

Mrs. S. B. M., Waynesboro, Pa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, first, that children may be disinherited by will, but that such children, of course, have the right to contest the will of a parent, in case the parent lacked testamentary capacity or if undue influence was exercised upon such parent in connection with the making of the will or if the will was not legally drawn or executed or did not comply with the law, or did not express the testator's true intent; second, under the laws of your state, upon the death of a married man leaving no will and leaving a widow and children or descendants, his widow would receive one third of the real estate for life and one third of the personal property absolutely, the balance going to his children in equal shares, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parent's share.

E. H. W., Fairfax, Mo.—Upon your statements, we are of the opinion, that it depends upon facts not stated in your communication as to whether the sale of the land you mention conveyed good title. We think you should have the records examined to ascer-

tain in just what manner this land was sold. We think the same could be sold legally in case your mother left a will naming the executor and giving him power of sale of same. We think also that in case she died intestate her minor heirs' interest in the land could have been legally disposed of in a proceeding brought for that purpose. As to just how this land was left and the manner in which the same was sold, you do not inform us and as above stated, we think you should have the records examined to ascertain this information. Of course, if your father only had an interest in this property and undertook to convey the whole title of the property, we think it quite probable that the present holder now has a defective title.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

A Tramp's Philosophy

I've been round this country from Texas to Maine, And mostly with nary a red; I've walked it for miles in the wettest of rain, And slept on a board for a bed. But I've learnt a few comfortin' facts by the way, While living this queer life of mine, And the principal one of the lot let me say, Is, "It's better to whistle than whine."

I know that the Winter's a-comin' on fast, I'm aware that a home I ain't got; I see that the clothes I'm a-wearin' won't last Till I reach a more torrid spot, But nobody yet has discovered in me Anxiety's tiniest sign! And it's just 'cause I learnt in my youth, don't you see, That "It's better to whistle than whine."

It strikes me somehow that it's mighty darn queer, That feller much wiser than me, Keep kickin' because this terrestrial sphere Ain't just what they want it to be. Their parents have filled them with Latin and Greek, But their logic ain't equal to mine, Or else they would know every day in the week, That "It's better to whistle than whine."

—Sent in by J. J. F., Lynn.

Rock-a-bye

Baby is sleeping so cozy and fair, While mother sits near, in her old oaken chair, Her foot on the rocker the cradle she swings, And though baby slumbers he hears what she sings:

CHORUS.

Rock-a-bye baby, on the treetop, When the breeze blows the cradle will rock, When the bough breaks the cradle will fall And down will come cradle, baby and all. Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, mother is near, Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, nothing to fear; For angels of slumber are hovering near, So rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, mother is near.

Grandma sits rocking close by the fireplace, With snowy white hair and a smile on her face; The years have gone fast, yet it does not seem long Since she rocked baby's papa to sleep with that song.

Dear little baby, there's joy and there's pride, Long may it be so, whatever be side, The kitchen, the cradle, in tender refrain, Each echo in memory that lullaby strain.

—Sent in by P. A. R., Haverhill.

A Warrior Bold

In days of old, when knights were bold, And banners held their cradle will rock, A warrior bold, with spurs of gold, Sang merrily his lay, Sang merrily his lay; "My love is young and fair, My love hath golden hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That none with her compare. So what care I, though death be nigh, I'll live for love or die. So what care I, though death be nigh, I'll live for love or die. So this brave knight, in armor bright, Went gayly to the fray; He fought the fight, but ere the night, His soul had passed away. The plighted ring he wore Was crushed and wet with gore, Yet ere he died he bravely cried: "I've kept the vow I swore. So what care I, though death be nigh, I've fought for love and die. So what care I, though death be nigh, I've fought for love, I've fought for love. I've fought for love, for love, for love I die."

—Edwin Thomas.

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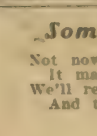
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Sometime We'll Understand

Not now, but in the coming years, It may be in a better land, We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll understand.

CHORUS.

Then trust in God through all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand; Though dark thy way, still sing and praise; Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

We'll catch the broken threads again, And finish what we here began; Heaven will the mysteries explain, And then, ah, then, we'll understand.

We'll know why clouds instead of sun, Were over many a cherished plan; Why seas have ceased when scarce begun; 'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.

Why what we long for most of all, Eludes so oft our eager hands; Why hopes are crushed and castles fall, Up there, sometime, we'll understand.

God knows the way, He holds the key. He guides us with unerring hand; Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll understand. Maxwell N. Cornwell, D.D.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE But Your Nose?



IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity for success in the most out of life! Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

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also send you, in addition to everything else, an instruction book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of gray patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used. It tells you how to put pieces of patchwork together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join the edges, etc. This book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these besides containing full and explicit directions for working the Kensington Stitch, Arranese and the little embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch also directions for Kensington patchwork. Remember you get one big lot of these Silk Remnants (100 pieces), 5 skins Embroidery Silk, one piece of Plush, and an instruction book, all sent to you free by Parcel Post prepaid if you will accept either one of the following offers.

Offer No. 5561A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants, free by parcel post prepaid.

Offer No. 5561B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you one package of these Remnants free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 5561. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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Only \$1.00

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In A

Leatherette

Pocket

Case

Premium

No. 6546



Given For A Club Of Six

This handsome and useful 3-Piece Shear-and-Scissor Set is something actually needed in every home. The Shears are 8 inches long, made of the very best steel, highly tempered, and handsomely nickel plated. They are ground down to a sharp keen edge which will last almost indefinitely without resharpening. The Buttonhole Scissors are also made of fine quality steel 4 1/2 inches in length with a patented gauge as shown in the illustration. By simply screwing this gauge one way or the other any desired size buttonhole can be instantly made without loss of time or trouble. The Embroidery Scissors are 4 1/4 inches long, made of the same high quality steel, and beautifully nickel plated. The complete assortment comes in a handsome leatherette pocket carrying case which fastens with a ball-and-socket device. This case makes it very convenient to carry all three pieces in the pocket or in shopping or traveling bag. This is one of the most useful premiums we have ever offered and we expect a great demand for it among Comfort's lady and girl readers who have lots of sewing and home-dreaming work to do. We will send you this 3-Piece Shear-and-Scissor set in handsome leatherette case exactly as above described free on the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this 3-Piece Shear-and-Scissor Set free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 6546. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with for-bidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Floesie Baldwin, Miss.—Your letter begins: "I am writing you in regard of how to catch a beau," and basing our reply upon the other portions of your letter, we should say that if it is not a "beau" that you should catch, but a spelling-book. And when you catch it, Floesie, don't let it get away from you until you have conquered it from start to finish. This isn't etiquette, but it is what you need.

Bride-to-be, Podopheline, Tenn.—Orange blossoms in the bridal veil should be real, but if real ones cannot be had, the artificial will answer, as nobody can tell the difference except by examination. If the bride is in full wedding dress and veil, the groom must also wear the full regalia, day or evening, as the hour is. We extend our very best wishes.

Anxious, New Haven, Mo.—A fifteen-year-old girl's best etiquette is her mother.

Ignorant Miss, Noris, Ky.—The lady is not introduced to the gentleman, but the contrary, so you should not say you were introduced to a gentleman. In response to the usual "I am pleased to meet you," merely bowing will be enough, or "Thank you," if you feel you must say something. Of course, it is always proper to make any pleasant response that you think of, but most people are too stupid to think of anything original to say. When a traveling salesman introduces another to you, you should say something not stereotyped, for these Knights of the Road are always appreciative of novelties. Any bright young woman ought to be able to make an appropriate response without being told how.

Puzzled, Frankewing, Tenn.—When a gentleman is introduced to a lady she should speak first as recognizing the introduction, but introductions are so frequently made in such an informal manner that the niceties are not always observed, and it makes very little difference. Etiquette is not intended to make people stiff and formal, but easy and natural. (2) There is no particular "better age" for a girl to marry, but she should not marry until she is mentally and physically matured. This condition varies in different girls, and we may remark that some of them never do reach it.

Sadness, Nashville, Tenn.—The man of twenty-four is younger than the woman of the same age, and if your young man doesn't realize this and is merely dillydallying along with you, it would be the part of wisdom for you, truly but respectfully to discontinue the affair. Possibly that might bring him to a realizing sense of your rights in the premises. Still, if he has to be shown, we think you would prefer a different kind of man as a life partner.

R. G., Milhu, Ky.—If you have to be taught out of a book how to act when you go to call on a lady, don't go. Books of etiquette have a value in a general way, but the finer details of association can only be acquired by practice. If you meet young ladies at church, or at parties, or at dances, or at other social functions of the community, you will learn how to act properly and when you make a call you will act that way without reading it out of a book. A book you could read for general information in social matters is "Twenty-four hours of a lady's life." (2) When a gentleman is introduced to a lady, does not shake hands unless she offers her hand first.

A. A. G., Andover, S. Dak.—The United States is called Uncle Sam. (2) St. Peter's in Rome is generally credited with being the largest church in the world. (3) A shaving kit would be a suitable present next Christmas for a young man, though this is a little early for Christmas shopping. (4) It really is not proper to go home with a young man from an entertainment to which he might have taken you if he had cared to go to the trouble. By going home with him, you simply pardon his bad manners and selfishness.

Brown Eyes, Philadelphia, Pa.—A girl of sixteen or three of them, should be accompanied by a chaperon when she goes to a public skating rink. Mother or father will answer if they attend to their duties. A public skating rink is not the best place for a young girl, with, or without, a chaperon. (2) Before going to the party ask your mother what time you should come home and do what she says. (3) Written invitations ordinarily mean more formal affairs and they should be sent in sealed envelopes. For informal affairs among friends, almost any form of invitation—the phrase is quite the thing these days—will not be objected to if a good time is promised.

Three, Kola, Miss.—Unless the lady is feeble and needs assistance to rise, it is not necessary for her escort to assist her when the minister asks the congregation to rise. (2) A girl of twenty should not have a calling beau if she does not know what to say when he tells her he has enjoyed her company. She might tell him it was more than she could truthfully say of his.

Miss L. Powell, Ky.—Ladies do not usually say anything to the gentleman when they do not want around expressive of their feelings, but they do not want to be snubbed and underhand treatment which the gentleman of average comprehension will understand and not come around. If that treatment does not produce desired results, the lady may express herself frankly and end the acquaintance. Etiquette rules do not prescribe the proper language to be used on such a delicate occasion. Say what you please and as forcibly as you please, if it is a very stupid case. The real gentleman does not have to be told.

Snow Bird, Ellsboro, N. C.—The gentleman may assist the lady to get on her rubbers, but she can better manage her gloves without his assistance. (2) As you were so careless as to leave your gloves at home on a cold night, it was polite of your escort to offer you his, and proper for you to accept them. (3) If the lady lets a gentleman wear a ring she loans him it makes no difference whose the ownership may be. The lady is responsible for the property. That is one reason we object to the exchange of rings. Would you like to see a ring of yours you had loaned a gentleman, on some other girl's finger? But it happens that way.

Lonely Wife, Dorchester, Texas.—Any person of human feeling, whether wife or not, would suppose that your husband, after working away from home all week, would be only too glad to be at home Sunday with his wife and baby boy. He may love you, as he says he does, but he doesn't realize what love is, and we suggest to you that every Sunday, just as he starts off to work, you tell him you will meet him in another direction, taking a "lunch" along with you. If you are not at home when he gets back, no matter, let him be lonely for a while. It will do him good and we think two or three treatments of this kind will cure him of his evil habits and teach him the real value to him of his wife and baby. Don't quarrel with him, or complain, but cheerfully go your way for Sunday as he does for his. That's enough.

H. H. H., Great Falls, Mont.—As all the young people, nearly who live in the country go to the local dances, there should be nothing improper in it. But if the dances are in town and you will meet all kinds of young men, most of them not the right kind, you are safer at home. At the country dances we have known everybody know everybody else and everything was all right. (2) The best dances that a young girl can dance are those for which she doesn't have to educate her modesty in modern manners, before she can dance them. Before dancing any of the newer dances, look at them for a while and if they let your decency, don't learn to dance them, because it is merely teaching your modesty to be callous. (3) A seventeen-year-old girl, out of school, may have a Sunday caller, if her mother does not object.

ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated Locket set with sparkling stones, 22-inch chain, handsome Watch, GUARANTEED TIME-KEEPER, one Netherland Bracelet to fit any arm and these 2 gold plated Rings ALL GIVEN FREE for selling only 24 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c each. Write for Jewelry today. COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 285 East Boston, Mass.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Grass stains can be removed from white material by washing the stained garments in spirits of camphor. To remove ink stains, soak the spot in sweet milk. As soon as milk gets dark, change and use fresh.

To make lamp chimney and tumblers stronger, boil them for a couple of minutes in water. MRS. E. H. IBON, Minn.

When I bake pies or cakes I take my pancake turner and slip it under the pans to put them in and take them out of the oven and thus I seldom burn my fingers.

Here is a recipe for quarreling. Take a root of sassafras and steep in a pint of water and put in a bottle. When your husband is in a quarrelsome mood, fill your mouth with this and hold it there till he goes away or is better natured. A sure cure. MRS. G. C. McLAUGHLIN, Oil City, Pa.

Here is a good washing fluid. At a drug-store get two ounces salts of tartar, two ounces of carbonated ammonia, one pound of borax and a can of good lye. Put in a stone jar and add four quarts of water. Take one cup of this solution and put in boiler of water, add half cake of washing soap, wet clothes and put in boiler and boil. They will not require rubbing unless very soiled.

BLACK INK. (Requested).—Gather oak balls before they get hard, usually the last of July or the first of August, from green oaks. Press out the juice, strain through cheese-cloth into a can, drop in a dozen rusty iron nails and let stand in can two days. Strain and add a small amount of alcohol. I have some, made twenty years ago and it is good yet. MRS. HARRIET POOL, Yreka, Cal.

Remedies

To cure headache, take a teaspoon of cinnamon with water. MRS. E. H. IBON, Minn.

Boils.—Draw to head with a poultice of soap and sugar. Also is effective on corns.

When baby is constipated, give a teaspoon of sweet cream. This is a sure remedy.

CATABRIS OF STOMACH.—Buy ten cents' worth of gum arabic, and let a small piece dissolve in the mouth five or six times a day.

RUSTY NAIL WOUNDS.—Immerse wound in hot strong salt water, then smoke with wool or woolen rags for half an hour; after this apply equal parts of turpentine and lard and bind with a clean white cloth. Equally good for any form of blood poisoning. FANNIE V. TIDD, New York, N. Y.

Requests

How to can mixed vegetables for soup. Cure for epileptic fits.

MRS. NOVA ALCOB, New Liberty, Mo.

The poem, "Tommy's Prayer,"

MRS. W. C. BREWER, Bennett, N. C.

Will some sister send me the book entitled, "Anne of the Island," I will return favor.

MABEL HENDERICKSON, Iron, Minn.

Mrs. John F. Wisler, Salona, P. O. Box 34, Pa., would like the July, August and September numbers of COMFORT for year 1915.

Mrs. C. C. Bates, Castalian Springs, Tenn., would like to hear from someone who has taken the milk diet. Will return postage.

Mrs. L. M. Cook, Ottwell, Box 80, Ark., would like the name of the liquid and brist specks used on crepe flowers; also address of the "Illustrated Companion."

Will someone please send me all of last year's papers, beginning with the March number of COMFORT. Will return favor any way I can.

MRS. C. A. WOODBROUGH, Moore Haven, Fla.

Mrs. C. I. Simmers, Hildebrand, Oregon, would like poem containing the lines:

"Yan's old man owns a lottery shack,
Restaurant front and game ore back."
Sat at his desk and glared through his specs,
At the guide's and tourist's rubber necks."

Silk Ribbon

Premium

No. 7552

Your Choice Of

Pink, Blue, Black,

White, Red And Green

Two Yards For A Club of Two!

It is just what you need for hair ribbons for the children and for trimming dresses, hats, articles of fancy work, etc. The quality is the best. It is 5 1/2 inches wide and comes in pink, blue, black, white, red and green. We purchased several thousand yards of this fine silk ribbon to give away as a premium and we will be glad to send you as many yards as you want upon the terms of the following special offer. Be sure to mention color wanted when ordering.

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you two yards of this guaranteed all silk ribbon free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 7552.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SILK MUSLIN SCARF

Premium

No. 3313

A dainty shoulder throw and head covering for summer, or for evening wear the year round. For trimming Summer Hats there is nothing so practical or so easily and attractively arranged.

Each Scarf is two yards long and 24 inches wide, with deep hemstitched edge, and we have them in white, black, light blue and light pink.

For every-day use such a scarf is indispensable and for car or boat riding, pleasure or otherwise one or more of these scarves will be found useful. Being ready to wear, the saving of time in hemstitching is worth something to every woman, and the busy Mothers will find them so convenient for a quick method of trimming the children's hats.

When ordering be sure to mention color wanted.

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this Silk Scarf free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 3313.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



AGENTS

Get Next to This!



MEN WANTED

We positively teach you at home by mail to earn \$25 to \$50 weekly as Chauffeur or Repairman. Student assisted to position. Best system, lowest cost. Models furnished. Write for Free Book. PRACTICAL AUTO SCHOOL, 70-F, Beaver St., New York.

Wanted An Idea!

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas. They may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and list of "Patent Buyers." RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 112, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties, Catalog Free. CARDS, D. M. STYTHE CO., Newark, Mo.

MONEY

Made quickly by smart men. T. ARTEL CO., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three one-year 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two one-year 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent one-year subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Information of my son John Riley Stephens, last heard from at Hoxy, Ark. Notify his mother, Mrs. Lucy Sherrod, Kennett, Mo.

Information of whereabouts of James Edwin Martin, age twenty-seven years. Last heard of near Laramie, Wyo. Please notify his mother, Mary Martin, Bedford, Iowa.

Information of George Spilthof. Notify Mrs. P. H. Bradley, Moorefield, Nebr.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two one-year 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Corn Yelm, Genoa, Nebr. Margaret Alice Martin, Windsor, P. O. Box 614, Vt. A. V. Gaus, Guinda, Cal. Miss Kathleen Fuller, Mechanicville, Box 306, N. Y. Theima J. Nymeyer, Globe, Box 1992, Ariz. Chas. E. V. Ryan, 225 Franklin St., Janesville, Wis. John J. Murphy, 407 Main St., Barnhill, Ohio. Mr. F. W. Lontenock, Magna, Box 243, Utah.

Find Rich Treasure in Magazine

Illinois man and woman find 210 helpful, money-earning, money-saving, better home-making, entertaining and educational suggestions in one copy. While they last, they will send free to any reader of this paper a complete list of the 210 helpful suggestions, also a free copy of the magazine. Address John & Kate, 149 W. Ohio St., Room A, Chicago. (Adv.)

Become A Mother

Every Expectant Mother Should Learn

the truth without mystery from the pen of a doctor that made the trials and tribulations of motherhood his life's work and study. Teaches you how to insure the health and comfort of the prospective mother and child—safeguards the domestic and spiritual welfare of parents and makes their happiness complete—how to care for the baby and the husband and one fact you should know to keep baby healthy and vigorous.

Written in plain and simple language and fully illustrated. Unfolds the secrets of healthy motherhood so often revealed to most parents too late.

Special Offer.—This book for years sold for \$2.00 but the present edition fully illustrated, printed on good paper (over 400 pages 7x5 inches in size) handsomely bound in cloth with gold lettering on cover if ordered promptly is offered for 60c postpaid—subject to return if dissatisfied after examination and your money back, (only one to a reader.) You'll never regret sending for this book TODAY.

EYD PUBLISHING CO., 700 Lincoln Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Tapestry Table Cover

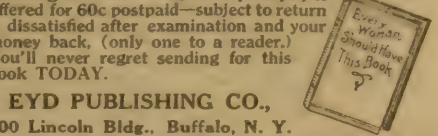
Nearly One Yard Square

Given For A Club of Three

This beautiful, fringed Tapestry Table Cover is nearly one yard square which is a size large enough for any stand or small table and is very elaborately made up in handsome colors on an interwoven background which is of a color that harmonizes with the fringe which extends entirely around the cover. Add one or more of these beautiful colored covers to the furnishings of any room and it will enliven and cheer up the whole atmosphere of your home. They are just as durable as they are handsome and taken altogether are something any woman should be pleased to own and display. We will send you this Table Cover, exactly as described, if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this Tapestry Table Cover free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 6643.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Girl's Waterproof Cape

A Great PROTECTOR From WIND and RAIN



Made of striped rubberized cloth with suitable lining, and the best feature of this cape is the hood. Girls going to school do not like to carry an umbrella, and this cape can be worn either in hot or cold weather. If in winter a sweater or coat can be worn underneath, and the child is not only dry but perfectly warm. There are two openings in the cape for the arms, but the garment is large enough so the books or packages can be carried underneath, which makes it much better than a Rain Coat. The shoulders are shaped so as to give it a very attractive look. This cape comes in a very dark drab color with lighter drab stripes. They are so pretty any girl will be proud to wear one. Sizes 8 to 14 years. When ordering better order it larger than necessary so to have it of sufficient size to go over a heavy coat or other garments. Boys can easily get up clubs and thus get one of these Rain Capes for their sisters. Girls like to get subscribers to COMFORT where they can so easily earn such a sensible premium so as to keep warm and dry during the rainy season. When ordering be sure to mention size wanted. It comes in sizes from 6 to 14 years.

Premium No. 5297

Special Club Offer. For a club of only seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you by parcel post one of these serviceable Rain Capes. State size wanted. Premium No. 5297. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Handsome Tray Cloth



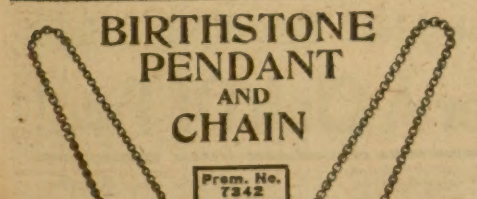
20 x 26 Inches For One Subscription

Premium No. 7841

We call the above one of the handsomest designs in a tray-cloth we have yet seen to say nothing of its large size, which is 20 x 26 inches and yet in spite of its size it does not require an unusual amount of work to finish it. The stitches themselves are simple as it may be worked either in solid or eyelet embroidery with button-hole edge. It looks the neatest when worked all in white, although one or more colors may be used if desired. This extra large, attractive tray-cloth comes stamped on pure white "Butcher cloth" which in reality is very fine linen finished cotton—a material which has the appearance of pure linen and will fit anything give longer service. We will make you a present of this tray-cloth upon the terms of one of the following special offers.

Offer 7841A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25c we will send you this handsome tray-cloth free by parcel post prepaid.

Offer 7841B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25c and 10c additional (35c in all) we will send you this tray-cloth free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7841. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



BIRTHSTONE PENDANT AND CHAIN
Prem. No. 7342

Your Own Birth-Stone Set In This Beautiful Rolled-Gold Pendant!

ONE of the most stylish ornaments. Women and to-date are now wearing and Chain in preference while those who can afford that all who re-Pendant and Chain il-be greatly delighted prettiest designs we assortment submitted largest jewelry manu-States. It has a 15-inch plate cable chain, the rolled-gold plate own birthstone and attached to the pendant under-neath the stone is a beautiful int. Baroque pearl. Following is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month which each represents. When ordering be sure to mention birthstone wanted.

January The Garnet, Symbol of Power
February The Amethyst, Symbol of Love
March The Aquamarine, Symbol of Courage
April The Diamond, Symbol of Purity
May The Emerald, Symbol of Immortality
June The Pearl, Symbol of Long Life
July The Ruby, Symbol of Charity
August The Peridot, Symbol of Happiness
September The Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy
October The Opal, Symbol of Hope
November The Topaz, Symbol of Friendship
December The Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity

All of the above named stones are solitaires and are the most perfect and beautiful imitation real gems that we have ever seen. Following is our free offer. When ordering be sure to mention birthstone wanted.

CLUB OFFER. For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or for one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you a Birthstone Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to mention stone wanted. Premium No. 7342. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Children's Happy Hour

Chub, the Pet Pony

Copyright, 1917 by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

SOME little children like dogs better than any other kind of pets, others prefer kitten, or squirrels or rabbits, but Tom and Della just dearly loved Shetland ponies. They didn't have one either, for their parents were not rich, but every night they prayed for one and every morning they looked anxiously out to see if it had come while they were sleeping. They never doubted for an instant that it would come and resolved to do everything in their power to deserve it. They always cheerfully gave the coldest chairs in the house to grandma and grandpa and other visitors, and they never yelled out loud or made noise when older folks were trying to talk nor made a fuss about going to bed or getting dressed up or taking medicine or things like that. Of course they loved to romp and run outdoors and indeed they made plenty of noise, too, which is natural enough and quite proper for tots when they are at play, but once inside, I just wish you could see how nicely they behaved. Not once did they forget to say, "Thank you," when things were passed to them at mealtime nor "Please," when they wanted a second helping.

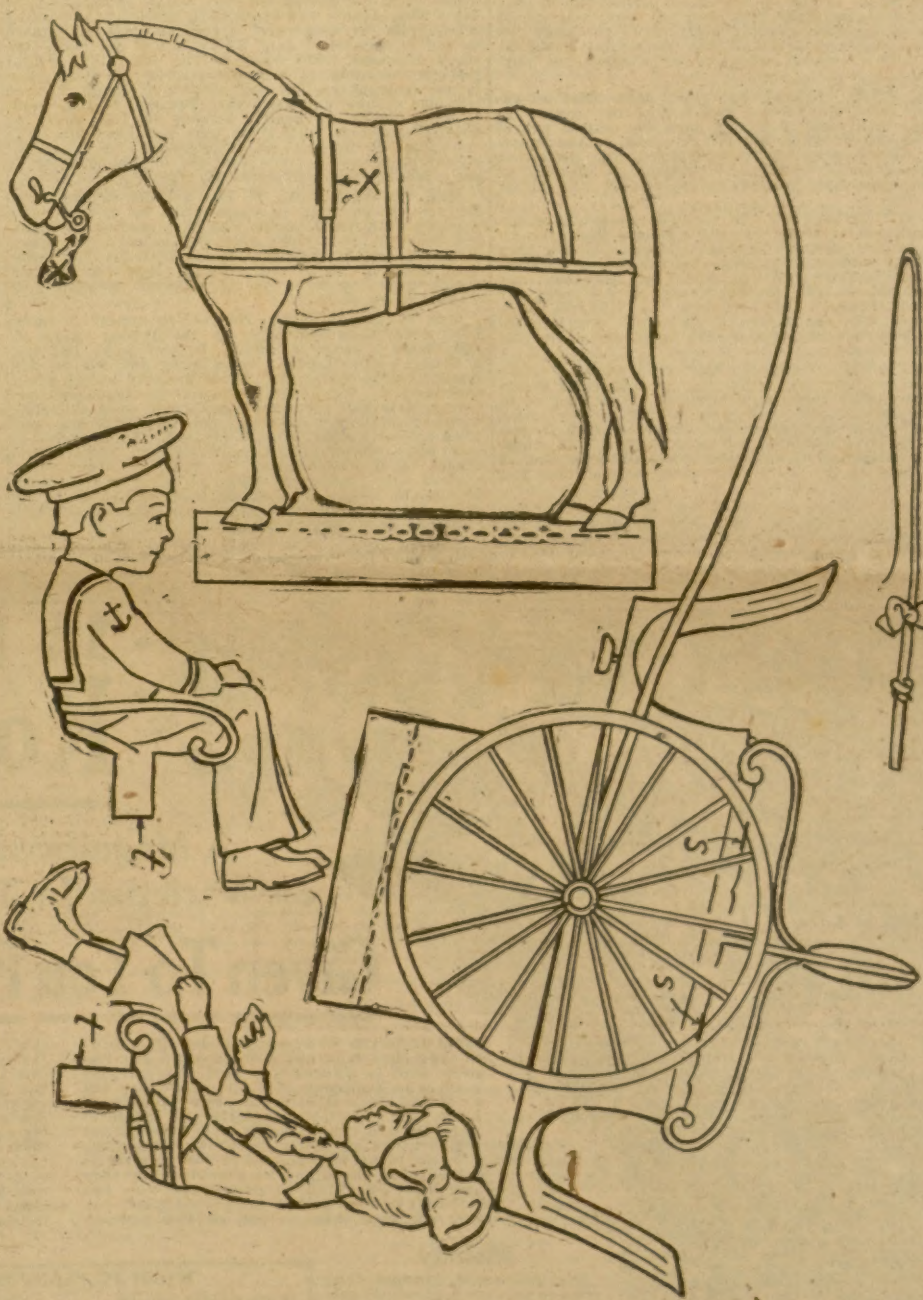
All this time, in a distant city, was a sad, lonely pony by the name of "Chub," who longed to have a little girl and boy for his masters. Chub's owner was a harsh, brutal man and made him haul heavy loads of coal and wood all day and beat him cruelly if he paused to get a breath. He loved children because they patted his thick mane and fed him apples and candy and, sometimes, when the big man would let a youngster sit on the seat and drive, Chub was as happy as he could be. One sultry evening after he had worked even harder than usual, his thoughtless driver locked him in the rickety stable and never gave him anything to eat or drink. Poor Chub whinnied and whinnied but all in vain. Presently it began to rain and he could hear the cool water splashing into the barrel

that was just outside his stall window. This made him frantic to quench his thirst, and he pressed against the door to get out and was overjoyed to find that it was not locked. The rope, by which he was tied, held him fast only a little while for his teeth were strong and sharp and he easily chewed it through. Once free he took a long, delicious drink of the fresh water and felt much better. Slowly he ambled away, eating grass where he could find it along the ditches and by morning he had reached a dense woods where it would be very hard for anyone to find him. At first he thought it would be nice to stay there and be perfectly free, but he soon became lonesome and he also missed his regular feed of grain and hay, and he resolved to go further and seek a real home. I cannot say how long he traveled, but it must have been weeks, and the soft grass of the meadows and the growing grain he had munched had made him sleek and fat. Now Tom and Della were so sure of having their prayers answered that they had actually fixed one corner of the barn for their dream pony and every night when a storm threatened they left the door open. On a certain cloudy night a storm did come and the thunder and lightning were fearful. Chub was lonesome and scared and he found the open door and snuggled in. In the morning the children found him and were overjoyed. He was just as glad as they, and before noon their uncle had fixed up a cart and harness and he was trotting merrily before them. After three days of perfect bliss the bad man came to claim him and Chub shivered all over and the children wept. "What do you use the pony for?" asked their father.

"To haul coal," answered the man.

"He is not strong enough for that, but I will give you a horse, that is, if you leave him with us," offered their daddy.

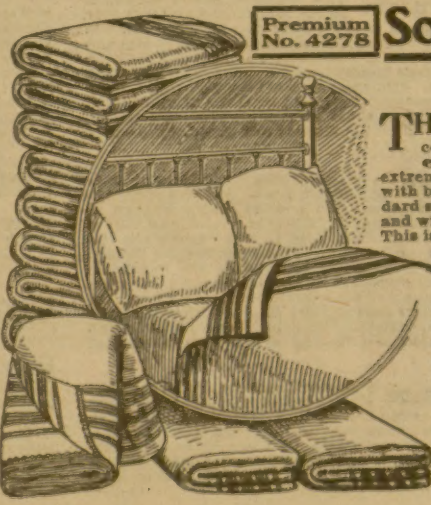
After some delay the offer was accepted and now you can see Tom and Della riding in their pony cart any nice day. But really, don't you think the dear little souls deserve their good luck?



Pony Cart Cut-Out Directions

Tom and Della have a dear little pony and a brand new cart and they want you to put it together and see how they look in it. The first thing to do is to paste the entire picture on a smooth piece of cardboard, using cooked flour paste, and dry it for at least two hours in the middle of a big book. You next cut out each of

the five objects and color them with crayons, chalk or paint. The pony will stand if you bend the long strip under him at the dotted line. The shafts of the cart go in and out of the slots "x." The girl and boy sit back to back. The extending flaps "l" and "c" fit into the slots "a." The whip may be inserted into the slot "s" also, in the front seat.



Premium No. 4278

Soft Warm Bed Blankets

Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Eight

THIS IS an offer which no good housewife can afford to overlook. It is your opportunity to secure as many large comfortable bed blankets as you may need without a cent of expense. These fine double blankets are six feet in length extremely well made and finely finished. The color is white or gray with border. Please notice that they are large enough for any standard size bed being of sufficient length to come up well on the pillow and wide enough so that they may be snugly tucked in at the sides. This is in reality one of the best bargains in a premium we have ever offered due to the fact that we buy these blankets in large quantities direct from the mill at a specially low price and therefore are enabled to offer them for a very small club of subscriptions. When you think of this big warm blanket on your bed or lying on a closet shelf ready for use when wanted, we believe that you will want to start a club at once for the sake of securing one or more of them free of all cost to you. We will gladly send you one or more of these splendid blankets upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or four 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these fine, double bed, blankets free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 4278. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BIC DOLL and DOLL HOUSE FREE



This big, beautiful doll stands nearly 2 feet tall. She has 3 dresses and 2 hats in gay colors, and can be dressed and undressed. A big house of heavy cardboard with swinging doors and blinds, also in bright colors, comes with her. Girls, send for only 12 of our fine sealed package Handkerchiefs: sell them at 10c each, return our money and we will send you your big doll and doll house by parcel post. All charges paid by us.

THE FAY-MORTON CO., East Boston, Mass.

Dept. 120

FREE

TO ANY

LITTLE

GIRL.

AGENTS: \$40 A WEEK

Wonderful New Hosiery Proposition

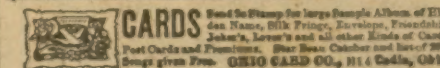
Guaranteed ONE YEAR Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. H. W. Price sold 60 boxes in 12 hours. Mrs. Fields 100 pairs on one street. G. W. Noble made \$35 in one day. Sworn proof. Sold only through agents. Not for sale in stores. A hosiery proposition that beats them all. Your territory still open. Write quick for terms and free samples.

THOMAS HOSEY CO. 5380 Elm St. Dayton, Ohio

ALL FREE



Gold plated Rings, all given FREE for selling only 12 pieces of our jewelry at 10c each. Write for jewelry to-day. Address Eagle Watch Co. Dept 65 East Boston, Mass.



Send the Stamp for large Sample Album of 1000 Names, Birth Dates, Birthplaces, Friendships, Jokes, Love's and all other kinds of Cards, Post Cards and Posters. Blue Book Catalog and List of 1000000 given Free. GRIFF CARD CO., 314 Cedar, Chicago.

LOOK YOUR BEST.

Make smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted TONLEY COMPOUND CO., Box 1527A, Boston, Mass.

February Prize Winners

Mrs. C. N. Baillon, La.	1st Prize (Doubled)	\$50.00
Mrs. T. S. Strong, Iowa	2nd Prize (Doubled)	40.00
Mrs. H. E. Lagon, Texas	3rd Prize (Doubled)	20.00
L. E. Henderson, Ark.	4th Prize (Doubled)	10.00
Levin F. Felt, Tenn.	5th Prize (Doubled)	10.00
Mrs. Edie Lind, Nebraska	6th Prize (Doubled)	10.00
Mrs. Mattie Allen, Missouri	7th Prize (Doubled)	6.00
Miss Ruth Wright, N. Mex.	8th Prize (Doubled)	6.00
M. G. Christensen, Minn.	9th Prize (Doubled)	6.00
Jas. R. McCready, Pa.	10th Prize	3.00
Robert Chaffin, Colo.	11th Prize	2.00
J. A. Anderson, Neb.	12th Prize	2.00
Mary Sanders, Va.	13th Prize (Doubled)	4.00
Rudolph Fischer, Pa.	14th Prize	2.00
Mrs. Alice Warner, Minn.	15th Prize	2.00
Mrs. L. E. McCarty, N. C.	16th Prize (Doubled)	4.00
Kathie Woodruff, Ga.	17th Prize	2.00
Florence Youth Adams, New York	18th Prize	2.00

Large Shaggy Teddy Bear

The Best Playmate A Boy or Girl Ever Had



Premium No. 6993

FOR A CLUB OF THREE!

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" looks exactly as you see him in the picture above. He is a big shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of rich, handsome brown plush, paws lined with felt, carefully stitched and finished and his head, arms and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit up, stand on his head, go on all four feet, in fact, you can make him assume all kinds of positions that are so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. "Teddy" is so well made that no matter how roughly he is handled he cannot become broken and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you "Teddy" free if you will accept the following special

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this big shaggy Teddy Bear free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 6993. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

8 Wheel Chairs in March

403 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The eight March wheel chairs go to the following applicants to bring a ray of sunshine into their dreary lives. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends in their behalf.

Madie Hanis, Middleton, Tenn., 200; Virgil Huff, R. R. 1, Grant City, Mo., 128; John Clark, Cedar Grove, Ind., 117; J. R. Claxton, Buffalo Gap, Texas, 108; Lottie Berry, Ellenwood, Ga., 102; Mrs. Lyman T. Carter, Eureka, Utah, 101; Mrs. Nina Beach, Buckhorn, N. Mex., 92; Tavia Culpepper, Lake Park, Ga., 91.

Madie Hanis, age 16, is crippled by tuberculosis of the bone from which she has suffered a long time. The disease has progressed so that she has not been able to walk the past year.

Virgil Huff, age 15, is so paralyzed that he has not walked or talked during the last eight years. His mother's health is broken by taking care of him and she expects the wheel chair will be a great help to her and comfort to the boy.

John Clark, a little crippled boy who is almost helpless. Miss Hilda Doerflin sent the entire 117 subscriptions for his chair all in one bunch.

J. R. Claxton, age 33, crippled the last four years by broken back, is much in need of a wheel chair. His wife and two children.

Lottie Berry, age 17, crippled from birth and is almost helpless. Her mother, who has eight children and does all her own work wrote me: "If anybody in the world needs a wheel chair it is Lottie, and you don't know how it will be appreciated."

Mrs. Carter, age 30, widow, is almost helpless as the result of spinal trouble and is in great need of the wheel chair.

Mrs. Beach, age 43, is crippled by rheumatism so that she has not been able to walk for four years. She has a husband and four children.

Tavia Culpepper, age 10, is crippled from her hips down, caused by typhoid fever seven years ago.

Remember that I have a host of other shut-in applicants that need your help to get them wheel chairs. Don't neglect them this month. Let us get as many as possible out into the April sunshine.

We have a fine Roll of Honor this month. Your name would look well there next month.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium, but I do it for the sake of the number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do a part a little later each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Far Nicier Than She Expected

COLUMBIA, N. C.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:—I received Little Millie Catherine's chair Feb. 3rd. In good condition, charges all prepaid, and I wish to extend my sincere thanks and heartfelt gratitude to you for so nice a chair, and also to each and every one who so kindly helped me to get it. It is much nicer than I expected or scarcely dared hope for, and dear little Catherine is perfectly delighted with it. She seemed to understand from the very first sight of it that it was hers, and will point it out and beg to be rolled in it. It will be such a comfort to her and a great help to me. It arrived just three days before her birthday, Feb. 6th, so I call it her birthday present, and it surely is a grand one. May you live long to send out many more chairs to poor little helpless children and shut-ins. I will send you little Catherine's picture in her chair soon as I can get one. Thanking you again, I am,

Most gratefully yours, Mrs. A. W. BARNES.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

W. E. Driver, Tenn., for Madie Hanis, 200; Miss Hilda Doerflin, Ind., for John Clark, 117; M. A. Huff, Mo., for Virgil Huff, 128; Irene Temby, Utah, for Mrs. Lyman T. Carter, 101; Mary Lane, Ga., for Lottie Berry, 102; Edward H. Ober, N. J., for Mrs. Phillis Garrison, 92; W. M. Butter, La., for Mrs. Lusia Sisson, 91; Mrs. Nina Beach, N. Mex., for own wheel chair 32; J. T. Doss, Tenn., for Allen Doss, 31; Mrs. Robert Gray, Ala., for Paul Huye, 30; J. R. Claxton, Tex., for own wheel chair 27; Dottie Jones, Tex., for Cleo Jones, 25; Mrs. W. L. Paddock, Minn., for Catherine Barnes, 22; Eva Mitchell, Tex., for John B. Mitchell, 21; Mrs. Maud Morgan, Colo., for Preston Morgan, 21; Mary Berry, Ga., for Lottie Berry, 21; Fannie Walker, Okla., for Preston Morgan, 20; R. M. Terry, Tex., for Mrs. Jane Terry, 20; Mrs. Josie Howland, Ark., for Mrs. Jane Terry, 20; Oia Williams, Ala., for Johnnie May Heatherly, 17; Mrs. L. J. Taggart, Ohio, for Catherine Fraisure, 17; Mrs. Sarah K. La., for Mrs. Lucinda Sisson, 18; Mrs. Della Kitchin, Ga., for Dottie Virginia Lanier, 14; Mrs. Nellie Floyd, S. C., for Miss Ada Pigate, 13; Mrs. Glen Groseclose, Va., for Eugene Catron, 12; Mrs. W. L. Bearden, Ga., for Catherine Fraisure, 10; Mrs. Ovidia Empey, Utah, for Community Chair, 10; Pearl Brennan, Kan., for Preston Morgan, 10; Mrs. W. L. Paddock, Minn., for Catherine Barnes, 10; Beanie Wiseman, Va., for Lewis Walter Kellison, 9; Mrs. Frank Parks, Wyo., for Adella Forrist Allison, 9; Mrs. J. G. Covin, Wash., for Arabella A. Sherrod, 8; Mrs. James Trefthen, Kansas, for Ben Brown, 8; Mrs. H. G. Mitchell, Va., for Roland Chewning, 8; Mrs. J. M. Shelmut, Ark., for Catherine Barnes, 8; Leavel & Willie Martin, Fla., for Blanche Hard, 8; Leavel & Willie Martin, Fla., for Leithor Bartlow, 7; Mrs. W. B. Bartlow, N. J., for Catherine Barnes, 7; Mrs. J. C. Culpepper, Ga., for Tavia Culpepper, 7; M. A. Williams, Ark., for Callie Williams, 7; Viola Meyerack, Kans., for General, 7; Mrs. A. C. MacDonald, Mich., for Catherine Barnes, 7; Mattie Hubbard, Ark., for Buel Hubbard, 7; Mrs. T. S. Scarborough, Ky., for Mollie Graham, 7; Linda Bigger, Ind., for Catherine Barnes, 6; Bonnie Mylen, La., for Mrs. Lusia Sisson, 6; Kate Davis, Okla., for General, 6; Mrs. Lizzie Freese, Ill., for General, 6; Mrs. S. A. Strong, Oregon, for Nada Pearl Strong, 6; Mrs. Z. M. Creel, Ill., for Catherine Barnes and Roland Chewning, 6; Mrs. Elizabeth Vandenberg, Va., for Anne Horton, 6; Leonard Schiefelbine, Mo., for General, 6; Johnnie May Heatherly, Ala., for own Wheel Chair, 6; Mrs. Thomas Drake, Mo., for Mrs. Lucinda Sisson, 6; Mrs. L. E. McCarty, N. C., for General, 6; Miss Edna Harter, Pa., for General, 6; Mrs. T. B. Christian, N. Mex., for Mrs. Nina Beach, 5; J. R. Anderson, Fla., for Catherine Fraisure, 5; Mrs. Ora Ashley, Okla., for General, 5; Mrs. R. Burgess, Mich., for Fild Ledbetter, 5; Mrs. Lila Valentine, Ark., for Callie Williams, 5; Mrs. Maude Waggoner, Kansas, for Preston Morgan, 5; Mrs. Ida Stumbaugh, Ohio, for Catherine Barnes, 5; Mrs. Albert Shirley, Pa., for General, 5; Mrs. Dan Johnson, La., for Mrs. Lucinda Sisson, 5; Mrs. J. M. Bullard, Ala., for Mrs. Sallie Pearson, 5; Mrs. Annie Walling, Texas, for Catherine Barnes, 5; Mrs. E. S. Boyd, Texas, for Catherine Barnes, 5; Miss Agnes Smith, Ohio, for General, 5; Miss Dell Bigler, N. Y., for General, 5; Mrs. J. A. McKenna, Mass., for General, 5; Mrs. E. C. Keenan, Ill., for Maggie Ruth Healin, 5; Myrtle Helms, Pa., for Catherine Barnes, 5; Mrs. A. C. Jennings, Texas, for General, 5; Mrs. R. Williams, Wash., for Mr. Jim Claxton, 5; Miss Ruth Martin, Wash., for Catherine Barnes, 5; Mrs. Emmet Cochran, Oregon, for Catherine Barnes, 5; Mrs. Emmet Cochran, Oregon, for Roland Chewning, 5; Mrs. Lillian Stobs, Ill., for Catherine Barnes and Roland Chewning, 5.

The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Mrs. C. R. Newman, Cal.—There is no cancer remedy yet discovered in all the research of all the scientists who have been, and still are, trying to find one. Cancer is one of the twelve leading causes of death by disease in this country and is on the increase, having risen from sixty-three per one hundred thousand of population to about eighty in 1915.

M. G. Owingsville, Ky.—You say you suffer severe pains in the side when you walk or ride or work, even when you laugh, and you have suffered these pains for a long time, but have never seen a doctor because when the doctor was around you were not suffering and didn't say anything to him about it. Now, suppose instead of asking a doctor a thousand miles away to guess at what is wrong while you are suffering, you go to your doctor at home when you are not suffering and get his advice and proper treatment. There may be nothing serious, but there may be, and the longer you wait the worse it will become.

Mrs. M. Bear Lake, Mich.—Your doctor was right about pimples going away of themselves, and there was no cure for them, but those on the face and on the skin of young people. Pimples that continue after full maturity come from different causes and are usually some form of skin disease, like acne. Just what causes yours, of course, we cannot guess, but if your doctor does not know how to treat them, you should find a doctor who is better informed. From what you tell us you are doing all for them that could be done, except regular treatment by a competent physician.

Mrs. E. R. Hazard, Pa.—Very often after an operation there are various disorders of the system resulting which will disappear when the patient entirely recovers. If they persist, the only proper treatment can be given by the physician who performed the operation, or one who is thoroughly informed as to condition. See one of the physicians who knows your case.

T. W. Summerville, S. C.—The doctor is doing all that can be done for your mother's bronchitis as long as she remains in that climate. If she can get away and stay a while in the North Carolina highlands, nature will do more for her than any doctors can do. (2) Bladder trouble is a serious and stubborn disease which requires the attention of a physician who can make the necessary examinations. Home remedies and treatment by mail are of no permanent value.

Mrs. B. M. Carthage, Mo.—Eye trouble, either external or internal, which has continued for eight years, with three physicians doing what they could to remedy it, is a case quite beyond our treatment by mail. You are young yet, however, and if you would go to a specialist, or to a hospital, you might receive treatment which would practically cure you, if it did not wholly do so. We would suggest that you try St. Louis.

Inquirer, Miller, Kansas.—There is no cure for flat feet of long standing. But why do you want to cure them? What we need just now more than anything in people is being flat-footed instead of pusy-footed.

Mrs. L. T. Corning, Cal.—There is no disease scientifically known as malaria, but there is a large num-

ber of ailments which are given that name. Climatic conditions may be malarial and many disorders result, usually called malaria in the patient. But as there is no specific malaria there is no specific medicine and you must see a doctor and find out what really is the matter before any treatment can be suggested.

W. C. B. Cresskill, N. J.—As cataract of the eye is to be remedied only by a surgical operation and it is entirely within the eye, we can hardly recommend goose grease as a remedy. Did the person who told you that goose grease was good for cataract have any idea what cataract is?

H. T. Cullman, Ala.—Making a long distance guess at what troubles your throat we should say from the symptoms you give, that some foreign substance may be imbedded there, or some abrasion of the surface which the usual sore-throat remedies will not reach. Suppose you have a doctor make an examination to find out definitely what is wrong.

D. W. W. San Francisco, Cal.—If the excessive perspiration has been with you always, that is your natural condition, and it would be injurious to your health to prevent it. If it is the result of other causes, and nervousness sometimes has that effect, it is rendered more so by a sharp blow, or a fall, or until the cause is known. To learn that, you must consult a physician personally.

B. F. A., Louisville, Ky.—Thanks for information, but we know several people who wear cotton socks, or stockings, and never wore wool, who are troubled with perspiring feet. The average foot is less liable to excessive perspiration when in cotton than in wool, and many who wear wool would be relieved if they wore cotton, but cotton alone is no cure for a real case of perspiring feet.

Mrs. M. H. Cadillac, Mich.—Wens are not to be absorbed by application of medicine, but by massage. Some so-called small wens are absorbed, or dissipated, by a sharp blow from a mallet. If those on your head are so small that they never trouble, except when you get to thinking about them, perhaps you had better stop thinking about them until they grow large enough to make you think. Then take them to a doctor for treatment.

M. E. W. Bremen, Ga.—Evidently the child has nasal catarrh and now is the time to cure it if at all but not by home remedies, patent medicines, or own ignorance. Have a good doctor, who knows more about catarrh than your previous one, to examine the child thoroughly and prescribe properly for it. Maybe it can be cured, but that climate and maybe not, but the longer you put it off, the more difficult it will become.

Mrs. A. K. River Rouge, Mich.—You are another one of those mothers who shouldn't try to raise children. Here you have a child over two years old whose teeth are falling out from decay, and you don't know why because you brush them carefully, and some friend tells you lime-water is good and you are afraid to try it because it may do harm and you come to us, a thousand miles away to find out. Why don't you get the advice of a local dentist or physician who is not ignorant as you are, instead of asking friends who don't know any more than you do? If you want to save the child's health, perhaps its life, go to a dentist or doctor with it at once and have him tell you what is needed and to prescribe for it as it should be treated. Only a dentist or physician who can examine it is competent to treat it.

Mrs. W. T. Willard, N. C.—Nothing can be done for you except after an examination by a physician. Any one of a dozen causes may be producing the pain you have in your right side and unless that cause is known, proper treatment is not possible. You have been guessing at it and suffering long enough, we should think, to drive you to a doctor, whether you wanted to go or not.

Mrs. E. M. Newbern, Tenn.—You appear to have tried everything you knew on the itching skin of your family, except a doctor. Suppose now, you try a doctor. Skin diseases, being many and due to different causes, cannot be treated properly except after examination. Sometimes the remedy is simple and the cure is sure and permanent, and again some skin diseases, eczema, for example, are very stubborn and often refuse to yield to any treatment. As an excellent and safe remedy for simple itching, cocoa-butter cannot be improved upon. It will cost about forty cents a half pound and rubbed on night and morning is sure to relieve any simple case. It should be in every household to be used on the skin of old and young at any time, or all times.

Mrs. S. McRae, Ark.—Your husband will never get well in Arkansas. Maybe he might improve if he went on a farm in the warm, dry air of Arizona or New Mexico, but he will have to go there to find out. Any-

way, he cannot possibly be worse off than where he now is. That is the only advice we can give under the circumstances.

COMFORT Reader, Paterson, N. J.—Many people are subject to flushing of the face and redness and burning of the skin when coming in out of the cold, but most of them have so many other worse troubles that they do not bother about it. Unless it is your normal condition, you may find a remedy, but you will first have to find out what the cause is. Possibly you are nervous, or over-conscious, or high-tempered. Are you?

Young Mother, Polkton, N. C.—If you have indigestion, as your doctors have told you, you need not be surprised at having almost everything else disagreeable, or at least think you have, as dyspepsia acts that way. The gas on your stomach gives you the heart pain and the gas comes from fermentation of the food you eat, instead of assimilation of it, which latter is what it should do. Prevention, not cure, is the rule to follow, and you should prevent indigestion by eating digestible food. That you must learn by dieting yourself and refusing to eat what will hurt you, however much you may like it. Begin on a diet of eggs, rice, cooked fruit, brown bread, or hard toast, no red meats—lamb and chicken may be eaten sparingly—drink no tea or coffee, but plenty of water though not at meals. Watch your diet closely and add to it or take from it, as you come out of a diet of eggs, and never swallow a mouthful until it is chewed to a pulp. There are numerous dyspeptics who are troubled with their digestion in spite of all that can be done, but you may not be one of these. Indigestion is the result of nervousness in some people, but in more, nervousness is the result of indigestion. It is not what the doctor does for such a patient that counts most, but what the patient does for himself, or herself. So it is largely up to you. (2) As to the worms, ask your doctor about them, as they don't seem to be amenable to treatment by mail.

Mrs. L. K. Witt, Ill.—Six years ago is when you should have taken your baby to a doctor for her difficult breathing, but you chose to treat her yourself, and now at seven, she is in a serious condition from what might have been cured long ago. Take her to a doctor at once.

"Yankee Doodle"

UNLESS we except "Dixie," "Yankee Doodle" is probably the most popular national song we have, and it is the oldest too. We have been using it since 1775, and yet there is considerable doubt as to where we got it. They made a search of the library of Congress several years ago and more than a dozen different theories about the origin of the words and music were found.

Perhaps it was composed by a British officer, who wanted to shame the Americans, and who took an old English nursery rhyme, upon which to mold his contempt of them. Perhaps "Yankee Doodle" was copied from an old Holland harvest song, "Yankee Diddle Diddle Down." Some think the Hessians brought it over with them, and it is credited to the Irish, and, strangest of all, to the Hungarians. Well, no matter what foreign parentage it had, "Yankee Doodle" is now thoroughly American, and quite grown up, after a much abused babyhood.

The British, in Revolutionary times, made fun of everything American, and "Yankee Doodle" gave them quite an opportunity for ridicule. They hated John Hancock, the president of the constitutional congress, and the first signer of the declaration of independence. This is what they sang in his honor:

"Yankee Doodle came to town
For to buy a firelock;
We will tar and feather him,
And so we will John Hancock."

They complimented Mrs. Hancock as well, in the following words:

"Madam Hancock dreamt a dream,
She dreamt she wanted something;
She dreamt she wanted a Yankee king
To crown him with a pumpkin."

12 Everblooming Rose Bushes

A Magnificent Collection Of The Newest Varieties In The Most Beautiful Colors Given To You For A Club Of Two!

BEAUTIFUL Charming Roses in profusion that anybody can grow in any climate and in almost any soil. We will give you a bush of them free and they will bloom and bloom all summer surrounding your home with a veritable paradise of delightful fragrance and radiant colors. The different varieties described below are strong, well-rooted one-year old bushes ready to be transplanted to your garden as soon as you receive them and we guarantee that they will grow and thrive beautifully if given proper care and attention. No matter in what part of the United States you live, our growers will send them to you at the proper

Melody

For years rose growers have tried to produce a genuinely yellow rose, and when this Irish beauty was introduced, it was hailed with delight for it represented a new color in its class and has now become the greatest of all yellow roses for the home planter. It grows perfectly in any ordinary garden soil in all localities and from the time it is planted in the early spring, it bears continuously great numbers of lovely flowers of immense size, which stand out well from the plant, giving it a regal appearance and stamping it as the most extraordinary rose of its color. The color is a lovely shade of yellow, deepening to apricot in the center; in fact, it is a rose of sterling merit, which has proved hardy in all localities.

Frau Karl Druschi This brilliant rose is renowned as the best snow-white rose ever produced. The foliage is heavy and of rich texture; but the glory of this plant is its magnificent flowers, huge in size and produced with the greatest freedom on long stiff stems. A single plant will produce hundreds of bloomers, which are full, very deep and double. The color is marvellously white, positively without a suggestion of any tint or shade of color. The fragrance is exquisite in short this glorious Rose seems to have been endowed with all the charms and grace of the entire rose family.

Maiden's Blush A beautiful rose for bedding or decorated purposes just recently introduced. It is very vigorous and healthy, hardy enough to withstand all climates and quickly forming a handsome bush the first season planted. It will thrive in most any soil or situation, clothing itself with beautiful ornamental foliage and having the vitality necessary to produce the handsome double flowers all through the season. Everyone exclaims over its exquisite beauty and after having seen it in bloom, we can well appreciate their enthusiasm. The delicate blendings of colors is almost impossible to describe, rose tints in the center of the flower gradually shading off into pale blush and creamy white.

Etoile De France This rose has been selected from the almost unlimited number of hardy roses, because it seems the acme of perfection. The bush grows upright, covered with beautiful, bronzy, green foliage, which is not subject to insect attack. The growth is so luxuriant and lustrous that great masses of beautiful crimson roses are borne all summer. This is one of the finest of all garden roses.

time to plant according to the schedule printed below. Please remember, however, that these dates may vary from ten to fifteen days in event of an extremely early or late spring, so you need not become anxious if they should not reach you just on the date named in schedule. The rose growers who supply us are perfectly familiar with planting conditions in your locality and you may depend upon them to forward the roses to you at the best time for you to put them in the ground. Following is a brief description of each of the different varieties of beautiful ever-blooming rose bushes given you free on this great offer. Complete instructions on how to plant and care for roses will be included free of charge.

WHEN TO PLANT ROSES.

Latitude of Florida, Cal., Tex.,	after	Feb. 1
" " Ariz., Okla., So. Car.,	"	Mar. 1
" " Wash., Tenn., Va.,	"	Apr. 1
" " Nev., Kans., Mo.,	"	Apr. 15
" " Iowa, Ohio, W. Va.,	"	May 1
" " Mont., Mich., N. Y., and all New England States	"	May 1

no other rose. The splendid flowers are produced in amazing profusion. They are immense in size, and the color is a beautiful blending of shades of carmine rose with opal and coppery reflections, extremely brilliant in effect, exquisitely beautiful but most difficult to describe. Radiance is the premier garden rose of today, and its numerous charms will delight you.

Red Dorothy Perkins This is the most valuable addition to the popular class of Rambler roses ever produced. Its magnificent foliage is fine, dark and glossy, remaining intact to unseasonable weather and withstanding all diseases. This quality alone assures an ornamental climber which is nearly evergreen and its graceful pendulous habit will place it first among pillar roses. The velvety production of bloom is really sensational; it is produced in great clusters; each individual rose being perfect in form and very double, or being deep intense scarlet which retains its vivid brilliancy as long as the flower lasts.

We will send you twelve of these rose bushes (two of each variety) or six bushes (one of each variety) on the terms of the following special offers:

Offer 6722. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT (not your own) at 25 cents each or one three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you twelve of the above described rose bushes (six different varieties) free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 6722.

Offer 6721 A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you six of the above described Rose Bushes (six different varieties) free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 6721.

Offer 6721 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents, and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you six of the above described Rose Bushes (six different varieties) free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 6721. If you want us to fill your order immediately be sure to say so in your letter otherwise the roses will not be mailed to you until the proper time arrives for you to plant them in your garden. Premium No. 6721. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Premium No. 6722

The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Dirty Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents To Travel By Automobile to introduce our 240 fast selling, popular priced household necessities. The greatest line on earth. Make \$10 a day. Complete outfit and automobile furnished free to workers. Write today for exclusive territory. American Products Co., 9215 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer. 90 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. Thomas Mfg. Co., 319 North St., Dayton, O.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendota, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 432-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Agents. Sell rich looking 3x5x8 imported Rugs, \$1 each; Carpet, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit \$27; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. E. Condon, importer, Stonington, Maine.

Agents—Steady Income. Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Agents Profits—Our plan beats anything ever before offered. Goods practically sell themselves. "Horoco," 131 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents I've a new soap game that's dandy. New stuff. 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 50, St. Louis, Mo.

\$50 Weekly and up selling Mexican Diamonds. Exactly resemble genuine. Same Rainbow Fire; Stand tests; sell at sight; Repeat orders. Write for Sample Case offer free. Mexican Diamond Importing Co., G. Las Cruces, N. M.

Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to home. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 586 Broadway, New York City.

Agents! Quick Sales! Big Profits! Outfit Free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Hosiery, Underwear, etc. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. DB, 425 Broadway, New York.

Newest Money-maker! 11 piece toilet set selling like maniac at \$1.00 with \$1.00 profit! Enormous Profits! Tremendous demand. Write for Sample Case offer free. Success sure. Pierce Co., 505 Pierce Bldg., Chicago.

Earn \$50 to \$100 monthly distributing Parker Hosiery to regular repeat customers in your home town at mill prices. All or spare time. Protected territory. Credit given. G. Parker Mills, 2735 No. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents to sell best raincoats made. Write quick! To Hart Supply Co. 1429 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$200 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories". Book free. William Ragdale, East Orange, N.J.

Remnant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Agents: Screen door check. Demonstrate and sale in made. Stops the bang and saves the door. Wonderful summer seller. Demonstrating sample free. Thomas Mfg. Co., 1319 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Men and Women wanted to sell our products. The best sellers on the market. Big demand. 50% profit. Details free. Arnold Supply Co., Dept. 16, Bedford, Pa.

Agents—Make \$40 Weekly Selling Good Year Raincoat. Sample coat free. Good Year Mfg. Co., 300 Lullis Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Make 100% Profit on quick selling newest type hornless photograph selling \$4.50 upwards. Best low priced machine, plays all kinds and sizes records. Write for proposition. Strobel-Wilken, 61 West 23rd St., New York.

Agents wanted to sell rope machines. 45,000 machines sold. If you are not making \$10 per day, write the New Era Rope Machine Company, Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Custom Raincoats. Reliable and Guaranteed. Large Assortment. Best Commissions. Free Outfit. Write Today. Consolidated Raincoat Co., Desk 5, Boston, Mass.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames. Sheet Pictures, Photo Plates, Pennants, Paper Mache Frames, Rejected credited. Prompt shipments; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk G1, Chicago, Ill.

Agents Make \$5.00 to \$30.00 a day selling never fail Ironing and Starch Remover, and 125 other fast sellers. Exclusive territory. Credit given. Sample Free. Sanford-Beal Co., Inc., Newark, New York, Dept. 6.

Soap Agents Make more money selling Lino Products. Coffee, Flavorings, Spices, Soaps, Perfumes—135 other items. Big commission. Exclusive territory. Freight allowed. Free Sample Case. No deposit required. Write for catalog today. Lino Company, 120 Lino Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Agents: I want 100 men to act as my agents and take orders for "Kantleak" Raincoats. I paid Bill Bridge \$88.95 for one week's spare time. Cooper \$314 last month. Wonderful values. A steady coat for \$3.50. No money required. No delivering or collecting. Sample coat and complete outfit all free. Big season just starting. There's a thousand dollars in this for you if you grab it quick. Write now. Comer Mfg. Co., 201 Opal St., Dayton, Ohio.

One Thousand Dollars Reward if this is not the greatest money-making house-to-house proposition. N. R. G. Laundry Tablet washes clothes in 10 minutes without rubbing. Contains no Lime, Lye, Paraffin Wax or other injurious chemical and cannot possibly injure the clothes or hands. Nothing like it on the market. Positively the wonder of the age—sells for 15c, enough for 5 family washings. We supply free samples and guarantee the sale of every package you buy. Just leave the free sample with the housewife and, when you call again, she is eagerly awaiting to become your steady customer. Secure territory at once, or you will regret it. A 1c postal brings sample and full particulars. Farquhar-Moon Mfg. Co., Desk E210, 140 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

Agents Our Household Articles are needed in every home. (On sale in N. Y. Dept. stores.) Write. Kearney, Bible House, N. Y.

My Friend, this is what you're looking for—small article, big demand, sells readily, big profit. Write me today. A. Westphal, 29 Lake St., River Forest, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

Man Or Woman To Travel for old-established firm. No canvassing; \$1370 first year, payable weekly, pursuant to Contract; Expenses advanced. G. O. Nichols, Phila., Pa., Pepper Bldg.

Would \$150 Monthly as General Agent for \$150,000 corporation and a Ford auto of your own, introducing Stock and Poultry remedies, Dips, Disinfectants, and Sanitary products interest you? Then address Royoleum Co-Operative Mfg. Co., Dept. N2, Monticello, Ind.

Stop Here—just out—Eisen Regulator for Ford Headlights. Selling like wildfire everywhere. Gives splendid driving light at low speed—keeps bulbs from burning out—works entirely automatically. Needed on every Ford. Big profits quick. Listen: Hopkins, Tenn., cleared \$18.25 first day. McFarland, Neb., made \$3452.00 in 17 weeks. Siler, Okla., sells 12 a day—profit \$20.00. No experience or capital needed. We show you how. Sales guaranteed. Hurry, don't delay, write now for special information how YOU can make money. Address Eisen Instrument Co., 628 Valentine Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

Agents—Big hit; 6 piece Aluminum Cutlery set. New specialty, delights housewives. Big profits. New premium offer clinches sales. Aluminum Cutlery Co., Div. 18, Sag Harbor, N.Y.

Agents—Salary or Commission, \$100 a month guaranteed. Can make \$300 to \$500 a month. Anthony Fisher, Salt Lake, Utah.

Blaxit Safely While Hot. New stove polish, works without soiling the hands. Agents Wanted. Boss Mfg. Co., New London, Ct.

Sell Raincoats direct from factory. Largest assortment shown. Biggest commissions. Free outfit. Buckeye Mfg. Co., Ft. Lincoln Bldg., N.Y.

\$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamp. Beautiful light. No chimney. No noise. Samples free. Luther Mfg. Co., Dept. 305, Cincinnati, O.

Agents—A one-cent post card will put you in touch with an \$80 a week proposition selling Aluminum Utensils and Specialties direct to the consumer. Don't let one cent stand between you and prosperity. Div. B.R.P., American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Lemont, Ill.

Gentlemen: Mason sold 18 Spray Pumps and Auto Washers one Saturday. Profits \$3.00 each. Write Russer Co., Johnstown, Ohio.

Flower Bead Necklaces Selling like hot cakes. Agents coining money. Send for Catalog and Proposition. Mission Bead Co., AA-2819 W. Pico, Los Angeles, Calif.

A New, Novel, and Clever Invention; Wonderfully attractive; a market in every home; good profits; big demand; particulars free. Shomescope Manufacturing Company, 338 W. 13th St., Kansas City, Mo.

Ladies. We pay \$2.50 day to distribute Free circulars; take orders for Regal Shields. Particulars Free. Regal Co., D-16, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Oh! You Freckle Girl and others! \$15 Weekly demonstrating Mazola. Whiteness and beautifies complexion. No equal. Demand enormous. Fascinating work. Package for workers. Write, Mazola Co., Dept. M, 4215 Champlain Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Would \$150 Monthly. Auto of your own to travel in, as General Agent, handling new, reliable sellers. Lightning Patch Vulcanizer, Shock Absorber, and Anti-Thief Combination Auto-Switch Lock, thief proof, interest you? Then address Dept. N I, U. S. Manufacturing Co., Waco, Indiana.

Agents—Soft Drinks in powder. Just add cold water; ready instantly, delicious, healthful, every one wants them. Sell thirty glasses 25c. Trial 19 Glasses 10c postpaid. Chas. H. Morrissey Co., 447 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED

Wanted: Men—Women. 18 or over. \$75 monthly. Government Jobs. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 5, Rochester, N.Y.

\$20 to \$25 per month extra money to any employed person without interfering with regular work. No selling, no canvassing. Positively no investment. Unemployed need not apply. Address The Silver Mirror Co., Inc., 211 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Become Chauffeurs. \$25 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 512, Rochester, N. Y.

POST CARD CLUBS

12 Postcards Washington, D. C., free membership in Card Club 25c, silver. (Membership 10c). Capital League, Box 1639-K, Wash., D. C.

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Wanted. Men and women to qualify for Government Positions. Several thousand appointments to be made next few months. Full information about openings, how to prepare, etc., free. Write immediately for booklet C. G. 1489, Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

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No Strike; 8 Hour Day. Men everywhere. Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, 3333. Colored Porters. Experience unnecessary. 322 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

Be A Detective—Earn \$100 to \$300 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 287 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Government Pays \$500 to \$1500 yearly. Prepare for coming "exams" under former Civil Service Examiner. New Book Free. Write Patterson Civil Service School, Box J-18, Rochester, N. Y.

Detectives—Earn big salaries. Easy work. Write National School of Detectives, 225 Fifth Ave., New York, Room 535.

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Wanted—Reliable, trust-worthy man to take orders for fruit and ornamental trees, shrubs, roses, etc. Apply today. Permanent. First National Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

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Day Old Chicks 10c up. Hatched and delivered right. 23 varieties. Catalog free. Mammoth Hatchery, Box K-28, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

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"All About Eggs." New Book about making better hatches and stronger chicks, making hens lay more and regularly; preserving eggs absolutely fresh for higher price market; packing, shipping, marketing, etc. Free on request. See Complete Poultry Library (5 books) postpaid for 9 cents in stamps. Write today. Geo. H. Lee Co., Box 509, Omaha, Nebraska.

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Plays, Speakers, dialogues and entertainments; catalogues free. Address Dept. A, Ames Pub. Co., Clyde O.

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\$2.50 A Month buys standard typewriter. Send for Special prices. Free trial. Guaranteed. H. A. Smith, 515-521 N. 5th Ave., Chicago.

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Uncle Sam is watering a farm for you in Salt River Valley, Arizona, where you will live longer and better, and make more money with less work. Read our Roosevelt Dam folder free on request. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Com'r AT&SF Ry., 1946 Ry. Exchange, Chicago.

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Free For Six Months—My special offer to introduce my magazine, "Investing for Profit." It is worth \$15 a copy to any one who has not acquired sufficient money to provide necessities and comforts for self and loved ones. It shows how to become richer quickly and honestly. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal and has the largest circulation in America. It shows how \$100 grows to \$2,380; write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 228, 25 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

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Cash Paid for all kinds Medicinal Roots, Herbs, Herbs. Easily gathered. Write for circular. Grund Co., Logan Sta., Philadelphia, Pa.

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\$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1858. Keep all money dated before 1855, and send 10c at once for New Ill's 10c Coin Value Book \$4.75 may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 25, LeRoy, N. Y.

Will Pay \$10.00 to \$150.00 for certain \$5.00 gold without motto. We want and offer cash premiums for all rare dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, nickels, cents, paper money and stamps. Send & now. Get our Large Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Fort Worth, Texas.

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Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$25-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

Write Photoplays! \$75 each. Send for free booklet "How to Write Moving Picture Plays." Universal Pub. Co., 315 Fergus Falls, Minn.

Write For Free Copy "Hints to writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems." Also catalog of books. Atlas Pub. Co., 24, Cincinnati.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

\$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small Capital Starts You. No experience needed. We teach you the business. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 402 Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

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Money-Making Farms. 15 states, \$10 to \$50 an acre; stock, tools and crops often included to settle quickly. Write for Big Illustrated Catalogue. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Dept. 207, New York.

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Earn \$25 Weekly writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 481 St. Louis, Mo.

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Send Ten Cents for 20 Assorted High Grade Post Cards; One Flag Eng. Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

Make Easter more interesting. Life and death of Christ told in pictures on 40 beautiful colored post-cards—Easier to understand and explain. \$1.00. Post-paid. Send a two-cent stamp for one sample-card, beautiful poem "Obedience" and other information. National Sales Co., 919 Milwaukee Av., Chicago.

HOME WEAVING

Looms—Only \$8.50—Big money in Weaving rugs, carpets, etc., from tags and waste material. Be sure to send for free loom book. It tells all about Weaving and our wonderful \$8.50 and other looms. Union Loom Works, 272 Factory St., Boonville, N. Y.

Comfort's Comicalities "Jest for Fun"

Something Coming to Him

Two of the clock, and a cold and chilly night. The wind whistled eerily round the corners of the street, and the sky overhead was clouded and threatening. A policeman coming steadily along, saw a suspicious-looking man loitering about outside a certain house. For some time he watched, and then determined to solve the mystery.

"Here, you!" he said, advancing suddenly, "what are you hanging about this house for?"

The loafer turned his weary eyes on the questioner as he replied:

"I'm only waiting for the lady inside to get to sleep. Constable, We're married."

A Lovable Woman

The young doctor and his friend, the drug clerk, were sitting at the club window when a richly-dressed woman passed, the Indianapolis Star relates.

"There goes the only woman I ever loved," the young M. D. sighed.

"So?" the other asked. "Then why

don't you marry her?"

"Can't afford it," the doctor replied; "she's my best patient."

Perfect Fit

"Yes, grandma, I am to be married during the bright and gladsome spring."

"But my dear," said grandma, earnestly—

across the Tiber three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you?"

"No, sir," answered Jimmie, but I wonder why he did not make it four and get back to the side where his clothes were."—Awgwan.

Served Him Right

"I admit I was found in the possession of firearms," said the prisoner. But it's only a joke of mine, my lord."

"Explain your self," said the Magistrate.

"Why, I put two pistols in my pocket when I go out to a friendly gathering. Then I start talking of aeroplanes."

"Well?"

"Then I say my life was once saved by parachutes."

"Yes."

"And then I pull out the pistols and say, 'Pair o' shoots, Ha, ha! See!'"

"Yes, I see. Did you make that joke yourself?"

"Yes, my lord."

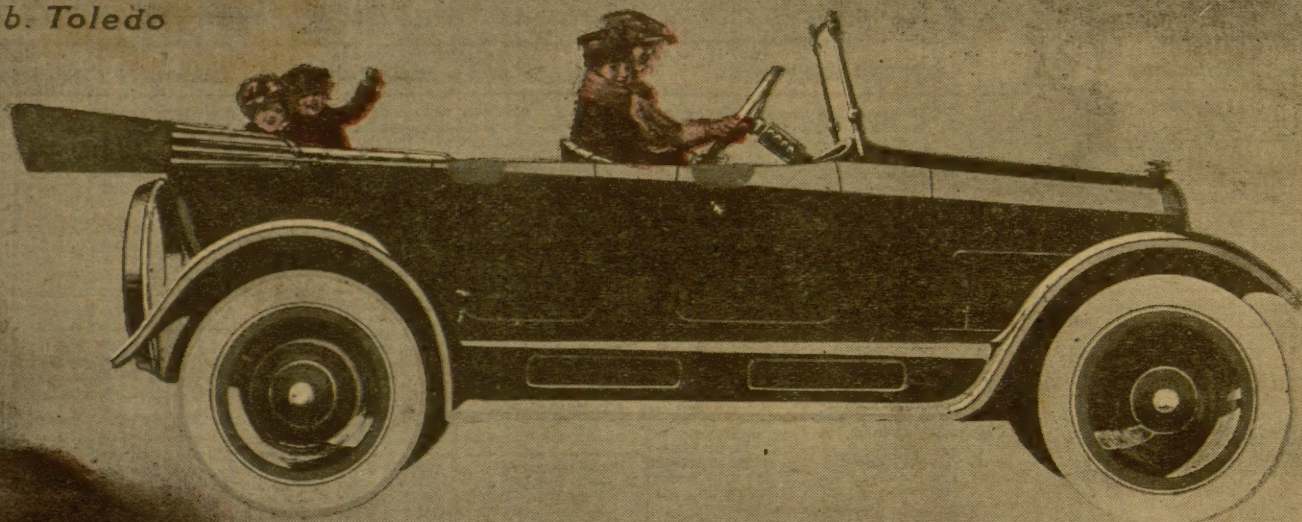
"Two years' hard labor!"—Tit-Bits.



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